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CHRISTIANS DUTY EXHIBITED, IN A SERIES OF

# HYMNS

Collected from various Authors,

DESIGNED FOR THE WORSHIP OF GOD,

AND FOR THE EDIFICATION OF CHRISTIANS.

# RECOMMENDED,

To the Serious, of all Denominations.

BY THE FRATERNITY OF BAPTIST'S.

While I live will I praise the LORD: I will sing Praises unto my GOD while I have any Being. Psalm Cxlvi. 2.

And when they had sung an HYMN, they went Out into the Mount of Olives. Matt. xxvi. 30. And at Midnight PAUL and SILAS prayed and sang Praises unto God. Acts xvi, . 25

#### THE FIRST EDITION.

GERMANTOWN, printed by PETER LEIBERT, 1791.

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#### INTRODUCTION.

Nasmuch as it hath pleased the most high GOD, to enlarge the Place of our Tent, and the Curtains of our Habitation; it behoveth us to render thanks, and praise, to that beneficient Being in whose Hands is the Life and Breath of all things: and, who doth acording to his will in the army of heaven, and among the Inhabitants of the Earth, and none can stay his Hand, nor fay unto him what doest thou. Tho' the Heaven is his Throne, and the earth is his Footstool, yet unto Man he faith, "whoso offereth Praise glorifieth me; and to him that ordereth his Converfation aright, will I shew the Salvation of the Lord. Let us therefore ferve the Lord with Gladness, and come before his Presence with Singing. Enter into his Gates with Thanksgiving, and into his Courts with Praife. Pfalm 50.23. and Pfalm 100. 2 4.





# PREFACE.

D Early beloved Brethren, and fellow Heirs of the Grace of God; the Apostle exhorts us, "to let the Word of Christ dwell in us, richly in all Wisdom, Teaching, and Admonishing one another in Pfalms and Hymns, and spiritual Songs, finging with Grace in your Hearts, unto the Lord. You are therefore here presented with a Choice Collection of HYMN's, of the most approved Authors, fuitable to almost every Circumstance of Life, which we are call'd to pass through, and corresponding with the Tenor of the Gospel, and adapted to commemorate the Birth, Life, Death, Refurection and Afcention of our Saviour, and his Session at Gods Right Hand, and his Intercession there; the Commission of the Apostles on Baptism, and the Lords Supper, and the fecond Coming of Christ, without Sin unto Salvation.

My Brethren, in the Performance of this noble Part of Worship, we Should have our Minds devoutly fix'd on God, who heareth Prayer, and inhabiteth the Praises of Israel; not raising our Voices only, but endeavouring to fing with the Spirit, and with the Understanding also: lest we be found among the Number of them over whom God laments, saying: This People draw near to me with their Mouths, and with their Lips do honour me, but their Hearts have they removed far from me, and their Fear toward me is taught by the Precept of Men. Let us therefore strive

#### PREFACE:

to offer in an acceptable Manner, the Sacrifice of Praise to God continually, that is the Fruit of

our Lips, giving Thanks to his Name.

The Reason for printing this Hymn Book is: because of the Inconvenience arising from having several Sorts of Hymn Books in Meeting at once, it was therefore thought prudent to remove this Inconvenience, by collecting the most approved Hymns, of the several Books, and reducing them into One small Octavo, with a complete Index, which is wanting in the Hymn Book which we have latterly used; althout was otherwise tru-

ly excellent.

Dearly beloved, let us be encouraged to look forward, to that happy Period, when "all the Kings of the Earth shall praise the Lord"; when they shall hear the Words of his Mouth, yea, they shall sing in the Ways of the Lord, for great is the Glory of the Lord. When he shall turn to the People a pure Language, and they shall serve Him with one Consent, when they shall come and sing in the Heights of Zion; and slow together, to the Goodness of the Lord. Under these Considerations and cheering Resections we may freely say with David: "Let every Thing that hath Breath praise JEHOVAH. Hallelujah!

Germantown, May 18. 1791.



# THE

# CHRISTIANS DUTY, EXHIBITED

IN A SERIES OF SELECT

# HYMNS.

# HYMN I.

The Kingdom of God not in Word but in Power.

- 1. A Form of Words, tho' e'er fo found, Can never fave a Soul; The Holy Ghost must give the Wound, And make the wounded whole.
- 2. Tho' God's Election is a Truth, Small Comfort there I fee, Till I am told by God's own Mouth That he has chosen ME.
- Sinners, I read, are juffify'd
   By Faith in JESU'S Blood:
   But when to ME that Blood's apply'd,
   'Tis then it does me good.
- 4. To Perseverance I agree,

The Thing to me is clear, Because the Lord has promis'd me. That I shall persevere.

- Imputed Righteousness I own
   A Doctrine most divine;
   For Jesus to my Heart makes known
   That all his Merit's mine.
- That Christ is God I can avouch;
   And for his People cares,
   Since I have pray'd to him as such,
   And he has heard my Pray'rs.
- That Sinners black as Hell, by Chriff Are fav'd, I know full well:
   For I his Mercy have not mifs'd;
   And I am black as Hell.
- Thus Christians glorify the Lord, His Spirit joins with ours, In bearing Witness to his Word, With all it's faving Pow'rs.

# HYMN II.

A Funeral Hymn for a Believer.

- A H! lovely Appearance of Death,
   No Sight upon Earth is fo fair;
   Not all the gay Pageants that breathe,
   Can with a dead Body compare.
- With folemn Delight I furvey
   The Corps, when the Spirit is fied,
   In Love with the beautiful Clay,
   And longing to lie in his flead.
- 3. How bleft is our Brother, bereft Of all that could burthen his Mind? How eafy the Soul, that hath left

#### This wearisome Body behind!

- Of Evil incapable thou, Whose Relicts with Envy I see; No longer in Misery now, No longer a Sinner like me.
- This Earth is affected no more, With Sickness, or shaken with Pain; The War in the Members is o'er, And never shall vex him again.
- No Anger henceforward, or Shame, Shall redden this innocent Clay: Extinct is the Animal Flame, And Paffion is vanish'd away.
- This languishing Head is at rest,
   Its Thinking and Aching are o'er;
   This quiet immoveable Breast
   Is heav'd by Affliction no more.
- This Heart is no longer the Seat Of Trouble and torturing Pain;
   It ceases to flutter and beat,
   It never shall flutter again.
- The Lids he fo feldom could clofe. By Sorrow forbidden to fleep, Seal'd up in eternal Repose, Have strangely forgotten to weep.
- The Fountains can yield no Supplies, These Hollows from Waters are free! The Tears are all wip'd from these Eyes, And Evil they never shall see.
- 11. To mourn and to fuffer is mine, While bound in a Prison I breathe; And still for Deliverance pine.

A 2

And press to the Issues of Death.

12. What now with my Tears I bedew,
O might I this Moment become,
My Spirit created anew,
My Flesh be confign'd to the Tomb!

# HYMN III.

- 1. A LAS, my God, that thou should be To me so much unknown!
  I long to walk and talk with Thee,
  And dwell before thy Throne.
- Thou know'ft, my Soul doth dearly love
   The Place of thine Abode;
   No Mufic gives fo fweet a Sound,
   As these two Words, My God.
- I long not for the Fruit that grows Within thefe Gardens here;
   I find no Sweetness in their Rose When Jesus is not near.
- 4. Thy gracious Prefence, O my Christ, Can make a Paradise; Ah, what are all the goodly Pearls, Unto this Pearl of Price?
- 5. Give me that fweet Communion, Lord,
  Thy people have with thee;
  Thy Spirit daily talks with Them,
  O let it talk with me.
- Like Enoch let me walk with God, And thus walk out my Day, Attended with the heav'nly Guards, Upon the Kings High Way.
- 7. When wilt thou come unto me, Lord ?

O come, my Lord, most dear; Come near, come nearer nearer still; I'm well when thou art near.

 When wilt thou come unto me, Lord? I languish for thy Sight;
 Ten thousand Suns, if thou art strange, Are Shades instead of Light.

When wilt thou come unto me Lord ! for till thou dost apear,

I count each Moment for a Day, Each Minute for a Year.

10. Come, Lord, and never from me go, This World's a darkfom Place;

I find no Pleafure here below, When thou doft veil thy Face.

11. There's no fuch Thing as Pleafure here, My Jefus is my All; As thou doft shine, or disappear, My pleafures rise and fall.

12. Come, fpread thy Savour on my Frame, No Sweetness is so sweet; Till I get up to sing thy Name, Where all thy Singers meet.

#### HYMNIV.

Godly Sorrow arifing from the Sufferings of Christ.

I. A L A S! and did my Saviour bleed!

And did my Sov'reign die?

Would he devote that facred Head

For fuch a Worm as I?

[2. Thy Body flain fweet Jesus thine, And bath'd in its own Blood, While all expos'd to Wrath divine,

The

# The glorious Suff'rer stood! ]

- 3. Was it for Crimes that I had done, He groan'd upon the Tree? Amazing Pity! Grace unknown! And Love beyond degree!
- 4. well might the Sun in Darkness hide, And shut his Glories in, When GOD the Mighty Maker dy'd For Man the Creature's Sin.
- Thus might I hide my blufhing Face, While his dear Crofs apears, Difolve my Heart in Thankfulnefs, And melt my Eyes to Tears.
- 6. But Drops of grief can ne'er repay The Debt of Love we owe; Here Lord, I give my felf away, 'Tis all that I can do.

# HYMN V. UNBELIEF.

- 1. A LL you that love the Lord draw near,
  To my Complaint pray lend an Ear,
  And help me to condole my Grief,
  For I'm distrest by Unbelief.
- Sometimes I'm fuch a flupid Clod
   I doubt the existence of a G O D;
   But still his Terrors work my Grief.
   While Hope is drown'd in Unbelief.
- 3. When thus I'm fore diftreft all day, When evening comes I fain would pray, And beg for Pardon, and Relief; But there's no GOD: "fays Unbelief.
- 4. But who did all things first create?

Was it not GOD, the Wife and Great? While thus I would affwage my Grief, You have no Soul:" fays Unbelief.

- 5. But then I make this quick Reply, What makes me then afraid to die, And after Death to dread the Grief Which I must have for Unbelief?
- 6. Besides the SAVIOUR came to die, The Souls of Men to purify; Which clearly proves for our Relief, That Men have Souls, O Unbelief!
- Blest be my G O D, that now I fee
   That J E S U S gave himself for me;
   I'll praise his Name, who bore my Grief,
   And faves my Soul from Unbelief.

#### HYMN VI.

CHRIST CRUCIFIED.

- 1- ALL ye that pass by,
  To Jesus draw nigh,
  To you is it nothing that Jesus should die?
- Your Ranfom and Peace,
   Your Surety he is;
   Come fee if there ever was Sorrow like his.
- For what you have done,
   His Blood doth attone;
   The Father hath punish'd for you his dear Son.
- 4. The Lord in the Day
  Of Anger did lay
  Your Sins on the Lamb, and he bore them away.
- 5. He answer'd for All;
  Oh, come, at his Call,
  And low at his Cross with Astonishment fall,
  A 4 6. For

For you, and for me,
 He pray'd on the Tree;
 The Pray'r is accepted, the Sinner is free.

 That Sinner am I, Who on Christ rely,
 And come for the Pardon God will not deny.

My Pardon I claim,
 A Sinner I am,
 A Sinner believing in Jefus's Name.

He gives me the Grace,
 Which now I embrace;
 Oh, Father, thou knowest he dy'd in my Place.

10. His Death is my Plea, My Advocate fee, And hear the Blood speak that hath answer'd for me.

11. Acquitted I was By's Death on the Cross; And losing his Life, he hath carry'd my Cause.

# HOLY FORTITUDE.

- A M I a Soldier of the Cross?
  A follower of the Lamb?
  And shall I fear to own his Cause?
  Or blush to speak his Name?
- 2. Must I be carry'd to the Skies, On flow'ry Beds of Ease? While others fought to win the Prize, And fail'd through bloody Seas?
- 3. Are there no Foes for me to face?

  Must I not stem the Flood?

  Is this vile World a Friend to Grace,

  To help me on to God?

4. Sure

- Sure I must fight if I would reign; Increase my Courage Lord:
   I'll bear the Toil, endure the Pain, Supported by thy Word.
- Thy Saints in all this glorious War, Shall conquer though they die;
   They fee the Triumph from afar, And feize it with their Eye.
- When that illustrious Day shall rife.
   And all thine Armies shine,
   In Robes of Victiry through the Skies,
   The Glory shall be thine.

#### HYMN VIII.

Triumph over Death, in Hope of the Resurection.

- r. A N D must this Body die?
  This mortal Frame decay?
  And must these active Limbs of mine
  Lie mould'ring in the Clay?
- Corruption, Earth and Worms, Shall but refine this Flesh, Till my triumphant Spirit comes To put it on afresh.
- God my Redeemer lives, And often from the Skies Looks down, and watches all my Duft, Till he shall bid it rife.
- Array'd in glorious Grace Shall these vile Bodies shine, And ev'ry Shape, and ev'ry Face, Look heav'nly and divine.
- 5. These lovely Hopes we owe

To Jesus' dying Love; We would adore his Grace below, And fing his Pow'r above.

Dear Lord, accept the Praise
 Of these our humble Songs,
 Till Tunes of nobler Sound we raise
 With our immortal Tongues.

# HYMN IX.

For New Year's Day.

- 1. A N D now my Soul, another Year Of thy short Life is past; I cannot long continue here, And this may be my last.
- Much of my dubious Life is gone, Nor will return again;
   And fwift my paffing Moments run, The few that yet remain.
- 3. Awake, my foul, with utmost Care Thy true Condition learn; What are thy Hopes, how sure, how fair, And what thy great Concern!
- Now a new Scene of Time begins, Set out afresh for Heav'n;
   Seek Pardon for thy former Sins, In Christ so freely giv'n.
- Devoutly yield thyfelf to God, And on his Grace depend;
   With Zeal purfue the heav'nly Road, Nor doubt a happy End.

# HYMN X.

1. A N D why, dear Sav'our, tell me why,
Thou thus would'ft fuffer, bleed and die?
what

What mighty Motives could thee move? The Motive's plain, 'twas all for Love.

- For Love of whom? Of Sinners base,
   A harden'd Herd, a Rebel Race;
   That mock'd and trampled on thy Blood,
   And wanton'd with the Wounds of God.
- 3. When Rocks and Mountains rent with Dread, And gaping Graves gave up their Dead; When the fair Sun withdrew his Light, And hid his Head to shun the Sight,
- 4. Then stood the Wretch of human Race, And rais'd his Head and shew'd his Face, Gaz'd unconcern'd, when Nature fail'd; And scoff'd, and sheer'd, and curs'd and rail'd.
- Harder than Rocks and Mountains are, More dull than Dirt or Earth by far, Man view'd unmov'd thy Blood's rich Stream, Nor ever dream'd it flow'd for him.
- 6. Such was that Race of finful Men, That gain'd that great Salvation then; Such and fuch only still we see; Such they were all, and such are we.
- 7. The Jews with Thorns his Temples crown'd, And lash'd him when his Hands were bound; But Thorns, and knotted Whips, and Bands, By us were furnish'd to their Hands.
- 8. They nail'd him to th' accurfed Tree;
  They did, my Brethren, so did we;
  The Soldier pierc'd his Side, 'tis true,
  But we have pierc'd him through and through.
- 9. Oh Love of unexampled Kind!
  That leaves all Thought fo far behind,
  Where

Where Length, and Breadth, & Depth, and Height; Are loft to my aftonish'd Sight.

Drain'd ev'ry Drop of vital Blood;
Long Time I after Idols ran,
But now my God's a martyr'd Man.

#### HYMN XI.

- 1. A RISE, O King of Grace, arise,
  And enter to thy Rest;
  Lo thy Church waits with longing Eyes,
  Thus to be own'd and blest.
- Enter with all thy glorious Train, Thy Spirit and thy Word;
   All that the Ark did once contain Could no fuch Grace afford.
- Here mighty God, accept our Vows, Here let thy Praise be spread, Bless the Provisions of thy House, And fill thy Poor with Bread.
- 4. Here let the Son of David reign, Let God's Anointed shine; Justice and Truth his Court maintain, With Love and Pow'r divine.
- Here let him hold a lafting Throne, And as his Kingdom grows,
   Fresh Honours shall adorn his Crown, And Shame confound his Foes.

#### HYMN XII.

ARISE, my tend'rest Thoughts arise,
To torrents melt my streaming Eyes!
And thou my Heart with Anguish feel,
Those Evils which thou can'st not heal.

- 2. See human Nature funk in Shame!
  See Scandal pour'd on Jefu's Name!
  The Father wounded through the Son!
  The World abus'd, the Soul undone!
- 3. See the fhort Course of vain Delight Closing in long and dreadful Night! In Flames that no Abatement know, The briny Tears for Ages flow.
- 4. My God I feel the mournful Scene;
  My Bowels yearn o'er dying Men;
  And fain my Pity would reclaim,
  And fnatch the Fire-brands from the Flame.
- But feeble my Compassion proves,
   And can but weep where most it loves;
   Thine own all faving Arm employ,
   And turn these Drops of Grief to Joy.

# HYMN XIII.

- A W A K E, and fing the fong
  Of Moses and the Lamb,
  Wake every Heart and ev'ry Tongue,
  To praise the Saviour's Name.
- Sing of his dying Love, Sing of his rifing Pow'r, Sing how he intercedes above, For those whose Sins he bore.
- Sing till we feel our Hearts
   Afcending with our Tongues,
   Sing till the love of Sin departs,
   And grace infpires our Songs.
- Sing on your Heav'nly Way, Ye ranfom'd Sinners fing;
   Sing on, rejoicing ev'ry Day, In Christ th' eternal King.

- 5. Sing till you hear Christ say, Your Sins are all forgiv'n; Sing on rejoicing ev'ry day, Till we all meet in Heav'n.
- Soon shall ye hear Christ fay,
   "Ye blessed Children come;"
   Soon will he call you hence away,
   And take his Wand'rers home.

# HYMN XIV.

- 1. A W A K E, my Soul, and with the Sun,
  Thy daily Stage of Duty run;
  Shake off dull Sloth, and early rife
  To pay thy morning Sacrifice.
- Redeem thy mis-fpent Time that's past, Live this Day as if 'twere thy last; T' improve thy Talents take due care, 'Gainst the great Day thy self prepare.
- 3. Let all thy Converse be fincere, Thy Conscience as the Noon-Day clear: Think how th' all-seeing God thy Ways, And ev'ry secret Thought surveys.
- 4. Glory to God, who fafe hath kept;
  And hath refresh'd me while I slept;
  Grant, Lord, when I from Death shall wake,
  I may of endless Life partake.
- Direct, controul, fuggeft this day, All I defign, or do, or fay; That all my Pow'rs, with all their Might, In thy fole Glory may unite.
- 6. Praise God, from whom all Bleffings flow, Praise him all Creatures here below; Praise him above, ye heav'nly host.

Praise

Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.

#### HYMN XV.

A Song of Praise for the Birth of Christ.

- A W A Y dark Thoughts, awake, my Joy;
  Awake, my Glory fing;
  Sing Songs to celebrate the Birth,
  Of Jacob's God and King.
- O happy Night, that brought forth Light, Which makes the Blind to fee!
   The Day Spring from on high came down, To chear and visit Thee.
- 3. The wakeful Shepherds, near their Flocks, Were watchful for the Morn; But better News from Heav'n was brought, "Your Saviour Christ is born."
- 4. "In Bethle'm Town the Infant lies,
   "Within a Place obfcure."
   O little Bethle'm poor in Walls,
   But rich in Furniture!
- 5. Since Heav'n is now come down to Earth,
  Hither the Angels fly!
  Hark, how the Heav'nly Choir doth fing,
  Glory to God on high!
- 6. The News is fpread, the Church is glad,
  Simeon o'ercome with Joy,
  Sings with the Infant in his Arms,
  Now let thy Servant die.
- Wife Men from far beheld the Star, Which was their faithful Guide, Until it pointed for the Babe, And him they glorify'd;
- 8. While Heav'n and Earth rejoice and fing, Shall

Shall we our Christ deny? He's born for us, and we for him; Glory to God on high!

# HYMN XVI.

- B EFORE Jehovah's awful Throne, Ye Nations bow with facred joy; Know that the Lord is God alone, He can create, and he destroy.
- His Sov'reign Pow'r, without our Aid, Made us of Clay, and form'd us Men. And when like wandring Sheep we stray'd He brought us to his Fold again.
- 3. We'll crow'd thy Gates with thankful Songs, High as the Heav'ns our Voices raife; And Earth with her ten thousand Tongues Shall fill thy Courts with sounding Praise.
- 4. Wide as the World is thy Command,
  Vast as Eternity thy Love;
  Firm as a Rock thy Truth must stand,
  When rolling Years shall cease to move.

#### HYMN XVII.

The Pharisee and Publican, Luke xviii, 10, &c.

- BEHOLD how Sinners difagree,
  The Publican and Pharifee!
  One doth his Righteousness proclaim,
  The other owns his Guilt and Shame,
- This Man at humble Distance stands, And cries for Grace with listed Hands; That boldly rises near the Throne, And talks of Duties he has done.
- 3. The Lord their diff'rent Language knows

And diff'rent Answers he bestows; The humble Soul with Grace he crowns, Whilst on the Proud his Anger frowns.

 Dear Father let me never be Join'd with the boafting Pharifee;
 I have no Merits of my own,
 But plead the Suff'rings of thy Son.

# H Y M N XVIII.

A new Song to the Lamb that was flain, Rev. v. 6, 7, 8, 9, 10, 12.

- 1. B EHOLD the Glories of the Lamb Amidst his Father's Throne; Prepare new Honours for his Name, And Songs before unknown.
- Let Elders Worship at his Feet, The Church adore around, With Vials full of Odours sweet, And Harps of sweeter Sound.
- Those are the Prayers of the Saints, And these the Hymns they raise: Jesus is kind to our Complaints, He loves to hear our Praise.
- [4. Eternal Father, who fhall look Into thy fecret Will? Who but the Son fhould take that Book, And open ev'ry Seal?
- He shall fulfil thy great Decrees,
   The Son deserves it well;
   Lo, in his Hand the Sov'reign Keys
   Of Heav'n, and Death and Hell.
- 6. Now to the Lamb that once was flain
  Be endless Bleffings paid;

Salva

Salvation, Glory, Joy remain For ever on thy Head.

7. Thou hast redeem'd our Souls with Blood, Hast set the Pris'ners free, Hast made us Kings and Priests to God,

And we shall reign with Thee.

8. The Worlds of Nature and of Grace
Are put beneath thy Pow'r;
Then shorten these delaying Days,
And bring the promis'd Hour.

# H Y M N XIX.

The Nativity of Christ, Luke i. 30, &c. Luke ii. 10, &c.

- I. B E HOLD, the Grace appears, The Promise is fulfill'd; Mary the Wond'rous Virgin bears, And Jesus is the Child.
- [2. The Lord, the Highest God, Calls him his only Son; He bids him rule the Lands abroad, And gives him David's Throne.
- O'er Jacob shall he reign With a peculiar Sway;
   The Nations shall his Grace obtain, His Kingdom ne'er decay.
- 4. To bring the glorious News,
  A heav'nly Form appears;
  He tells the Shepherds of their Joys,
  And banishes their Fears.
- Go humble Swains, faid he,
   To David's City fly,
   The Promis'd Infant born To Day,
   Doth in a Manger lie.

6. With Looks and Hearts ferene, Go visit Christ your King; And strait a flaming Troop was seen; The Shepherds heard him sing.

 Glory to God on high, And heav'nly Peace on Earth, Good Will to Men, to Angels joy, At the Redeemer's Birth.

[8. In Worship so Divine Let Saints employ their Tongues; With the Celestial Host we Join, And loud repeat their Songs.

 Glory to God on High, And heav'nly Peace on Earth, Good Will to Men, to Angels Joy, At our Redeemer's Birth.]

# H Y M N XX.

Love to Enemies: or, The Love of Christ to Sinners, typisied in David.

That holy David shows;

Hark! how his founding Bowels move

To his afflicted Foes!

 When they are fick, his Soul complains, And feems to feel the Smart!
 The Spirit of the Gofpel reigns, And melts his pious Heart,

How did his flowing Tears condole
 As for a Brother dead!
 And Fasting mortify'd his Soul.
 While for their Life he pray'd.

4. They groan'd, and curs'd him on their Bed,
B 2 Yet

Yet ftill he pleads and mourns; And double Bleffings on his head The righteous God returns.

- O glorious Type of heav'nly Grace!
   Thus Chrift the Lord appears;
   While Sinners curfe, the Saviour prays,
   And pities them with Tears,
- He the true David, Ifr'el's King, Bleft and belov'd of God, To fave us Rebels dead in Sin, Paid his own deareft Blood.

#### HYMN XXI.

Christ the Foundation of the Church.

- 1. BEHOLD the fure foundation Stone,
  Which God in Zion lays,
  To build our heav'nly Hopes upon,
  And his eternal Praife.
- Chofen of God, to Sinners dear, And Saints adore the Name, They trust their whole Salvation here, Nor shall they suffer Shame.
- The foolish Builders, Scribe and Priest, Reject it with Disdain;
   Yet on this Rock the Church shall rest, And Envy rage in vain.
- 4. What tho the Gates of Hell withftood, Yet must this Building rise;'Tis Thy own Work, almighty God, And wond'rous in our Eyes.

#### H Y M N XXII.

The repenting Prodigal.

1. B EHOLD the Wretch whose Lust and Wine Had wasted his Estate, He

He begs a Share among the Swine, To taste the Husks they eat!

2 "I die with Hunger here he cries;
"I starve in foreign Lands;

"My Father's House has large Supplies,
"And bounteous are his Hands.

3. "I'll go and with a mournful Tongue "Fall down before his Face;

"Father I've done thy Justice wrong, Nor can deferve thy Grace."

4. He faid and haften'd to his Home, To feek his Father's Love; The Father faw the Rebel come, And all his Bowels move.

- 5. He ran, and fell upon his Neck, Embrac'd and kis'd his Son: The Rebel's Heart with Sorrow brake, For Follies he had done.
- 6. "Take off his Clothes of Shame and Sin,"
  (The Father gives Command)

" Dress him in Garments white and clean, "With Rings adorn his Hand.

"A Day of feating I ordain;
 "Let Mirth and Joy abound;

"My Son was dead, and lives again, Was loft, and now is found."

# H Y M N XXIII.

The Pool of Bethesda.

T. BESIDE the Gospel pool
Appointed for the Poor;
From Year to Year, my helples Soul
Has waited for a Cure.

- 2. How often have I feen
  The healing Waters move!
  And others, round me, stepping in
  Their Efficacy prove!
- 4. O would the Lord appear
  My Malady to heal!
  He knows how long I've languish'd here,
  And what Distress I feel.
- 5. How often have I thought Why should I longer lie? Surely the Mercy I have sought Is not for such as I.
- But whether can I go?
   There is no other Pool
   Where Streams of fov'reign Virtue flow
   To make a Sinner whole,
- 7. Here then, from Day toDay, I'll wait, and Hope, and try: Can Jefus hear a Sinner pray, Yet fuffer him to die?
- 8. No: He is full of Grace;
  He never will permit
  A Soul, that fain would fee his Face,
  To perish at his Feet.

# H Y M N. XXIV.

BESTOW, dear Lord, upon our Youth The Gift of faving Grace; And let the Seed of facred Truth Fall in a fruitful Place.

- Grace is a Plant, where'er it grows, Of pure and Heav'nly Root;
   But faireft in the Youngest shews.
   And yields the sweetest Fruit.
- 3. Ye careless Ones, O hear betimes
  The Voice of Sov'reign Love!
  Your Youth is stain'd with many Crimes,
  But Mercy reigns above.
- 4. True, you are Young, but there's a Stone Within the youngest Breast; Or half the Crimes which you have done Would rob you of your rest.
- 5. For you the public Pray'r is made, Oh! join the public Pray'r! For you the fecret Tear is shed, O shed your selves a Tear!
- 6. We pray that you may early prove
  The Spirit's Pow'r to teach:
  You cannot be too young to love
  That Jefus whom we preach.

# H Y M N XXV.

Christ our Wisdom, Righteousness, Sanctification and Redemption. 1 Cor. i, 30.

BLIEVERS own they are but blind They know themselves Unwise; But Wisdom in the Lord they find, Who opens all their Eyes.

- Unrighteous are they all, when try'd;
   But God himfelf declares,
   In Jefus they are juftify'd;
   His Righteoufnefs is theirs.
- 3. That we're Unholy needs no Proof;

We forely feel the Fall: But Christ has Holiness enough To fanctify us all.

- 4. Expos'd by Sin to God's just Wrath, We look to Christ and View Redemption in his Blood by Faith; And full Redemption too.
- Some this, fome that, good Virtue teach, To rectify the Soul;
   But we first after Jesus reach, And richly grasp the whole.
- To Jefus join'd we all that's good, From him, our Head, derive; We eat his Flesh, we drink his Blood, And by and in him live.

#### HYMN XXVI.

The Beatitudes.

- [I. B LESS' D are the humble Souls that fee Their Emptiness and Poverty: Treasures of Grace to them are giv'n, And Crowns of Joy laid up in Heav'n.]
- [2. Bles'd are the Men of broken Heart, Who mourn for Sin with inward Smart; The Blood of C H R I S T divinely flows, A Healing Balm for all their Woes.]
- [3. Blefs'd are the Meek, who ftand afar From Rage and Paffion, Noise and War; Goowill secure their happy State, And plead their Cause against the Great.]
- [4. Blefs'd are the Souls that thirst for Grace, Hunger and long for Righteonfness; They shall be well supply'd and fed,

With

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# With living Streams and living Bread.]

- [5. Bless'd are the Men whose Bowels move, And melt with Sympathy and Love; From Christ the Lord shall they obtain Like Sympathy and Love again.]
- [6. Bless'd are the Pure, whose Hearts are clean From the defiling Pow'r of Sin; With endless Pleasure they shall see A God of spotless Purity.]
- [7. Bless'd are the Men of peaceful Life, Who quench the Coals of growing Strife; They shall be call'd the Heirs of Bliss, The Sons of God, the God of Peace.]
- [8. Bless'd are the Suff'rem. who partake
  Of Pain and Shame for Jesus sake;
  Their Souls shall triumph in the LORD,
  Glory and Joy are their Reward.]

# H Y M N XXVII.

On the Death of a Saint.

- B LESSED are they (the Scriptures fay)
  That dying win the Prize,
  For rest they shall, their good works all
  Do follow them likewise.
- 2. Death's but a Sleep, why should we weep For those in Christ who die? Since this we know to Peace they go, And Joys possess on High.
- 3. Altho' to dust their Bodies must Be turn'd beneath the Clod, Yet they shall rise above the Skies, And ever live with God.

- 4. Christ will aloud before the Croud Compos'd of Adam's Race, Confess them dear, who own'd him here, And bore for him Disgrace.
- Robes they shall have that will outbrave
   The Whiteness of the Snow;
   Most pure and bright, like shining Light;
   Such Jesus will bestow.
- Then why need we dejected be ?
   Our Loss is their great Gain;
   For they shall stand at Christ's right Hand,
   And with their Saviour reign.
- Their happy Days are fpent in Praife, While here we figh and groan;
   Could we but fee how bleft they be,
   'Twould make us cease to moan.
- If there was End, 'twould Trouble fend, And would eclipfe the Joy, But 'tis not fo, they'll never go Out of that fweet Employ.
- 9. When they've been there ten Million Years, And Millions more are done, They've no less Days to sing God's Praise Than when they first begun.

# HYMN XXVIII.

# A bleffed Gospel.

- 2. B L E S T are the Souls that hear and know The Gospel's joyful Sound;
  Peace shall attend the Path they go,
  And Light their Steps surround.
- 2. Their Joy shall bear their Spirits up, Thro' their Redeemer's Name;

His Righteousness exalts their Hope, Nor Satan dares condemn.

 The Lord our Glory and Defence, Strength, and Salvation gives;
 Ifrael, thy King for ever reigns,
 Thy God for ever lives.

#### HYMN XXIX.

A Song of Praise for the Gospel.

- B L E S T be my God that I was born To hear the Gofpel found;
   That I was born to be baptiz'd, And bred on holy Ground:
- That I was bred where God appears With Tokens of his Grace;
   The Lines are fallen unto me In a most pleasant Place.
- I might have been a Pagan bred, Or else a veiled Jew, Or cheated with the Al Koran Amongst the Turkish Crew.
- 4. So in a Dungeon dark as Night I might have fpent my Days; But thou haft fent me Gofpel-Light, To thine eternal Praife.
- The Sun that rose up in the East,
   And drove the Shades away,
   Its healing Wings have reach'd the West,
   And turn'd the Night to Day.
- Bleft be my God for what I fee, My God for what I hear, I hear fuch bleffed News from Heav'n Not Earth nor Hell I fear.

- I hear my Lord for me was born, My Lord for me did die,
   My Lord for me did rife again, And did afcend on High;
- On High he stands to plead my Cause, And will return again, And set me on a glorious Throne, And I with him shall reign.

#### HYMN XXX.

Charity to the Poor : or, Pity to the Afflicted.

- T.BLEST is the Man whose Bowels move, And melt with Pity to the Poor; Whose Soul, by sympathizing Love, Feels what his Fellow-Saints endure
- 2. His Heart contrives for their Relief,
  More Good than his own Hands can do;
  He, in the Time of gen'ral Grief,
  Shall find the Lord has Bowels too.
- His Soul shall live secure on Earth,
   With secret Blessings on his Head,
   When Drought, and Pestilence, and Dearth,
   Around him multiply their Dead.
- 4. Or if he Languish on his Couch, GOD will pronounce his Sins forgiv'n, Will fave him with a healing Touch, Or take his willing Soul to Heav'n,

#### HYMN XXXI.

- J.BLEST is the Mau who shuns the Place Where Sinners love to meet; Who fears to tread their wicked Ways, And hates the Scoffer's Seat:
- 2. But in the Statutes of the Lord Has plac'd his chief Delight;

By Day he reads or hears the Word, And meditates by Night.

- 3. (He like a Plant of gen'rous kind,
  By living Waters fet,
  Safe from the Storms and blafting Wind,
  Enjoys a peaceful State.]
- 4. Green as the Leaf, and ever fair Shall his Profession shine, While Fruits of Holiness appear Like Clusters on the Vine.
- 5. Not so the Impious and Unjust;
  What vain Designs they form!
  Their Hopes are blow'n away like Dust,
  Or Chass before the Storm.
- Sinners in Judgment shall not stand Amongst the Sons of Grace, When Christ the Judge at his right Hand, Appoints his Saints a Place.
- 47. His Eye beholds the Path they tread;
  His Heart aproves it well:
  But crooked Ways of Sinners lead
  Down to the Gates of Hell.

#### HYMN XXXII.

The Lord's Day; or, the Resurrection of Christ.

- a.BLEST Morning, whose young dawning Rays
  Behold our rising God,
  That saw him triumph o'er the Dust,
  And leave his dark Abode.
- In the cold Prison of a Tomb,
   The dear Redeemer lay,
   Till the revolving Skies had brought
   The Third, th' appointed Day.

- Hell and the Grave unite their Force.
   To hold our God in vain,
   The fleeping Conqueror arofe,
   And burit their feeble Chain.
- 4. To thy great Name, Almighty Lord,
  Thefe facred Hours we pay,
  And loud Hofannas shall proclaim
  The Triumph of the Day,
- [5. Salvation and immortal Praife
  To our Victorious King;
  Let Heav'n, and Earth, and Rocks and Seas,
  With glad Hofannas ring.]

## HYMN XXXIII.

#### THE JUBILEE:

- I. BLOW ye the Trumpet, blow,
  The gladly folemn Sound,
  Let all the Nations know,
  To Earth's remotest Bounds
  The Year of Jubilee is come,
  Return ye ransom'd Sinners home.
- Exalt the Son of God,
   The all attoning Lamb
   Redemption thro' his Blood
   To all the World proclaim:
   The Year, &c.
- 3. Ye, who have fold for nought,
  Your Heritage above;
  Come take it back unbought,
  The gift of Jesus Love:
  The Year, &c.
- 4. The Gospel Trumpet founds; Let all the Nations hear,

And Earth's remotest Bounds Before the Throne apear: The Year, &c.

#### HYMN XXXIV.

- 1. BRIGHT burning Beams of gospel Grace Haste Lord, for to display;
  For to burn up in all thy Saints
  Their Stubble, Wood, and Hay.
- Break forth O Sun of Righteousness
   Unto the perfect Day:
   Hafte Holy One unto thy Throne,
   Our Jesus, haste away!
- 3. But O, who may abide the Day When Zions King shall reign? Who may abide, when he the Pride Of all proud Flesh shall stain?
- 4. Tremble ye careless Ones, that are At Ease in Zion, and Wonder and Stay, because that Day Is very nigh at Hand:
- 5. It now doth dawn; the glorious Morn Begins for to appear; What elfe doth mean these Lowings, and These Bleatings which we hear?
- 6. The Saints do fing to Christ their King, Whilst others rage in Pain, Because His bright and dazzling Light Shines thro' the World amain.
- Redeemed Ones, fing Praifes, for This Fire's but fent to try,
   And purge your Drofs, that by its Lofs Christ may you purify.

HYMN

## HYMN XXXV.

Few faved: or, The Almost Christians, the Hypocrites, and Apostate.

- 1. B R O A D is the Road that leads to Death, And Thousands walk together there; But Wisdom shews a narrower Path With here and there a Traveller.
- Deny thyfelf, and take thy Crofs, Is the Redeemer's great Command;' Nature must count her Gold but Drofs, If she would gain this heav'nly Land.
- The fearful Soul that tires and faints, And walks the Ways of God no more, Is but esteem'd almost a Saint, And makes his own Destruction sure.
- 4. Lord, let not all my Hopes be vain, Create my Heart intirely new, Which Hypocrites could ne'er attain, Which false Apostates never knew.

#### H Y M N XXXVI.

- 7. BURIED in Baptism with our Lord, We rise with him, to Life restor'd: Not the bare Life in Adam lost, But richer far; for more it cost.
- 2. Water can cleanfe the Flesh we own; But Christ well knows, and Christ alone, How dear to him our Cleansing stood, Baptiz'd with Fire, and bath'd in Blood.
- 3. H 1 s was a Baptifin deep indeed, O'er Feet and Body, Hands and Head, He in his Body purg'd our Sin:

#### A little Water makes us clean.

- 4. Not but we taste his bitter Cup; But only he could drink it up, To burn for us was his Desire: And he baptizes us with Fire.
- 5. This Fire will not confume but melt, How foft compar'd with that he felt! Thus cleans'd from Filth, and purg'd from Drofs, Baptized Christian, bear the Cross.

#### H Y M N XXXVII.

- r. BY what amazing Ways,
  The Lord vouchafes t'explain
  The Wonders of his Sov'reign Grace
  Towards the Sons of Men!
- He shews us first, how foul Our Natur's made by Sin: Then teaches the believing Soul The way to make it clean.
- Our Baptisin first declares, What need we've all to cleanse;
   Then shews that Christ to all God's Heirs Can Purity dispense.
- 4. Water the Body laves:
  And, if 'tis done by Faith,
  The Blood of Jefus furely faves
  The finful Soul from Death.
- Water no Man denies:
   But, Brethren, rest not there:
   'Tis Faith in Christ that justifies.
   And makes the Conscience clear.
- 6. Baptiz'd into his Death, We rife to Life divine.

The Holy Spirit works the Faith; And Water is the Sign.

## H Y M N XXXVIII.

- 1. B Y whom was David taught
  To aim the dreadful blow,
  When he Goliath fought,
  And laid the Gittite low?
  Nor Sword nor Spear the stripling took.
  But chose a pebble from the Brook.
- 'Twas Ifrael's God and King,
   Who fent him to the Fight;
   Who gave him Strength to fling,
   And Skill to aim aright,
   Ye feeble Saints, your Strength endures,
   Because young David's God is yours.
- 3. Who order'd Gideon forth, To ftorm th' invaders Camp, With Arms of little Worth, A Pitcher and a Lamp? The Trumpets made his coming known, And all the Hoft was overthrown.
- 4. Oh! I have feen the Day
  When with a fingle Word,
  God helping me to fay
  "My Trust is in the Lord;"
  My Soul has quell'd a Thousand Foes,
  Fearless of all that would oppose.
- 5. But Unbelief, Self-Will,
  Self-Righteousness and Pride;
  How often do they steal?
  My Weapon from my Side?
  Yet David's Lord, and Gideon's Friend,
  Will help his Servant to the End.

HYMN

### H Y M N XXXIX.

- i. C A N fuch poor feeble Worms as we Praife and adore our Saviour's Name? Or bring a Tribute Lord to thee? Or half thy Pow'r and Love proclaim?
- We ftand amaz'd, when we behold Thy Glory and thy Beauty Lord! Thy Love and Grace can ne'er be told, Which thou to Mortals doft afford.
- Yet Lord, we would attempt thy Praise, We would exalt thy Holy Name; Lord, we would walk in thy sweet Ways; And sing, and tell thy wond'rous Fame.
- 4. Fain would our Souls mount up to thee,
  And Feast forever on thy Love;
  And Praise the facred Deity,
  As Angels do that dwell above.

# HYMN XL.

Resting under the Cross.

- The Crofs does us afford;
  It was for weary Trav'llers made,
  We thank thee for it, Lord.
- Here let us fit, and all prepare
   To fing his worthy Fame;
   Who to redeem us fojourn'd here,
   Christ Jesus is his Name.
- We fing thy Suff'rings, Wounds and Blood, The Virtue of thy Pain:
   We fing thy Griefs, thou Son of God, Thou Lamb for Sinners flain.
- 4. We hail thee, thou by Jews revil'd,

Ta

To thee we bow the Knees; Hail! very God, the promis'd Child, The Prophets fang of thee.

5. While others praise an unknown God, We each will fing of thee;

" Jefus has wash'd me in his Blood, And liv'd, and dy'd for me."

#### H Y M N XLI.

The Pilgrim's Song.

- c. CHILDREN of the heav'nly King, As ye Journey fweetly fing. Sing your Saviour's worthy Praife, Glorious in his Works and Ways!
- Ye are trav'ling home to God, In the Way the Fathers trod: They are happy now, and ye Soon their Happiness shall see.
- O ye banish'd Seed be glad!
   Christ our Advocate is made;
   Us to save our Flesh assumes,
   Brother to our Souls becomes.
- Shout ye little Flock and bleft, You on Jefu's Throne shall rest, There your Seat is now prepar'd, There your Kingdom, and Reward.
- Fear not Brethren joyful ftand
   On the Borders of your Land;
   Jefus Chrift, your Father's Son,
   Bids you joyfully come on.
- 6. Lord obediently we'll go,
  Gladly leaving all below;
  Only thou our Leader be,
  And we fill will follow thee!

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## H Y M N XLII.

- The HRIST the Lord is ris'n to day,
  Sons of Men and Angels fay!
  Raife your Joys and Triumphs high,
  Sing, ye Heav'ns, and Earth reply.
- Love's redeeming Work is done,
   Fought the Fight, the Battle won;
   Lo! our Sun's Eclipfe is o'er,
   Lo! he fets in Blood no more.
- Vain the Stone, the Watch, the Seal, Christ hath burst the Gates of Hell: Death in vain forbids his Rise, Christ hath open'd Paradise.
- 4. Lives again our glorious King, Where, O Death is now thy Sting? Once he dy'd our Souls to fave, Where's thy Victory, O Grave?
- Soar we now where Christ hath led, Foll'wing our exalted Head; Made like him, like him we rise, Ours the Cross, the Grave, the Skies.
- What tho' once we perish'd all, Partners of our Parents Fall; Second Life we all receive, In our heav'nly Adam live.
- 7. Hail the Lord of Earth and Heav'n! Praise to thee by both be giv'n! Thee we Greet Triumphant now, Hail the Resurrection—thou!
- 8. King of Glory! Soul of blifs!
  Everlasting Life is this—
  Thee to know—thy Pow'r to prove,
  Thus to sing, and thus to love.

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#### H Y M N XLIII.

On the PASSION.

- I. COME, all ye Chosen Saints of God,
  That long to feel the cleansing Blood,
  In pensive Pleasure join with me,
  To sing of fad Gethsemane.
- Gethsemane the Olive Press!
   (And why so call'd, let Christians guess)
   Fit Name! Fit Place! Where Vengeance strove,
   And grip'd and grappled hard with Love.
- 'Twas here the Lord of Life appear'd, And figh'd, and groan'd, and pray'd and fear'd; Bore all incarnate God could bear, With Strength enough—and none to spare.
- 4. The Pow'rs of Hell united press'd, And squeez'd his Heart, and bruiz'd his Breast. What dreadful Conslicts rag'd within, When Sweat and Blood forc'd thro' the Skin!
- Difpatch'd from Heaven an Angel stood, Amaz'd to find him bath'd in Blood; Ador'd by Angels, and obey'd; But lower now than Angels made.
- He stood to strengthen, not to fight;
   Justice exacts its utmost Mite.
   This Victim Vengeance will pursue;
   He undertook, and must go through.
- 7. Three favor'd Servants left not far, Were bid to wait and watch the War. But Christ withdrawn, what Watch we keep! To shun the Sight, they sunk in Sleep.
- 8. Backwards and forwards thrice he ran, As if he fought fome Help from Man;

Or wish'd at least they would condole ('Twas all they could) his tortur'd Soul.

- Whate'er he fought for, there was none;
   Our Captain fought the Field alone;
   'Soon as the Chief to Battle led,
   That Moment ev'ry Soldier fled.
- 10. Mysterious Conflict! Dark Disguise! Hid from all Creature's piercing Eyes. Angels astonish'd view'd the Scene, And wonder yet what all could mean.
- Oh, Mount of Olives! facred Grove!
  Oh, Garden, Scene of tragic Love!
  What bitter Herbs thy Beds produce!
  How rank their Scent! How harsh their Juice!
- 12. Rare Virtnes now those Herbs contain:
  The Sav'our suck'd out all their Bane.
  My Mouth with these if Conscience cram,
  I'll eat them with the Paschal Lamb.
- 13. Oh, Kedron, gloomy Brook, how foul Thy black polluted Waters roll! No Tougue can tell (but some can taste) The Filth that into thee was cast.
- 14. In Eden's Garden there was Food Of ev'ry kind for Man, while good; But, banish'd thence, we sly to Thee, O Garden of Gethsemane.

#### H Y M N LXIV.

The Love of CHRIST shed abroad in the Heart.

Then shall we know, and taste, and feel
The Joys that cannot be express'd,

C 4 2. Come

- Come, fill our Hearts with inward Strength.
   Make our enlarged Souls possess,
   Andlearn the Height, and Breadth, and Length.
   Of thine unmeasurable Grace.
- 3. Now to the God whose Pow'r can do
  More than our Thoughts and Wishes know,
  Be everlasting Honours done
  By all the Church, thro' Christ his Son.

# H Y M N LXV.

- 1. COME, descend, O heav'nly Spirit,
  Fan each spark into a Flame,
  Blessings let us now inherit,
  Blessings that we cannot Name
  Whilst Hosannas we are singing,
  May our Hearts in Rapture move,
  Feel new Grace in them still springing,
  Breathe the Air of purest Love.
- Let us fail in grace's Ocean
   Float on that unbounded Sea,
   Guided into pure Devotion,
   Kept from Paths of Error free:
   On thy heav'nly Manna feeding,
   Screen'd from every envious Foe;
   Love, O Love for Sinners bleeding
   All for thee we would forego.
- 3. Keep us, Lord fill in Communion, Daily nearer drawn to thee; Sinking in the fweetest Union Of that heart-felt Mystery: Keep us safe from each Delusion, Well protected from all Harms; Free from Sin and all Consusion, Circle us within thy Arms.

HYMN

# H Y M N XLVI.

#### Redeeming Love.

- COME heav'nly Love, inspire my Song, With thy immortal Flame;
   And teach my Heart, and teach my Tongue, The Saviour's lovely Name.
- The Saviour! O what endless Charms
   Dwell in the blissful Sound!
   Its Influence ev'ry Fear disarms,
   And spreads sweet Comfort round.
- Here pardon, Life, and Joys divine In rich Effusion flow,
   For guilty Rebels lost in Sin, And doom'd to endless Woe.
- 4. God's only Son, (ftupendous Grace!)
  Forfook his Throne above;
  And fwift to fave our wretched Race,
  He flew on Wings of Love.
- Th' Almighty former of the Skies Stoop'd to our vile Abode;
   While Angels view'd with wond'ring Eyes, And hail'd th' incarnate God.
- 6. O the rich Depths of Love divine!
   Of blifs, a boundlefs Store:
   Dear Saviour, let me call thee mine,
   I cannot wifh for more.
- On thee alone my Hope relies, Beneath thy Cross I fall.
   My Lord, my Life, my Sacrifice, Mv Saviour, and my all.

# H Y M N XLVII.

- I. COME hither ye, that fain would know Th' exceeding Sinfulness of Sin:
  Come see a Scene of matchless Woe;
  And tell me what it all can mean.
- Behold the darling Son of God Bow'd down with Horror to the Ground, Wrung at the Heart, and fweating Blood, His Eyes in Tears of Sorrow drown,d
- 3. See how the Victim panting lies,
  His Soul with bitter Anguish prest.
  He sighs, he faints, he groans, he cries,
  Dismay'd, dejected, shock'd, distrest.
- 4. What Pangs are these that tear his Heart?
  What Burden's this that's on him laid?
  What means this Agony of Smart?
  What makes our Maker hang his Head?
- 'Tis Justice with it's Iron Rod, Inflicting Strokes of Wrath divine:
   'Tis the vindictive Hand of God, Incens'd at all your Sins, and mine.
- 6. Deep in his Breaft our Names were cut, He undertook our desp'rate Debt. Such Loads of Guilt were on him put, He could but just sustain the Weight.
- 7. Then let us not our felves deceive: For while of Sin we lightly deem, Whatever Notions we may have, Indeed we are not much like him.

#### H Y M N XLVIII.

Breathing after the Holy Spirit; or, Fervency of Devotion defired.

1. COME, Holy Spirit, Heav'nly Dove, With all thy quick'ning Pow'rs, Kin-

Kindle a Flame of facred Love In these cold Hearts of ours.

- Look, how we grovel here below, Fond of these Trisling Toys;
   Our Souls can neither sty nor go, To reach eternal Joys.
- In vain we tune our formal Songs, In vain we strive to rise; Hosannas Languish on our Tongues, And our Devotion dies.
- 4. Dear Lord! and shall we ever lie
  At this poor dying Rate;
  Our Love so faint, so cold to thee?
  And thine to us so great!
- Come, Holy Spirit Heav'nly Dove, With all thy quick'ning Pow'rs, Come, shed abroad a Saviour's Love, And that shall kindle ours.

#### H Y M N XLIX,

Desiring to love CHRIST.

- COME let me love; or is my Mind Harden'd to Stone, or froze to Ice!
   I fee the blessed fair one bend, And stoop t' embrace me from the skies.
- 2. O! 'tis a Thought would melt a Rock, And make an Heart of Iron move, That those sweet Lips, that heav'nly Look, Should seek and Wish a Mortal, s Love.
- 3. I was a Traytor doom'd to Fire, Bound to fuftain Eternal Pains; He flew on Wings of strong Desire, Assum'd my Guilt, and took my Chains.

4. Infinit

- 4. Infinite Grace! Almighty Charms! Stand in amaze. O Earth and Skies! Jesus the God with naked Arms, Hangs on a Cross of Love and dies.
- 5. Did Pity ever floop fo low,
  Drefs'd in Divinity and Blood?
  Was ever Rebel courted fo
  With Groans of an expiring GoD?
- 6. Again he lives, and spreads his Hands, Hands that were nail'd to tort'ring Smart; By these dear Wounds, says he; and stands And prays to clasp me to his Heart.
- 7. Sure I must Love; or are my Ears Still deaf, nor will my Passions move; Then let me melt this Heart to Tears; This Heart shall yield to Death or Love.

# HYMNL.

To Jesus Christ.

- I. COME let us all unite to praise The Saviour of Mankind, Our thankful Hearts in solemn lays, Be with our Voices join'd.
- But how shall Dust his Worth declare, When Angels try in vain;
   Their Faces veil when they appear Before the Son of Man.
- 3. O Lord, we cannot Silent be,— By Love we are conftrain'd To offer our best Thanks to Thee, Our Saviour, and our Friend!
- 4. Tho' feeble are our best Essays, Thy Love will not dispise;

Our grateful Songs of humble Praise, Our well-meant Sacrifice.

5. Let ev'ry Tongue thy Goodness show, And spread abroad thy Fame; Let ev'ry Heart with Praise o'erslow, And bless thy facred Name!

6. Worship and Honour, Thanks and Love, Be to our Jesus giv'n! By Men below,—by Hosts above,— By all in Earth and Heav'n!

#### HYMN LI.

The Tree of Life.

To our exalted Lord,
Ye Saints on high around his Throne,
And we around his Board,

2. While once upon this lower Ground, Weary and faint ye flood, What dear Refreshments here ye found From this immortal Food?

The Tree of Life, that near the Throne
 In Heav'ns high Garden grows,
 Laden with Grace, bends gently down
 Its ever finiling Boughs.

[4. Hov'ring amongst the Leaves, there stands
The sweet celestial Dove;
And Jesus on the Branches hangs
The Banner of his Love.]

[5. Tis a young Heav'n of strange Delight,
While in his Shade we sit;
His Fruit is pleasing to the Sight,
And to the Taste as sweet.

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- 6. New Life it fpreads through dying Hearts, And cheers the drooping Mind; Vigour and Joy the Juice imparts, Without a Sting behind.]
- Now let the flaming Weapon stand, And guard all Eden's Trees, Ther's ne'er a Plant in all that Land, That bears such Fruit as these.
- 8. Infinite Grace our Souls adore,
  Whose wond'rous Hand has made
  This living Branch of sov'reigh Pow'r,
  To raise and heal the Dead.

#### H Y M N LII.

CHRIST JESUS the Lamb of GOD, worshipped by all the Creation.

- I.C O M E let us join our chearful Songs With Angels round the Throne; Ten Thousand Thousand are their Tongues, But all their Joys are One.
- Worthy the Lamb that dy'd they cry,
   To be exalted thus: "
   Worthy the Lamb," our Lips reply,
   For he was flain for us.
- Jesus is worthy to recieve
   Honour and Pow'r Divine;
   And blessing more then we can give,
   Be, Lord, for ever thine.
- 4. Let all \*hat dwell above the Sky, And Air, and Earth, and Seas, Confpire to lift thy Glories High, And fpeak thine endless Praise:
- 5. The whole Creation join in One,

To bless the sacred Name Of Him that sits upon the Throne, And to adore the Lamb.

#### H Y M N LIII.

#### The PENITENT THIEF.

- I. COME fee the Pow'r of Christ our King When on the Cross the Saviour hung, His Grace a dying Thief did bring, To own him with his Heart and Tongue.
- One Malefactor fcorn'd Christ's Name, The other did his Sin reprove;
   Then said by Faith to God's dear Lamb, "Remember me O Lord above."
- 3. What noble Faith in him appear'd,
  That he could trust a dying Lord!
  He soon the blessed Jesus heard
  pronounce this sweet reviving Word;
- 4. "Amen, this Day thy Soul shall be "With me in Paradise above." This made the dying Pris'ner free; These Words were full of boundless Love.
- 5. What Comfort did this Speech convey, To his poor guilty wretched Mind! When thus he heard the Saviour fay, Great Peace the Criminal did find.
- Thus Jefus Christ forgave the Thief, And shew'd great Mercy to the Man;
   in the midst of Woe and Grief, His Joy and Happiness began.
- 7. O how he fings the Saviour's Praife, Who took him at the very last, When he his youthful Strength and Days In Satan's Cause had spent and past! 4 Now

8. Now he adores God's holy Name, And stands before the Saviours Face; And will eternally proclaim The boundless Riches of his Grace!

#### H Y M N LIV.

Desiring to praise worthily.

1. C OME thou Fount of ev'ry Bleffing!
Tune my Heart to fing thy Grace!
Streams of Mercy never ceafing,
Call for Songs of loudest Praise;
Teach me some melodious Sonnet,
Sung by slaming Tongues above;
Praise the Mount—I'm fixt upon it,
Mount of God's unchanging Love!

2. Here I raise mine Ebenezer,
Hither by thy Help I'm come;
And I hope by tny good Pleasure,
Safely to arrive at Home;
Jesus sought me, when a Stranger,
Wand'ring from the Fold of God,
He to rescue me from Danger,
Interpos'd his precious Blood.

3. Oh, to Grace, how great a Debtor,
Daily I'm conftrain'd to be!
Let that Grace, Lord, like a Fetter,
Bind my wand'ring Soul to thee!
Prone to wander, Lord, I feel it!
Prone to leave the God I love—
Here's my Heart—Oh take and feal it!
Seal it for thy Courts above!

4. Oh that Day when freed from Sinning!
I shall see thy lovely Face!
Clothed in thy Blood-wash'd Linnen

How

How I'll fing thy Sov'reign Grace!
Come, dear Lord, no longer tarry,
Take my raptur'd Soul away;
Send thine Angels down to carry
Me to Realms of endless Day.

5. If thou ever didft discover
To my Faith the promis'd Land,
Bid me now the Stream pass over,
On the heav'nly Borders stand;
Now surmount whate'er opposes,
And to thine Embrace I'll fly;
Speak the Word thou spake to Moses;
Bid me, "Get me up and die."

# HYMN LV.

I. COME, thou long expected Jefus!
Born to fet thy People free;
From our Fears and Sins release us,
Let us find our Rest in thee!
Israel's Strength and Consolation,
Hope of all the Earth thou art;
Dear desire of ev'ry Nation,
Joy of ev'ry longing Heart!

2. Born thy People to deliver,
Born a Child, and yet a King;
Born to reign in us for ever,
Now thy gracious Kingdom bring!
By thine own eternal Spirit,
Rule in all our Hearts alone;
By thine All-Sufficient Merit,
Raife us to thy glorious Throne.

# H Y M N LVI.

Invitation:

COME ye Sinners Poor and Wretched,
Weak and wounded fick and fore,
D Jefus

Jefus ready stands to save you,
Full of Pity, Love and Pow'r;
He is able,
He is willing; doubt no more.

 Ho! ye Needy, come and welcome, God's Free-Bounty glorify, True belief and true Repentance, Ev'ry Grace that brings us nigh, Without Money,
 Come to Jefus Chrift and buy.

3. Let not Conscience make you linger, Nor of Fitness fondly dream: All the Fitness he requireth Is to feel your Need of him; This he gives you, 'Tis the Spirits glimm'ring Beam.

4. Come ye weary, heavy laden,
Bruis'd and mangled by the Fall.
If you tarry till you're better,
You will never come at all;
Not the Righteous,
Sinners Jefus came to call.

5. Agonizing in the Garden,
Lo your Maker proftrate lies!
On the bloody Tree behold him,
Hear him cry before he dies,
"It is finish'd,"
Sinner, will not this suffice?

6. Lo! th' incarnate God afcended, Pleads the Merit of his Blood; Venture on him, venture freely, Let no other Trust intrude: None but Jesus, Can do helples Sinners good. 7. Saints and Angels join'd in Concert Sing the Praises of the Lamb, While the blissful Seats of Heaven Sweetly Eccho with his Name, Hallelujah!

Sinners here may do the fame.

#### HYMN LVII.

The Disciples at Sea.

ONSTRAIN'D by their Lord to embark,
And venture without him to Sea.
The Season tempestuous and dark,
How griev'd the Disciples must be!
But tho' he remain'd on the Shore,
He spent the Night for them in Pray'r;
They still were as safe as before,
And equally under his Care.

2. They strove, tho' in vain, for a while,
The Force of the Waves to withstand;
But when they were weary'd with Toil,
They saw their dear Saviour at hand;
They gladly receiv'd him on Board,
His Presence their Spirits reviv'd:
The Sea became calm at his Word,
And soon at their Port they arriv'd.

3. Believers now like them are tost
By Storms, of a perilous Deep;
But cannot be possibly Iost
While Jesus has Charge of the Ship:
Tho' Billows and Winds are enrag'd,
And threaten to make them their Sport;
This Pilot both firmly energy'd.

This Pilot hath firmly engag'd
To bring them, in Safety, to Port.

4. If fometimes we ftruggle alone,
And he is withdrawn from our View,

Iţ

It makes us more willing to own
We nothing without him, can do:
Then Satan our Hopes would affail,
But Jefus is ftill within call;
And when our poor Efforts quite fail,
He comes in good Time, and does all.

5. Yet, Lord, we are ready to fhrink
Unless we thy Presence perceive;
O save us (we cry) or we fink,
We would, but we cannot believe:
The Night has been long and severe,
The Winds and the Seas are still high;
Dear Saviour, this Moment appear,
And say to our Souls, "It is I!"

# HYMN LVIII.

The Day of Judgment.

1. DAY of Judgment, Day of Wonders!
Hark! the Trumpet's awful Sound,
Louder than a Thousand Thunders,
Shakes the vast Creation round!
How the Summons
Will the Sinner's Heart confound!

 See the Judge our Nature wearing, Cloth'd in Majesty Divine!
 You who long for his Appearing, Then shall say, "This God is mine!"

Gracious Saviour,
Own me in that Day for thine!

3. At his Call the Dead awaken,
Rife to Life from Earth and Sea;
All the Pow'rs of Nature shaken
By his Look, prepare to thee:
Careless Sinner,
What will then become of thee!

4. Hor-

4. Horrors past Imagination, Will furprize your trembling Heart, When you hear your Condemnation, " Hence, accurfed Wretch depart!

" Thou with Satan

" And his Angels, have thy Part!"

5. Satan, who now tries to Please you, Lest you timely Warning take, When that Word is past, will seize you, Plunge you in the burning Lake : Think, poor Sinner, Thy eternal All's at Stake!

5. But to those who have confessed, Lov'd and ferv'd the Lord below; He will fay, "Come near ye Bleffed, " See the Kingdom I bestow: "You for ever

" Shall my Love and Glory know."

7. Under Sorrows and Reproaches, May this Thought your Courage raise! Swiftly God's great Day approaches, Sighs shall then be chang'd to Praise: We shall Triumph When the World is in a Blaze.

#### H Y M N LIX.

A dying Saint's Farewel.

EAR Friends farewel, I go to dwell With Jesus Christ, on High; There for to fing Praise to my King To all Eternity.

2. While I've been here you have been dear, I've always found you kind; But now thro' Grace, I quit this Place,
D 3

#### And leave you all behind.

- Weep not for me, for here you fee My Trials have been great;
   But now ('tis true) I bid adieu, And change my mournful State.
- 4. 'Twill not be long before the Throng Will all together be;
  And you that know the Lord, below,
  Shall then your Saviour fee.
- There we shall join in Songs Divine, God's holy Name shall Praise;
   And view Christ's Smiles, forget the Toils Of these few evil Days.
- There we shall stand at his right Hand, And in his Presence dwell;
   And him adore, forevermore, So Brethren, now farewel.

#### HYMN LX.

God the only Refuge in Trouble.

- DEAR Refuge of my weary Soul,
  On thee when Sorrows rife;
  On thee, when Waves of Trouble roll,
  My fainting Hope relies.
- While Hope revives, tho' press'd with Fears, And I can say, "My God," Beneath thy Feet I spread my Cares, And pour my Woes abroad.
- 3. To thee I tell each rising Grief,
  For thou alone caust heal;
  Thy Word can bring a sweet Relief,
  For ev'ry Pain I scel.

4. But

- 4. But oh! when gloomy Doubts prevail
  I fear to call thee mine;
  The Springs of Comfort feem to fail,
  And all my Hopes decline.
- Yet gracious God, where shall I flee?
   Thou art my only Trust;
   And still my Soul wou'd cleave to thee,
   Tho' prostrate in the Dust.
- 6. Haft thou not bid me feek thy Face ? And fhall I feek in vain ? And can the Ear of Sov'reign Grace Be deaf when I complain ?
- No, still the Ear of Sov'reign Grace
   Attends the mourner's Prayer;
   O may I ever find Access,
   To Breathe my Sorrows there.
- 8. Thy Mercy-Seat is open still;
  Here let my Soul retreat,
  With humble Hope attend thy Will,
  And wait beneath thy Feet.

#### H Y M N LXI.

- I. DEAR Lord, how wond'rous is thy Love
  To fuch unworthy Worms as we!
  Thou hast fent down the heav'nly Dove,
  To fet our Souls at Liberty.
- We that were doom'd to Woe and Pain, Expos'd to Death of ev'ry kind, Thro' Jesus Christ, the Lamb once slain, Do Life, and Peace, and Pardon find.
- Shall we forget our Saviour's Grace, Who dy'd to fave our Guilty Souls, And bring us to his Father's Face,

Where

#### Where endless Peace and Pleasure rolls?

- Forbid, O Lord, each wand'ring Thought, May Chrift be all in our Efteem;
   Let earthly Things be all forgot, And counted Lofs, compar'd with him.
- Lord Jefus, make us bear in Mind
   Thy rich thy pure redeeming Love,
   Till we shall be for ever join'd
   With those that sing thy Praise above.
- 6. Then shall we stand before thy Face, And Shout with all the Ransom'd Throng; Our Cry shall be, "Free Grace, Free Grace," While endless Ages roll along.

#### H Y M N LXII.

Affurances of Heaven: or, a Saint prepar'd to die.

- [1. DEATH may diffolve my Body now, And bear my Spirit home; Why do my Minutes move fo flow, Nor my Salvation come?
- With Heav'nly Weapons I have fought The Battles of the Lord, Finish'd my Course and kept the Faith, And wait the sure Reward.
- God has laid up in Heav'n for me
   A Crown which cannot fade;
   The Righteous Judge of that great Day
   Shall place it on my Head.
- 4. Nor hath the King of Grace decreed
  This Prize for me alone;
  But all that love, and long to fee
  Th' Appearance of his Son.

Jefus, the Lord, shall guard me safe
 From ev'ry ill Design;
 And to his heav'nly Kingdom take
 This feeble Soul of mine.

God is my everlasting Aid,
 And Hell shall rage in vain;

 To Him be highest Glory paid,
 And endless Praise. A M E N.

#### H Y M N LXIII.

Death dreadful or delightful.

- T. D E'A T H! 'Tis a melancholy Day,
  To those that have no God,
  When the Poor Soul is forc'd away
  To seek her last abode.
- In vain to Heav'n she lifts her Eyes,
   But Guilt, a heavy Chain,
   Still drags her downward from the Skies,
   To Darkness, Fire and Pain.
- Awake and mourn, ye Heirs of Hell, Let flubborn Sinners fear;
   You must be driv'n from Earth, and dwell A long For Ever there.
- 4. See how the Pit gapes wide for you, And flashes in your Face; And thou, my Soul, look downwards too, And fing recov'ring Grace,
- 5. He is a God of Sov'reign Grace. That promis'd Heav'n to me; And taught my Thoughts to foar above, Where happy Spirits be.
- 6. Prepare me, Lord, for thy Right Hand, Then come the joyful Day,

Come

Come Death and fome celestial Band, To bear my Soul away.

#### H Y M N LXIV.

- 1. DESERTERS, to the Camp return,
  Refume your former Poft,
  Bewail your Crimes, your Baseness mourn;
  For yet Ye are not lost.
- Your's is a fad a dang'rous Cafe, Be humble, and repent; Mercy you'll find, tho' e'er fo bafe, The Moment you relent.
- Sinners are fav'd by Jefu's Blood, How vile fo e'er they be;
   Eternal Life's the Gift of God;
   And Gifts are always free.
- 4. 'Tis not by Works of Righteousness Which any Man has done; But God has sent his Son to bless; Return, and kiss the Son.

# HYMN LXV.

- I. DID our IMMANUEL die for us,
  To fave fuch poor rebellious Men?
  Did he difplay his Pity thus,
  That we might come to GOD again?
- All human Language wants a Name, For this unfathom'd wond'rous Love: This pure Immortal fervent Flame, Sprang only from the GOD above.
- 3. What can we add? Our Speech is faint;
  We fink beneath the pond'rous Load:
  This Love no Eloquence can paint;
  'Tis grand! 'tis worthy of a GOD!

  4. O'er-

- 4. O'erwhelm'd with this Abys of Love, We stand astonish'd at the Grace, That brought the Saviour from above, To die for all the fallen Race!
- 5. Did our IMMANUEL die for us? What more can be by founds exprest?

  For Sinners CHRIST was made a Curse;

  Eternity must tell the rest.

#### H Y M N LXVI.

- DISCIPLES of Christ
  Ye Friends of the Lamb;
  Attend, and assist
  In singing his Fame:
  Eternal Thanksgiving
  The Faithful should pay,
  The Living, the Living,
  As we do this Day.
- 2. A Body of Clay
  He humbly put on.
  And then took away
  The Sin we had done;
  And in it endured
  The Wrath to us due,
  The Curfe we incurred,
  Our Stripes and our Woe.
- 3. Not only he dy'd,
  But also arose;
  Laid Weakness aside,
  And over his Foes,
  (Sin, Death and the Devil,)
  He triumph'd, and o'er
  This World, and all Evil,
  Dominion and Pow'r.

Who fits on the Throne,
We bow at thy Name,
The Saviour we own,
Deferving our Bleffing,
And Bleffing we'll give,
Without ever ceafing,
So long as we live.

#### H Y M N LXVII.

#### Dismission.

- I. DISMISS us with thy Bleffing Lord, Help us to feed upon thy Word.
  All that has been amis forgive;
  And let thy Truth within us live.
- Tho we are guilty thou art good, Wash all our Works in Jesu's Blood. Give ev'ry Fetter'd Soul Release; And bid us all depart in Peace.

#### H Y M N LXVIII.

# Before Sermon.

- To think of Ifrael's dreadful Fall!
  Who needed Miracles to prove!
  Whether the Lord were God or Baal!
- Methinks I fee Elijah stand,
   His Features glow with Love and Zeal,
   In Faith and Pray'r he lifts his Hand,
   And makes to Heav'n his great Appeal.
- "Oh, G O D, if I thy Servant am, It 'tis thy Message fills my Heart, Now glorify thy holy Name, And shew'this People who thou art."

- 4. He fpoke, and lo, a fudden Flame
  Confum'd the Wood, the Duft, the Stone,
  The People struck, at once proclaim
  "The LORD is GOD, the LORD alone."
- 5. Like him we mourn an awful Day, When more for Baal than GOD appear; Like him Believers, let us pray, And may the GOD of Ifrael hear.
- Lord! if thy Servant fpeaks thy Truth,
   If he indeed is fent by Thee,
   Confirm the Word to all our Youth,
   And let them thy Salvation fee.
- 7. Now may the Spirit's holy Fire pierce ev'ry Heart that hears thy Word; Confume each hurtful vain Defire, And make them know thou art the LORD.

#### H Y M N LXIX.

Believers buried with CHRIST in Baptism.

- DO we not know that folemn Word, That we are bury'd with the Lord; Raptiz'd into his Death, and then Put off the Body of our Sin?
- 2. Our Souls receive diviner Breath,
  Rais'd from Corruption, Guilt, and Death:
  So from the Grave did C HRIST arife,
  And lives to G o p above the Skies.
- 3. No more let Sin or Satan reign Over our Mortal Flesh again: The various Lusts we ferv'd before, Shall have Dominion now no more.

# HYMN LXX.

Every Creature at GOD's Command.

I. ELIJAH's Example declares,
Whatever Diffress may betide,
The Saints may commit all their Cares
To him who will always provide,
When Rain long witheld from the Earth
Occasion'd a Famine of Bread,
The Prophet, secur'd from the Dearth,
By Ravens was constantly fed.

2. More likely to rob than to feed,
Are Ravens who live upon Prey;
But where the LORD's People have need,
His Goodness will find out a Way:
This Instance to those may seem Strange,
Who know not how Faith can prevail;
But sooner all Nature shall change,
Than one of GOD's Promises fail,

Nor is it a Singular Cafe;
 The Wonder is often renew'd;
 And many may fay to G O D's Praise,
 By Ravens he sendeth them Food.
 Thus Worldlings, tho' Ravens indeed,
 Tho' greedy and Selfish their Mind,
 If GOD has a Servant to feed,
 Against their own Wills can be kind.

Thus Satan the Raven unclean,
That croaks in the Ears of the Saints,
O'er-rul'd by a Power unfeen,
Administers oft to their Wants;
GOD teaches them how to find Food
From all the Temptations they feel:
This Raven who thirsts for my Blood,
Has help'd me to many a Meal.
5. How

5. How fafe and how happy are they
Who on the good Shepherd rely!
He'll give them Out Strength for their Day,
Their Wants he Will furely fupply,
He Ravens and Lions can tame;
All Creatures obey his Command:
Then let me rejoice in his Name,
And leave all my Cares in his Hand.

#### H Y M N LXXI.

The Deity and Humanity of CHRIST, John i. 1,3, 14. and Col. i. 16. and Eph. iii. 9, 10.

- I. E'ER the blue Heav'nswerestretch'd abroad, From Everlasting was the Word; With God he was; the Word was God, And must divinely be ador'd.
- By his own Pow'r were all Things made;
   By him fupported all Things fland;
   He is the whole Creation's Head,
   And Angels fly at his Command.
- 3. E'er Sin was born, or Satan fell,
  He led the Host of Morning-Stars;
  (Thy Generation who can tell,
  Or count the Number of thy Years!)
- 4. But lo, he leaves those Heav'nly Forms
  The Word descends and dwells in Clay,
  That he may hold Converse with Worms,
  Drest in such seeble Flesh as they.
- 5. Mortals with Joy beheld his Face, Th' Eternal Father's only Son; How full of Truth! how full of Grace! When thro' his Eyes the Godhead shone!
- 6. Arch-Angels leave their high Abode,

To learn new Myst'ries here, and tell The Love of our descending God, The Glories of E M A N U E L.

#### H Y M N LXXII.

- I. ETERNAL God, thy Pow'r make kuown,
  Make the whole Earth confess
  That thou art God, and thou alone
  Dost rule in Righteousness.
- May the whole Earth thy Glory fee, And thy Salvation know;
   And to thy Saints, who wait for thee, Thy Works and Wonders show.
- Lord Jefus, come, and take thy pow'r, And rule us by thy Grace:
   We wait for that expected Hour When we shall see thy Face.
- 4. Our Souls are longing for the Day When Jesus shall be King; When he our stubborn Sins shall slay, And we his Praise shall sing.
- 5. Our Hearts rejoice in Jesu's Name, His Word forbids our Fear; We love his Gospel to Proclaim That all Mankind may hear.
- But dearest Lord, let us enjoy
   That Everlasting Peace,
   That nothing ever shall destroy,
   Nor cause it to decrease,
- Lord here we wait to know thy Will, And to obey the fame ,
   May we our Courfe on Earth fulfil, In Honour to thy Name.

HYMN

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# H Y M N LXXIII.

#### Praise to the Creator.

- TERNAL Majesty on High,
  Thou God of Pow'r and Love,
  Thy Hands have spread the starry Sky,
  And form'd the World above.
- This Globe below flews forth thy Might, Thy Goodness and thy Skill;
   The Sun, the Moon, the Day, and Night, Thy Pleasure do fulfil.
- 3. Beafts, Birds, Fifh, Infects all declare
  Thou art the mighty God;
  Fire, Hail, and Storms, Earth, Water, Air,
  Declare thy Name abroad.
- 4. Trees, Mountains, Rivers, Rocks, and Plains, Gardens, and fruitful Lands.

  Proclaim "The God of Goodness reigns;"

  And will while Nature stands.
- All Things below, and all above, God, Wife, Good, Great proclaim;
   Then let the Children of his Love Delight to bless his Name.
- The heav'nly Father, and the Son, And Spirit we adore;
   Tis now as 'twas when Time begun, And shall be evermore.

# 

# HYMN LXXIV.

Christ the Beloved described.

. FAIR Salem's Daughters ask to know
Why I should love my Jesus so;
E
What

What are his Charms, fay they, above The Objects of another's Love?

- 2. Yes, my Beloved, to my Sight
  Shews a fweet Mixture, Red and White
  All human Beauties, all divine,
  In my Beloved meet and Shine.
- White is his Soul, from Blemish free;
   Red was his Blood he shed for me;
   The Fairest of Ten Thousand Fairs;
   A Sun among ten Thousand Stars.

4. His Head the finest Gold excels; There Wisdom in Perfection dwells, And Glory, like a Crown, adorns Those Temples once beset with Thorns.

- Compassions in his Heart are found, Hard by the fignals of his Wound: His Sacred Side no more shall bear The cruel Scourge, the piercing Spear.
- 6. His Hands are fairer to behold Than Diamonds fet in Rings of Gold; Those heav'nly Hands that on the Tree Where nail'd, and torn, and bled for me.
- Tho' once he bow'd his feeble Knees, Loaded with Sins and Agonies, Now on the Throne of his Command, His Legs like Marble Pillars stand.
- 8. His Eyes are Majesty and Love,
  The Eagle temper'd with the Dove;
  No more shall trickling Sorrows roll,
  Thro' those dear Windows of his Soul.
- His Mouth that pour'd out long Complaints, Now finiles, and cheers his fainting Saints; His Countenance more graceful is

Than

Than Lebanon with all its Trees.

10. All over Glorious is my Lord, Must be belov'd, and yet ador'd; His Worth if all the Nations knew Sure ev'ry one would Love him too.

#### H Y M N LXXV.

God glorious, and Sinners faved.

- T. R ATHER, how wide thy Glory shines!
  How high thy Wonders rise!
  Known thro' the Earth by Thousand Signs,
  By Thousands thro' the Skies.
- Those mighty Orbs proclaim thy Pow'r.
   Their Motions speak thy Skill;
   And on the Wings of ev'ry Hour
   We read thy Patience still;
- Part of thy Name divinely Stands
   On all thy Creatures writ,
   They shews the Labour of thy Hands,
   The Impress of thy Feet.
- 4. But when we View thy grand Defign To fave rebellious Worms, Where Wifdom Pow'r and Goodness shine, In their most glorious Forms;
- Our Thoughts are loft in rev'rend Awe;
   We Love, and we adore;
   The holy Angels never faw
   So much of God before.
- Here God hath made his Nature known, And Thought can never trace, Which of his Glories brightest shone, In our Redeemer's Face.

E 2

- O the fweet Myst'ries of that Cross
  Where Jesus lov'd and dy'd,
  Her noblest Life my Spirit draws
  From his dear wounded Side.
- 8. Now the full Glories of the L A M B
  Adorn the heav'nly Plains;
  Sweet Cherubs learn Immanuel's Name,
  And try their choicest Strains.
- O may I bear fome humble Part
   In that immortal Song!
   Wonder and Joy shall tune my Heart,
   And love command my Tongue.

#### H Y M N LXXVI.

- I. F ATHER, I strech my Hands to thee, No other Help I know; If thou withdraw thyself from me, Ah! whither shall I go?
- 2. What did thine only Son endure, Before I drew my Breath? What Pain, what Labour to fecure My Soul from endless Death!
- O Jefu, could I this believe,
   I now should feel thy Pow'r;
   Now my poor Soul thou would'st retrieve,
   Nor let me wait one Hour.
- 4. Author of Faith, to thee I lift My weary, longing Eyes; O let me now receive that Gift! My Soul without it dies!

#### H Y M N LXXVII.

I. F ATHER of faithful Abra'm, hear, Our earnest suit for Abra'ms Seed!

Justly

Justly they claim the foftest Pray'r
From us, adopted in their Stead:
Who Mercy through their Fall obtain,
And Christ by their Rejection gain.

Outcasts from thee and scatter'd wide
 Through ev'ry Nation under Heav'n
 Blaspheming whom they crucify'd,
 Unsav'd, unpity'd, unforgiv'n.
 Branded like Cain, they bear the Load,
 Abhorr'd of Men, and curs'd of God.

3. But hast thou finally forsook,
Forever cast thy own away?
Wilt thou not bid the Murd'rers Look
On him they pierc'd, and weep and pray?
Yes grac'ous Lord, thy Word is past:
All Israel shall be sav'd at last.

4. Come then, thou great deliv'rer come!
The Veil from Jacob's Heart remove!
Receive thy ancient People Home;
That quieken'd by thy dying Love,
The World may their Reception find,
Life from the Dead for all Mankind.

#### H Y M N LXXVIII.

#### Baptism.

T. RATHER of Heav'n, we Thee address
(Obedience is our View)
Accept us in thy Son; and Bless
The Work we have to do.

 Jefus, as Water well applied Will make the Body clean;
 So in the Fountain of thy Side Wash Thou the Soul from Sin.

- 3. Celeftial Dove, descend from High, And on the Water brood; And with thy quick'ning Pow'r apply The Water and the Blood.
- 4. Great God, Three-One, again we call, And our Requests renew, Accept in Christ; and bless withal The Work we've now to do.

#### HYMN LXXIX.

#### The Fromis'd Land.

- I. R AR from these narrow Scenes of Night, Unbounded Clories rise, And Realms of Infinite delight, Unknown to Mortal Eyes.
- There Pain and Sickness never come, And Grief no more complains; Health Triumphs in Immortal Bloom, And endless Pleasure reigns.
- No Cloud those blissful Regions know, For ever bright and fair!
   For Sin, the source of mortal Woe, Can never enter there.
- There no alternate Night is known, Nor Sun's faint fickly Ray;
   But Glory from the facred Throne Spreads everlasting Day.
- O may the heav'nly Profpect fire
   Our Hearts with ardent Love,
   Till Wings of Faith, and ftrong Defire
   Bear ev'ry Thought above.
- 6. Prepare us, Lord, by Grace Divine

For thy bright Courts on High; Then bid our Spirits rife and join The Chorus of the Sky.

#### HY M N LXXX

- r. R O M all that dwell below the Skies, Let the Creator's Praise arise: Let the Redeemer's Name be sung, Thro' ev'ry Land, by ev'ry Tongue.
- Eternal are thy Mercies, Lord;
   Eternal Truth attends thy Word:
   Thy Praise shall found from Shore to Shore,
   Till Suns shall rife and set no more.

#### H Y M N LXXXI.

Queen of Sheba.

- I. R O M Sheba a diftant Report
  Of Solomon's Glory and Fame,
  Invited the Queen to his Court,
  But all was outdone when she came;
  She cry'd with a Pleasing Surprize,
  When sirft she before him appear'd,
  "How much, what I see with my Eyes,
  "Surpasses the Rumour I heard."
- 2. When once to Jerusalem come, The Treasure and Train she had brought. The Wealth she possessed at home, No longer had Place in her Thought: His House, his Attendants, his Throne, All struck her with Wonder and Awe; The Glory of Solomon shone, In every Object she saw.
- 3. But Solomon most she admir'd, Whose Spirit conducted the Whole;

His

His Wisdom, which God had inspir'd,
His Bounty and Greatness of Soul;
Of all the hard Questions she put,
A ready Solution he shew'd;
Exceeded her Wish and her Suit,
And more than she ask'd him bestow'd.

Thus I when the Gofpel proclaim'd
The Saviour's great Name in my Ears,
The Wifdom for which he is fam'd,
The Love which to Sinners he bears;
I long'd, and I was not deny'd,
That I in his Prefence might bow;
I faw, and transported I cry'd,

" A greater than Solomon Thou!"

5. My Conscience no Comfort could find,
By Doubt and hard Questions oppos'd;
But he restor'd Peace to my Mind,
And answer'd each Doubt I propos'd!
Beholding me poor and Distress'd,
His Bounty supply'd all my Wants;
My Pray'r could have no'er express'd

So much as this Solomon grants.

6. I heard, and was flow to believe,
But now with my Eyes I behold,
Much more than my Heart could conceive,
Or Language could ever have told:
How happy thy Servants must be,
Who always before thee appear!
Vouchafe, Lord, this Blessing to me.

**经验证证证证** 

I find it is good to be here.

# H Y M N LXXXII.

I. GETHSEMANE, thou dolefome Place,
Near Cedron's Brook to which the Lamb,
Who

Who love'd to be in loneliness
With his Disciples often came,
Where out of boundless Love to me,
He wrestled in an Agony.

- 2. There, quite o'erwhelm'd wih Grief, he faid en "My Soul is forrowful to Death"
  And fuff'ring freely in my Stead,
  He drank the bitter Cup of Wrath;
  Now on his Knees, then on his Face,
  He weeps, and fweats, and bleeds and prays.
- 3. So lov'd me the Eternal God,
  That he became the Son of Man,
  And took my Sins' prodigious Load.
  My Soul admire his gracious Plan!
  Thy Stripes, thy Guilt and Curse he bore;
  Believe and thankfully adore.

#### H Y M N LXXXIII.

Praise to the Trinity.

GLORY, Glory, Glory, Glory, Glory be to God on high; Glory, Glory, Glory, Sing his Praises round the Sky.

Glory, Glory, Glory, Glory, Glory be to God most kind; Glory, Glory, Glory, Glory, Heav'n and Earth, and Sky be join'd

Holy, Holy, Holy, Holy, Holy is the Lord of Hofts; Holy, Holy, Holy, FATHER, SON, and HOLY GHOST.

Worthy, worthy, worthy, worthy, Worthy is the LAMB of GOD, Worthy, worthy, worthy, worthy,

Who

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Who lov'd and wash'd us in his Blood.

#### H Y M N LXXXIV.

#### Evening.

- 1. GLORY, to thee, my God, this Night,
  Keep me, O keep me, King of Kings,
  Under thine own Almighty Wings.
- 2. Forgive me, Lord, for thy dear Son, Whatever ills this Day I've done; That with the World, my felf, and Thee, I' 'ere I sleep, at Peace may be.
- Teach me to live, that I may dread The Grave as little as my Bed;
   Teach me to die, that fo I may
   Triumphing rife at the last Day.
- 4. O may my Soul on Thee repose,
  And with sweet Sleep my Eye-Lids close;
  Sleep that may me more vig'rous make,
  To serve my God when I awake.
- Let my bleft Guardian, while I fleep, Close to my Bed his Vigils keep; Let no vain Dreams diffurb my Rest. Nor Pow'rs of Darkness me molest.
- 6. Praife God from whom all Bleffings flow, Praife him all Creatures here below; Praife him above, ye heav'nly Hoft, Praife Father, Son, and Holy Ghoft.

#### H Y M N LXXXV

Sick-bed Devotion: Or, Pleading without repining.

GOD of my Life, look gently down, Behold the Pains I feel.

But

But I am dumb before thy Throne, Nor dare dispute thy Will.

- Difeases are thy Servants, Lord,
   They come at thy Command:
   I'll not attempt a murm'ring Word,
   Against thy chast'ning Hand.
- 3. Yet I may plead with humble Cries, Remove thy sharp Rebukes: My Strength consumes, my Spirit dies, Through thy repeated Strokes.
- 4. Crush'd as a Moth beneath thy Hand, We moulder to the Dust; Our feeble Pow'rs can ne'er withstand, And all our beauty's lost.
- [5. This mortal Life decays apace, How foon the Bubble's broke! Adam and all his num'rous Race Are Vanity and Smoke.]
- As all my Father's were;
  May I be well prepar'd to go,
  When I the Summons hear.
- But if my Life be fpar'd a while
   Before my last remove,
   Thy Praise shall be my Buis'ness still,
   And I'll declare thy Love.

## H Y M N LXXXVI.

I. GOD of my Salvation, hear, And help me to believe; Simply do I now draw near, Thy Elesting to receive: Full of Guilt, alas! I am, But to thy Wounds for Refuge flee: Friend of Sinners, spotless Lamb, Thy Blood was shed for me.

- Standing now as newly flain,
   To thee I lift mine Eye,
   Balm of all my Grief and Pain,
   Thy Blood is always nigh:
   Now as yefterday the fame
   Thou art and will for ever be:
   Friend of Sinners, fpotless Lamb,
   Thy Blood was shed for me.
- Nothing have I, Lord, to pay,
  Nor can thy Grace procure,
  Empty fend me not away,
  For I, thou know'st, am poor:
  Dust and Ashes is my Name,
  My all is Sin and Misery:
  Friend of Sinners spotless Lamb,
  Thy Blood was shed for me.
- 4. No good Word, or Work or Thought,
  Bring I to buy thy Grace:
  Pardon I accept unbought,
  Thy Proffer I embrace:
  Coming, as at first I came,
  To take and not bestow on thee:
  Friend of Sinners, spotless Lamb,
  Thy Blood was shed for me.
- 5. Saviour from thy wounded Side
  I never will depart,
  Here will I my Spirit hide,
  When I am pure in Heart,
  Till my Place above I claim,
  This only shall be all my Plea,
  Friend of Sinners, spotless Lamb,
  Thy Blood was shed for me.

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# H Y M N LXXXVII.

Light shining out of Darkness.

- GOD moves in a Mysterious Way
   His Wonders to perform,
   He plants his Footsteps in the Sea,
   And rides upon the Storm.
- Deep in unfathomable Mines
   Of never failing Skill.
   He treafures up his bright Defigns,
   And works his Sov'reign Will.
- 3. Ye fearfull Saints fresh Courage take; The Clouds ye so much dread Are big with Mercy, and shall break In Blessings on your Head.
- 4. Judge not the Lord by feeble Sense, But trust him for his Grace; Behind a frowning Providence He hides a smiling Face.
- His Purposes will ripen fast, Unfolding ev'ry Hour, The Bud may have a bitter Tast, But sweet will be the Flow'r.
- Blind Unbelief is fure to err,
   And fcan his Work in vain:
   God is his own Interpreter,
   And he will make it plain.

#### H Y M N LXXXVIII.

A Morning Hymn.

The chearful Sun makes hafte to rife, And like a Giant doth rejoice

To

To run his Journey thro' the Skies;

- 2. From the fair Chambers of the East
  The Circuit of his Race begins,
  And without Weariness or Rest,
  Round the whole Earth he slies and shines:
- Oh, like the Sun, may I fulfil
   Th' appointed Duties of the Day,
   With ready Mind and active Will
   March on and keep my heav'nly Way.
- [4. But I shall rove and lose the Race, If G o p, my Sun, should disappear, And leave me in this World's wild Maze, To follow ev'ry wand'ring Star.]
- 5. L o R D, thy Commands are clean and pure, Enlightning our beclouded Eyes; Thy Threat'nings just, thy Promise sure: Thy Gospel makes the Simple wise.
- 6, Give me thy Counfel for my Guide, And then receive me to thy Blifs; All my Defires and Hopes befide Are faint and cold compar'd with this.

#### HYMN LXXXIX.

The Aposiles Commission.

T. "O preach my Gofpel, faith the Lord, "Bid the whole Earth my Grace receive:

"He shall be fav'd that trust my Word;
"He shall be damn'd that won't believe,

[2. " I'll make your great Commission known,
" And you shall prove my Gospel true,
" By all the Works that I have done,

« Ву

" By all the Wonders ye shall do.

3. "Go heal the Sick, go raife the Dead,
"Go cast out Devils in my Name;
"Nor let my Prophets be afraid, (pheme.)
"Tho' Greeks reproach, and Jews blai-

4. "Teach all the Nations my Commands;
"I'm with you till the World shall end;
"All Pow'r is trusted in my Hands,

"I can destroy, and can defend."

5. He spake, and Light shone round his Head; On a bright Cloud to Heav'n he rode; They to the farthest Nations spread The Grace of their ascended G o p.

#### H Y M N XC.

Charracter of Christ.

I. GO worship at IMMANUEL's Feet,
See in his Face what Wonders meet!
Earth is too narrow to express
His Worth, his Glory, or his Grace.

[2. The whole Creation can afford
But fome faint Shadows of my LORD;
Nature, to make his Beauties known,
Must mingle Colours not her own.]

[3. Is he compar'd to Wine or Bread?

Dear LORD! our Souls would thus be fed:

That Flesh, that dying Blood of thine,
Is Bread of Life, is heav'nly Wine.

[4. Is he a Tree? The World receives
Salvation from his healing Leaves:
That righteous Branch, that fruitful Bough,
Is David's Root and Offspring too.]

- [5. Is he a Rose? Not Sharon yields, Such Fragrancy in all her Fields: Or if the Lilly he assume, The Vallies bless the rich Perfume.]
- [6. Is he a Vine? his heav'nly Root Supplies the Boughs with Life and Fruit. O let a lasting Union join My Soul to CHRIST the living Vine!]
- [7. Is he a Head? Each Member lives, And owns the Vital Pow'r he gives; The Saints below and Saints above, Join'd by his Spirit and his Love.]
- [8. Is he a Fountain? There I bathe,
  And heal the Plague of Sin and Death:
  These Waters all my Soul renew,
  And cleanse my spotted Garments too.]
- [9. Is he a Fire? He'll purge my Drofs: But the true Gold fuftains no Lofs: Like a Refiner shall he sit, And tread the Refuse with his Feet.]
- [10. Is he a Rock? How firm he proves! The Rock of Ages never moves; Yet the fweet Streams that from him flow Attend us all the Defart thro'.]
- [11. Is he a Way? He leads to GOD, The Path is drawn in Lines of Blood; There would I walk with Hope and Zeal, 'Till I arrive at Zion's Hill.]
- [12. Is he a Door? I'll enter in;
  Behold the Pastures large and green,
  A Paradise divinely fair,
  None but the Sheep have Freedom there.]

[13. Is he defign'd the Corner-Stone, For Men to build their Heav'n upon! I'll make him my Foundation too, Nor fear the Plots of Hell below.]

[14. Is he a Temple? I adore
Th' indwelling Majesty and Pow'r;
And still to his most Holy Place,
Whene'er I pray, I'll turn my Face.]

[15. Is he a Star? He breaks the Night, Piercing the Shades with dawning Light; I know his Glorics from afar, I know the bright, the Morning Star.]

[16. Is he a Sun? His Beams are Grace, His Course is Joy and Righteousiness; Nations rejoice when he appears To chase their Clouds, and dry their Tears.]

[17. O let'me climb those higher Skies, Where Storms and Darkness never rise! There he displays his Powrs abroad, And shines and Reigns th' Incarnate God.]

18. Nor Earth, nor Seas, nor Sun, nor Stars, Nor Heav'n his full Resemblance bears; His Beauties we can never Trace, Till we behold him Face to Face.

#### H Y M N XCI.

G RACE! 'tis a charming Sound, Harmonious to the Ear! Heav'n with the Echo shall resound, And all the Earth shall hear.

Grace first contriv'd a way
To fave rebellious Man;
And all the Steps, that Grace display,
Which drew the wondrous Plan.

F

3. Grace

- 3. Grace taught my roving Feet
  To tread the Heav'nly Road;
  And new Supplies each Hour I meet,
  While preffing on to God.
- 4. Grace all the Work shall Crown,
  Thro' everlasting Days,
  It lays in heav'n the Topmost Stone;
  And well deserves the Praise.

#### H Y M N XCII.

- GRACIOUS Lord, incline thine Ear,
  My Complaint vouchafe to hear;
  Sore diffrest with Guilt am 1,
  Give me Christ, or else I die.
- Wealth and Honour I difdain, Earthly Comforts all are vain; They can never fatisfy, Give me Chrift, or elfe I die.
- Lord deny me what thou wilt, Only take away my Guilt; Mourning at thy Feet I lie; Give me Christ, or else I die,
- 4. All Unholy and Unclean, I am finful, vile and mean; But to Thee for Mercy fly, Give me Christ, or else I die.
- 5. Thou dost freely fave the Lost; In thy Grace alone I Trust: Unto Thee I lift my Cry, Give me Christ, or else I die.
- 6. O my God, what shall I say? Take, oh take my Sins away! Jesu's Blood to me apply,

Give me Christ, or else I die.

#### H Y M N XCIII.

Triumph over Death.

- I. GREAT God, I own thy Sentence just;
  And Nature must decay;
  I yield my Body to the Dust.
  To dwell with Fellow-Clay.
- Yet Faith may Triumph o'er the Graves, And Trample on the Tombs;
   My Jefus, my Redeemer lives, My God my Saviour comes.
- The mighty Conqu'ror shall apear High on a Royal Seat,
   And Death, the last of all his Foes,
   Lie vanquish'd at his Feet.
- 4. Tho' greedy Worms devour my Skin, And gnaw my wasting Flesh, When God shall build my Bones again, He'll clothe them all afresh:
- Then shall I fee thy lovely Face
   With Strong immortal Eyes,
   And feast upon thy unknown Grace.
   With Pleasure and Surprize.

#### H Y M N XCIV.

- I. GREATEST High-Prieft, Saviour Christ,
  Who for me wast facrific'd;
  Make my Heart thro' thy blest Passion,
  To thy self a pure Oblation.
- 2. Thy pure Love accepts of Nought, But what by thy Love is wrought; What's not of thy own Formation,

Ne'er

Ne'er attaineth to Salvation.

- 3. Kill in me what is Unclean
  Kill in me the Root of Sin;
  Snatch my Heart from its Pollution,
  And th'old Man's entire Confusion,
- 4. On the Altar lay the Wood, And confume old Adam's Brood: Source of all celeftial Graces. I would die in thine Embraces.
- Lo, at length it shall appear,
   That the Lord has heard my Pray'r;
   Lo, e'en in my present Station,
   He'll be pleas'd with my Oblation.

#### H Y M N XCV.

The Effusion of the Spirit: Or, The Success of the Gospel.

- I. GREAT was the Day, the Joy was great When the divine Disciples met.; Whilst on their Heads the Spirit came, And sat like Tongues of cloven Flame.
- 2. What Gifts, what Miracles he gave! And Pow'r to kill, and Pow'r to fave! Fnrnifh'd their Tongues with wond'rous Words, Inflead of Shields, and Spears, and Swords,
- 3. Thus arm'd, he fent the Champion forth, From East to West, from South to North; Go, and assert your Saviour's Cause: Go, spread the Myst'ry of his Cross,
- 4. These Weapons of the holy War, Of what Almighty Force they are, To make our stubborn Passions bow, And lay the proudest Rebel low!

- 5. Nations, the Learned and the Rude, Are by these Heav'nly Arms subdu'd; While Satan rages at his Loss, And hates the Doctrine of the Cross.
- Great King of Grace! my Heart fubdue;
   I would be led in Triumph too,
   A willing Captive to my Lord,
   And fing the Vict'ries of his Word.

#### H Y M N XCVI,

Christ a sure Guide.

- I. GUIDE me, o thou great Jehovah,
  Pilgrim through this Barren Land,
  I am weak, but thou art mighty,
  Hold me with thy pow'rful Hand;
  Bread of Heaven, Bread of Heaven,
  Feed me till I want no more.
- Open now the Crystal Fountain Whence the healing Streams do flow, Let the fi'ry cloudy Pillar Lead me all my Journey through; Strong Deliv'rer, Strong Deliv'rer, Be thou still my Strength and Shield.
- When I tread the Verge of Jordan,
   Bid my anxious Fear fubfide;
   Death of Deaths, and Hell's Destruction,
   Land me fafe on Canaan's Side.
   Songs of Praises,
   I will ever give to Thee.

# H Y M N XCVII.

A funeral Thought.

I. HARK! from the Tombs a doleful Sound,
My Ears attend the Cry. Ye

- "Ye living men, come view the Ground, Where you must shortly lye.
- "Princes, this Clay must be your Bed,
   In spite of all your Tow'rs!
   The Tall, the Wise, the Rev'rend Head,
   must lye as low as ours."
- 3. Great God! is this our certain doom? And are we ftill fecure! Still walking downward to our Tomb, And yet Prepare no more?
- 4. Grant us the Pow'r of quick'ning Grace, To fit our Souls to fly , Then, when we drop this dying Flesh We'll rife above the Sky.

# H Y M N XCVIII.

#### Ascention.

- I. HAIL the Day that fees him rife,
  Ravish'd from our wishful Eyes!
  Christ a while to Mortals giv'n,
  Re-ascends his Native Heav'n:
  There the Pompous Triumph waits,
  Lift your Heads, eternal Gates!
  Wide unfold the radiant Scene!
  Take the King of Glory in!
- 2. Him, though higheft Heav'n receives, Still he loves the Earth he leaves; Though returning to his Throne, Still he calls Mankind his own: Still for us he intercedes, Prevalent his Death he pleads; Near himfelf prepares our Place, Harbinger of human Race.

- 3. Mafter (may we ever fay)
  Taken from our Head to-day
  See thy faithful Servants, fee,
  Ever gazing up to thee!
  Grant, tho parted from our Sight,
  High above yon azure Height,
  Grant our Heart may thither rife
  Following thee beyond the Skies.
- 4. Ever upwards let us move,
  Wafted on the Wings of Love;
  Looking when our Lord shall come,
  Longing, gasping after Home:
  There we shall with thee remain,
  Partners of thy glorious Reign;
  There thy Face unclouded see,
  Find our Heav'n of Heav'ns in thee.

#### H Y M N XCIX.

#### The Nativity.

- THARK, the glad Sound! the Saviour comes,
  The Saviour promis'd long!
  Let ev'ry Heart prepare a Throne,
  And ev'ry Voice a Song.
- On him the Spirit largely pour'd, Exerts its facred Fire;
   Wisdom and Might, and Zeal, and Love, His Holy Breast inspire.
- He comes the Pris'ners to release,
   In Satans Bondage held;
   The Gates of Brass before him burst,
   The Iron Fetters yield.
- 4. He comes, from thickest films of Vice To clear the mental Ray; And on the Eye-Balls of the Blind

#### To Pour celestial Day.

- He comes the broken Heart to bind,
   The bleeding Soul to cure;
   And with the Riches of his Grace.
   T' enrich the humble Poor,
- Our glad Hofannas, Prince of Peace, Thy welcome shall proclaim;
   And Heav'n's Eternal Arches ring With thy beloved Name.

#### HYMNC.

Bleffed are the Dead that die in the Lord. Rev.xiv, 13.

- I. HEAR what the Voice from Heav'n pro-For all the pious Dead, (claims Sweet is the Savour of their Names. And foft their fleeping Bed.
- They die in Jefus, and are bleff'd; How kind their Slumbers are!
   From Suff'rings and from Sin releas'd, And freed from ev'ry Snare.
- Far from this World of Toil and Strife, They're prefent with the Lord;
   The Labours of their Mortal Life End in a large Reward.

#### HYMN CI.

- HE comes! He comes! The Saviour dear,
  The Seventh Trumpets fpeaks him near;
  His Light'nings Flash, his Thunders roll,
  He's welcome to the faithful Soul;
  Welcome, welcome, welcome,
  Welcome, to the faithful Soul.
- 2. From Heav'n angelic Voices found! See the Almighty Jesus crown'd!

Girt

Girt with Omnipotence and Grace, And Glory decks the Saviour's Face; Glory, Glory, Glory, Glory, Glory decks the Saviour's Face.

- 3. Descending on his Azure Throne,
  He claims the Kingdom for his own";
  The Kingdoms all obey his Word,
  And hail him their Triumphant L O R D:
  Hail him, hail him, hail him, hail him,
  Hail him their Triumphant L O R D.
- 4. Shout all the People of the Sky,
  And all the Saints of the most High:
  Our GOD, who now his Right obtains;
  Eor ever and for ever Reigns;
  Ever, ever, ever,
  Ever and for ever Reigns.
- 5. The Father praise, the Son adore,
  The Spirit bless for ever more;
  Salvation's glorious Work is done,
  We welcome the Great Three in One!
  Welcome, welcome, welcome, welcome,
  Welcome the Great Three in One!

#### H Y M N CII.

- HE dies! the Friend of Sinners dies!

  Lo! Salem's Daughters weep around

  A Solemn Darknefs veils the Skies!

  A fudden Trembling shakes the Ground!

  Come, Saints, and drop a Tear or two,

  For him who groan'd beneath your Load!

  He shed a Thousand drops for you,

  A Thousand Drops of richer Blood!
- 2. Come, Sinners, View your Saviour Dead;
  And weep around his lonely Tomb!
  Your Hope, your Joy, your All is fled,
  For

For ah! your Champion's overcome!

A Conflict with the Pow'rs of Hell
Your Saviour did for you fuftain;
He nobly fought, but ah! he fell!
Break, Hearts of Flint! the Lamb is flain!

3. Here's Love, and Grief, beyond Degree,
The LORD of Glory dies for Men!
But lo! what fudden Joys we fee,
JESUS, the Dead, revives again!
The rifing GOD forfakes the Tomb:
(The Tomb in vain forbids his Rife)
Cherubic Legions guard him home,
And shout him welcome to the Skies!

4. Break off your Tears, ye Saints, and tell
How high our great Deliv'rer Reigns;
Sing how he fpoil'd the Hofts of Hell,
And led the Monster Death in Chains,
Say: "Live for ever, wond'rous King!
"Born to redeem, and strong to save!
Then ask the Monster—"Where's thy Sting!
"And where's thy Vict'ry, boasting Grave!"

#### H Y M N CIII.

- T. H O L Y Lamb, who thee receive, Who in thee begin to live, Day and Night they cry to thee, As thou art, fo let us be!
- 2. Jefus fee my panting Breaft:
  See I pant in thee to reft!
  Gladly would I now be clean:
  Cleanse me now from ev'ry Sin.
- Fix, Oh! fix my wav'ring Mind;
   To thy Crofs my Spirit bind;
   Earthly Paffions far remove:

Swallow up our Souls in Love.

- 4. Dust and Ashes though we be, Full of Guilt and Misery, Thine we are, thou Son of God: Take the Purchase of thy Blood!
- 5. Who in Heart on thee believes,
  He th' Atonement now receives:
  He with Joy beholds thy Face,
  Triumphs in thy pard'ning Grace.
- 6. See ye Sinners, fee the Flame Rifing from the flaughter'd Lamb; Marks the New, the living Way, Leading to eternal Day!
- Jefu, when this Light we fee,
   All our Soul's athirft for thee:
   When thy quick'ning Pow'r we prove,
   All our Heart diffolves in Love.
- Boundless Wisdom, Pow'r divine,
   Love unspeakable are thine!
   Praise by all to thee be giv'n
   Sons of Earth, and Hosts of Heav'n.

## H Y M N CIV.

Hofanna to Christ, Matt. xxi. 9. Luke xix. 38, 40.

- I. LOSSANNA to the Royal Son
   Of David's ancient Line,
   His Nature's Two, his Perfon One,
   Mysterious and Divine.
- The Root of David here we find, And Offspring is the fame; Eternity and Time are join'd In our Immanuel's Name.

- Bleft' He that comes to wretched Men With peaceful News from Heav'n; Hofanna's of the highest Strain To Christ the Lord be giv'n.
- 4. Let Mortals ne'er refuse to take Th' Hosanna on their Tongues, Lest Rocks and Stones should rife, and break Their Silence into Songs.

#### H Y M N CV.

The bleffedness of Gospel Times.

- T. HOW beauteous are their Feet,
  Who ftand on Zion's Hill!
  Who bring Salvation on their Tongues,
  And Words of Peace reveal!
- How charming is their Voice!
   How fweet the Tidings are!
   Zion, behold thy Saviour King,
   He reigns and triumplis here.
- 3. How happy are our Ears That hear this joyful Sound, Which Kings and Prophets waited for, And fought, but never found!
- 4. How bleffed are our Eyes
  That fee this heav,uly Light;
  Prophets and Kings defir'd it long,
  But dy'd without the Sight!
- The Watchmen join their Voice, And tuneful Notes employ;
   Jerufalem breaks forth in Songs, And Defarts learn the Joy.
- 6. The Lord makes bare his Arm Thro' all the Earth abroad:

Let ev'ry Nation now behold Their Saviour and their God.

#### H Y M N CVI,

Christ's dying Love: Or, Our Pardon bought at

- HOW condefcending, and how kind, Was God's Eternal Son! Our Mis'ry reach'd his heav'nly Mind, And Pity brought him down.
- [2. When Juffice, by our Sins provok'd Drew forth its dreadful Sword, He gave his Soul up to the Stroke, Without a murm'ring Word.
- He funk beneath his heavy Woes,
   To raife us to his Throne;
   There's ne'er a Gift his Hand bestows,
   But cost his Heart a Groan.]
- 4. This was Compassion like a God, That when the Saviour knew The Price of Pardon was his Blood, His Pity ne'er withdrew.
- Now tho' he reigns exalted High,
   His Love is still as great;
   Well he remembers Calvary,
   Nor let his Saints forget.
- [6. Here we behold his Bowels roll As kind as when he dy'd, And fee the Sorrows of his Soul Bleed thro' his wounded Side.]
- [7. Here we receive repeated Seals
  Of Jefus' dying Love:
  Hard is the Wretch that never feels

#### One foft Affection move.]

8. Here let our Hearts begin to melt,
While we his Death record,
And with our Joy for pardon'd Guilt,
Mourn that we pierc'd the Lord.

#### HYMN CVII.

The Safety and Protection of the Church, Ha. xxvi. 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6.

- I. H O W honourable is the Place, Where we adoring fland, Sion the Glory of the Earth, And Beauty of the Land!
- Bulwarks of mighty Grace defend
   The City where we dwell;
   The Walls, of ftrong Salvation made,
   Defy th' Affaults of Hell.
- 3. Lift up the Everlafting Gates, The Doors wide open fling; Enter ye Nations that obey The Statutes of our King.
- 4. Here shall you taste unmingled Joys,
  And live in perfect Peace;
  You that have known Jеноvан's Name,
  And ventur'd on his Grace.
- 5. Trust in the Lord, for ever Trust, And banish all your Fears, Strength in the Lord Jehovah dwells; Eternal as his Years.
- 6. What though the Rebels dwell on High,
  His Arm shall bring them low;
  Low as the Caverns of the Grave,
  Their lofty Head shall bow.

 On Babylou our Feet shall tread, In that rejoicing Hour;
 The Ruins of her Walls shall spread A Pavement for the Poor.

#### H Y M N. CVIII.

#### True Happiness.

- H O W happy is the Christian's State!
   His Sins are all forgiven;
   A cheering Ray confirms the Grace,
   And lifts his Hopes to Heav'n.
- Tho' in the rugged Path of Life, He heaves the penfive Sigh;
   Yet trusting in his God he finds Deliv'ring Grace is nigh.
- 3. If, to prevent his wand'ring Steps,
  He feels the chaft'ning Rod;
  The gentle Stroke shall bring him back
  To his forgiving God.
- 4. And when the welcome Meffage comes
  To call his Soul away;
  His Soul, in Raptures shall ascend
  To everlasting Day.

#### H Y M N CIX.

## A Prospect of the Resurrection.

- 1. HOW long shall Death the Tyrant reign,
  And triumph o'er the just,
  While the rich Blood of Martyrs slain
  Lies mingled with the Dust?
- 2. When shall the tedious Night be gone?
  When will our Lord appear?
  Our fond Desires would pray him down,

Our

Our Love embrace him here,

- Let Faith arife, and climb the Hills.
   And from afar defcry
   How diftant are his Chariot Wheels,
   And tell how faft they fly.
- 4. Lo, I behold the fcatt'ring Shades,
  The Dawn of Heav'n appears,
  The fweet Immortal Morning fpreads
  Its Blushes round the Spheres,
- 5. I fee the Lord of Glory come,
  And flaming Guards around!
  The Skies divide to make him room,
  The Trumpet flakes the Ground.
- 6. I hear the Voice!" Ye Dead arife;" And lo, the Graves obey, And waking Saints with joyful Eyes Salute th' expected Day.
- They leave the Dust, and on the Wing Rise to the middle Air,, In shining Garments meet their King, And low adore him there.
- O may my humble Spirit stand
   Amongst them cloth'd in white!
   The meanest Place at his Right Hand
   Is infinite Delight.
- 9. How will our Joy and Wonder rife, When our returning King Shall bear us homeward thro' the Skies On Love's triumphant Wing!

#### HY M N CX

Happy FRAILTY.

1. H O W meanly dwells th' immortal Mind! How vile these Bodies are! Why

Why was a Clod of Earth, defign'd T' enclose a heav'nly Star?

- Weak Cottage where our Souls refide, This Flesh a tott'ring Wall: The frightfull Breaches gaping wide, The Buildings bends to fall.
- All round it Storms of Sorrow blow,
   And Waves of Trouble roll;
   Cold Waves, and Winter Storms, beat through,
   And Pain the Tenant Soul.
- 4. "Alas, how frail our State!" faid I,
  And thus went mourning on,
  Till fudden from the cleaving Sky
  A Gleam of Glory shone.
- 5. My Soul all felt the Glory come, And breath'd her native Air; Then she remember'd Heav'n her Home, And she a Pris'ner here.
- Straight fhe began to change her Key, And joyful in her Chains, She fung the Frailty of her Clay In pleafurable Strains.
- 7. "How weak the Pris'n is where I dwell!
  "This Flesh a tott'ring Wall!
  "The Breaches chearfully foretell,

"The House must shortly fall.

- No more my Friends, shall I complain,
   Tho' all my Heart Strings ake,
   Welcome Disease, and ev'ry Pain,
   That makes the Cottage shake.
- 9. " I have a Mansion built above, " By the eternal Hand,

"And should the Earth's old Basis move "My Heav'nly House must stand.

10. "Yes for 'tis there my Saviour Reigns; " (I long to fee my God)

"And his immortal Strength fuftains
"The Purchase of his Blood.

11. " Hark, from on High my Saviour call.
" I come, my Lord, my Love;

" Devotion breaks the Prison Walls, "And speeds my last Remove."

#### H Y M N CXI.

Instruction from Scripture, Pfalm exix.

Vers 9.

I. O W shall the Young secure their Hear And guard their Lives from Sin?

Thy Word the choicest Rules imparts,

To keep the Conscience clean.

Vers 130.

2. When once it enters to the Mind,
It fpreads fuch Light abroad,
The meanest Souls Instruction find.
And raise their Thoughts to God.

Vers 105.

3. 'Tis like the Sun, a heav'nly Light,
That guides us all the Day;
And thro' the Dangers of the Night,
A Lamp to lead our Way.

Vers 99, 100.

4. The Men that keep thy Law with Care,
And meditate thy Word,
Grow wifer than their Teachers are,
And better know the Lord.

Vers 104, 113.

Thy Precepts make me truly wife;
 I hate the Sinner's Road;
 I hate my own vain Thoughts that rife,
 But love thy Law, my God

Vers 89, 90, 91.

6. [The ftarry Heav'ns thy Rule obey,
The Earth maintains her Place:
And these thy Servants Night and Day,
Thy Skill and Pow'r express.

 But still thy Law and Gospel, LORD, Have Lessons more divine;
 Not Earth stands sirmer than thy Word, Nor Stars so nobly shine.

Ver. 160, 140. 9, 116.
8. Thy Word is everlasting Truth,
How pure is ev'ry Page!
That holy Book shall guide our Youth,
And well support our Age.

### H Y M N CXII.

Faith in Christ for Pardon and Sanstifications.

- 1. HOW fad our State by Nature is!

  Our Sin how deep it stains!

  And Satan binds our captive Minds

  Fast in his slavish Chains.
- 2. But there's a Voice of Sov'reign Grace Sounds from the facred Word; Ho! ye despairing Sinners come, And trust upon the Lord.
- 3. My Soul obeys th' Almighty Call,
  And runs to this Relief;
  I would believe thy Promise Lord;
  O! help my Unbelief. G 2

- [4. To the dear Fountain of of thy Blood, Incarnate God! I fly; Here let me wash my spotted Soul From Crimes of deepest dye.
- Stretch out thine Arm, victorious King, My reigning Sins fubdue;
   Drive the old Dragon from his Seat, With all his hellish Crew.
- 6. A guilty, weak, and helpless Worm On thy kind Arms I fall: Be thou my Strength and Righteousness, My Jesus, and my All.

#### H Y M N CXIII.

GOD Holy, just, and Sovereign.

- I. HOW should the Sons of Adam's Race
  Be pure before their God!
  If he contend in Righteousness.
  We fall beneath his Rod.
- To vindicate my Words and Thoughts
   I'll make no more Pretence;
   Not one of all my thousand Faults
   Can bear a just Defence.
- 3. Strong is his Arm, his Heart is wife; What vain Prefumers dare Against their Maker's Hand to rife Or tempt th' unequal War?
- [4. Mountains by his Almighty Wrath
  From their old Seats are torn;
  He shakes the Earth, from South to North,
  And all her Pillars mourn.
- 5. He bids the Sun forbear to rife; Th' obedient Sun forbears:

His Hand with Sackcloth spreads the Skies, And Seals up all the Stars.

6. He walks upon the stormy Sea;

Flies on the flormy Wind;
There's none can trace his wond'rous Way,
Or his dark Footsteps find.]

### H Y M N CXIV.

The Works of Moses and the Lamb, Rev. xv. 3.

- I. HOW ftrong thine Arm is, mighty God !
  Who would not fear thy Name!
  Jefus, how fweet thy Graces are!
  Who would not love the Lamb!
- He has done more then Mofes did Our Prophet and our King;
   From Bonds of Hell he freed our Souls, And taught our Lips to fing.
- In the Read-Sea by Mofes' Hand Th' Egyptian Hoft was drown'd;
   But his own Blood hides all our Sins, And Guilt no more is found.
- 4. When thro' the Defart Ifrael went, With Manna they were fed; Our Lord invites us to his Flesh, And calls it Living Bread.
- Mofes beheld the promis'd Land, Yet never reach'd the Place;
   But Chrift shall bring his Followers home, To see his Father's Face.
- Then shall our Love and Joy be full, And feel a warmer Flame, And sweeter Voices tune the Song Of Moses and the Lamb.

 $\mathbf{G}_{3}$ 

HYMN.

# H Y M N CXV.

### The Name of Jesus.

- It fooths his Sorrows, heals his Wounds, And drives away his Fear.
- It makes the wounded Spirit whole, And calms the troubled Breast;
   'Tis Manna to the hungry Soul; And to the weary rest.
- 3. Dear Name! the Rock on which I build, My Shield and hiding Place, My never-failing Treas'ry fill'd With boundless Stores of Grace.
- 4. By thee my Pray'rs Acceptance gain, Altho with Sin defil'd; Satan accuses me in vain, And I am own'd a Child.
- Jefus! my Shepherd, Husband, Friend, My Prophet, Priest and King;
   My Lord, my Life, my Way, my End,
   Accept the Praise I bring.
- 6. Weak is the Effort of my Heart, And cold my warmest Thought; But when I see thee as thou art I'll praise thee as I ought!
- Till then I would thy Love proclaim With ev'ry fleeting Breath;
   And may the Music of thy Name Refresh my Soul in Death.

# ( 103 )

### H Y M N CXVI.

Love to the Creatures is dangerous.

- How false, and yet how fair!

  Each Pleasure hath its Poison too,

  And ev'ry sweet a Snare.
- The brightest Things below the Sky
  Give but a flatt'ring Light;
  We should suspect some Danger nigh,
  Where we possess Delight.
- Our dearest Joys, and nearest Friends, The Partners of our Blood, How they divide our wav'ring Minds, And leave but half for God.
- 4. The Fondness of a Creature's Love How strong it strikes the Sense! Thither the warm Affections move, Nor can we call them thence.
- Dear Saviour! let thy Beauties be My Soul's Eternal Food;
   And Grace command my Heart away From all created Good.

### H Y M N CXVII.

The Wonders of redeeming Love.

- I. HOW wondrous are the Works of God,
  Difplay'd thro' all the World abroad!
  Immensely great! Immensely small!
  Yet one strange Work exceeds them all.
- 2. He form'd the Sun, fair fount of Light;
  G 4 The

- The Moon, and Stars to rule the Night; But Night, and Stars, and Moon, and Sun, Are little Works compar'd with One.
- He roll'd the Seas and Spread the Skies;
   Made Vallies fink and Mountains rife;
   The Meadows cloth'd with Native Green;
   And bade the Rivers glide between.
- 4. But what are Seas, or Skies, or Hills' Or verdant Vales, or gliding Rills, To Wonders Man was born to prove! The Wonders of redeeming Love!
- 5. 'Tis far beyond what Words express, What Saints can feel, or Angels guess; Angels, that Hymn the Great I AM, Fall down and veil before the Lamb.
- 6. The highest Heav'ns are short of this, 'Tis deeper then the vast Abyss, 'Tis more than Thought can e'er conceive, Or Hope expect, or Faith believe.
- Almighty God figh,d human Breath, The Lord of Life experienc'd Death; How it was done we can't discuss; But this we know, 'twas done for us.
- Bleft with this Faith then let us raife
   Cur Hearts in Love, our Voice in Praife,
   All Things to us must Work for Good,
   For whom the Lord hath shed his Blood.
- Trials may press of ev'ry Sort;
   They may be fore; they must be short.
   We now believe but soon shall view,
   The greatest Glories God can shew.



# H Y M N CXVIII.

- I AM, faith Chrift, the Way. Now if we credit him, All other Paths must lead aftray How fair foe'er they feem.
- I am, faith Christ, The Truth.
   Then all that lacks this Test,
   Proceed it from an Angel's Mouth,
   Is but a Lie at best.
- 3. I am faith CHIST, the Life. Let this be feen by Faith, It follows without further Strife, That all befides is Death.
- 4. If what those Words aver,
  The Holy Ghost apply;
  The simplest Christian shall not err,
  Nor be deceived nor die.

### HYMN CXIX.

- I. Ask'd the LORD that I might grow
  In Faith, and Love, and ev'ry Grace;
  Might more of his Salvation know,
  And seek more earnestly his Face.
- 'Twas he who taught me thus to pray;
   And he, I trust, has answer'd Pray'r:
   But it has been in such a Way
   As almost drove me to Despair.
- 3. I hop'd that in some favour'd Hour,
  At once he'd grant me my Request;
  G 5

And, by his Love's constraining Pow'r, Subdue my Sins, and give me Rest.

- Inftead of this, he made me feel The hidden Evils of my Heart, And let the angry Pow'rs of Hell Affault my Soul in ev'ry Part.
- J. Yea more, with his own Hand he feem'd Intent to agravate my Woe; Cross'd all the fair Designs I schem'd, Blasted my Gourds, and laid me low.
- 6. LORD, why is this? I trembling cry'd; Wilt thou purfue thy Worm to Death? 'Tis in this Way, the LORD reply'd, I answer Pray'r for Grace and Faith.
- These inward Trials I employ
   From Self and Pride to set thee free,
   To break thy Schemes of wordly Joy,
   That thou may'st feek thy All in Me.

# H Y M N CXX.

### Paul's Voyage.

- If Paul in Cæfar's Court must stand,
   He need not fear the Sea;
   Secur'd from Harm, on ev'ry Hand,
   By the divine Decree.
- Altho' the Ship wherein he fail'd, By dreadful Storms was tos'd; The promise over all prevail'd, And not a Life was lost.
- Jefus! the God whom Paul ador'd,
   Who faves in Time of need;
   Was then confess'd by all on Board,
   A present Help indeed!
   Tho'

- 4. The neither Sun nor Stars were feen Paul knew the Lord was near; And Faith preferv'd his Soul Serene, When others shook with Fear.
- Believers thus are tofs'd about
   On Life's tempestuous Main;
   But Grace assures beyond a Doubt
   They shall their Port attain.
  - 5. They must, they shall appear one Day, Before their Saviour's Throne; The Storms they meet with by the Way, But make his Power known.
  - 7. Their Passage lies across the Brink
    Of many a threat'ning Wave;
    The World expects to see them fink,
    But Jesus lives to save.
  - 1. Lord, tho' we are but feeble Worms, Yet fince thy Word is paft; We'll venture thro' a thousand Storms, To fee thy Face at last.

#### H Y M N CXXI.

# Before Baptism.

- I glorious Angels do rejoice When Sinners turn to God, Let us unite with chearful Voice To fpread his Praife abroad.
- When Jefus unto Jordan came, And was baptiz'd of John,
   A Voice from Heaven did proclaim 'Tis my beloved Son.
- 3. His Ministers he sent about To preach the Word of Grace,

And to baptize the World throughout, Who should his Truth embrace.

- 4. Lord we have here before your Eyes, Some that have fet their Hands
  To ferve thee, and to be baptiz'd
  As thou didft give Command.
- Glory to God who reigns above, For his abounding Grace,
   In this the Token of his Love
   To us a guilty Race.
- 6. Let us employ our Tongues to fing
  The Praises of the Lord,For calling Sinners home to him
  By his all-powerful Word.

# H Y M N CXXII.

The Ruin of Antichrist, Isai 63. Ver. 4. 5, 6, 7.

- I. "I Lift my Banner, faith the Lord,"Where Antichrift has flood;"The City of my Gospel-Foes
  - "Shall be a Field of Blood.
- 2. " My Heart has studied just Revenge,
  " And now the Day appears,

"The Day of my Redeem'd is come "To wipe away their Tears.

3. "Quite weary is my Patience grown.
"And bids my Fury go;

"Swift as the Lightning it shall move, "And be as fatal too.

4. "I call for Helpers, but in vain:
"Then has my Gospel none?

- "Well, mine own Arm has Might enough "To crush my Foes alone."
- "Slaughter and my devouring Sword
  "Shall walk the Streets around.
   Babel shall reel beneath my Stroke,
  "And stagger to the Ground."
- Thy Honour, O victorious King!
   Thine own Right-Hand shall raise,
   While we thy awful Vengeance sing,
   And our Deliv'rer Praise.

#### H Y M N CXXIII.

Sight through a Glass, and Face to Face.

- I. I LOVE the Windows of thy Grace, Thro' which my Lord is feen, And long to meet my Saviour's Face, Without a Glafs between.
- O that the happy Hour were come, To change my Faith to Sight!
   I shall behold my Lord at Home, In a diviner Light.
- Hafte, my Beloved, and remove
   These interposing Days;

   Then shall my Passions all be Love,
   And all my Pow'rs be Praise.

#### H Y M N LXXIV.

Not ashamed of the Gospel, 2 Tim. i, 12.

T'M not asham'd to own my Lord, Or to defend his Cause, Maintain the Honour of his Word, The Glory of his Cross.

- Jefus, my God! I know his Name,
  His Name is all my Truft;
   Nor will he put my Soul to Shame,
  Nor let my Hope be loft.
- 3. Firm as his Throne his Promife stands.

  And he can well secure

  What I've committed to his Hands,

  Till the decisive Hour.
- Then will he own my worthless Name Before his Father's Face,
   And in the New Jerusalem
   Appoint my Soul a Place.

# H Y M N CXXV.

God is every where.

- T. IN all my vast Concerns with thee,
  In vain my Soul would try
  To shun thy Presence, Lord, or slee
  The Notice of thine Eye.
- Thy all-furrounding Sight furveys My Rifing and my Reft,
   My public Walks, my private Ways,
   And Secrets of my Breaft.
- My Thoughts lye open to the Lord Before they're form'd within;
   And ere my Lips pronounce the Word He knows the Sense I mean.
- 4. O wond'rous Knowledge, deep and High! Where can a Creature hide? Within thy circling Arms I lye, Befet on ev'ry Side.
- So let thy Grace furround me still, And like a Bulwark prove,

To guard my Soul from ev'ry ill, Secur'd by Sov'reign Love.

#### PAUSE.

- Lord, where shall guilty Souls retire forgotten and unknown?
   In Hell they meet thy dreadful Fire, In Heav'n thy glorious Throne.
- 7. Should I suppress my vital Breath To 'scape the Wrath Divine, Thy Voice would break the Bars of Death, And make the Grave resign.
- 8. If wing'd with Beams of Morning-Light, I fly beyond the West, Thy Hand which must support my Flight, Would soon betray my Rest.
- 9. If o'er my Sins I think to draw The Curtains of the Night, Those flaming Eyes that guard thy Law Would turn the Shades to Light.
- to. The Beams of Noon, the Midnight Hour Are both alike to thee: O may I ne'er provoke that Pow'r From which I cannot flee.

# H Y M N CXXVI.

Prayer for Deliverance answered, Isa. xxvi. 8-20.

- I. IN thine own Ways, O God of Love, We wait the Vifits of thy Grace; Our Souls Defire is to thy Name, And the Remembrance of thy Face.
- My Thoughts are fearching, Lord for thee; 'Mongft the black Shades of lonefom Night; My

My earnest Cries salute the Skies, Before the Dawn restores the Light.

- 3. Look how rebellious Men deride The tender Patience of my God; But they shall see thy listed Hand, And feel the Scourges of thy Rod.
- 4. Hark! the Eternal rends the Sky, A mighty Voice before him goes, A Voice of Mufic to his Friends, But threat'ning Thunder to his Foes.
- 5. Come Children, to your Fathers Arms, Hide in the Chambers of my Grace, 'I'll the fierce Storm be overblown, And my revenging Fury cease.
- 6. My Sword shall boast its Thousands slain And drink the Blood of haughty Kings, While heav'nly Peace around my slock Stretches its soft and slady Wings.

#### H Y M N CXXVII.

At a Marriage-Solemnity.

- I. I T is not good, Jehovah faid, For Man new form'd to be alone; Then of his Rib an Help-meet made, And Man and Wife pronounc'd but one,
- 2. From near his Heart this Rib he took, To flew the Favour flould be priz'd: Not from his Head to overlook; Nor from his Foot to be dispis'd.
- 3. Beneath his Arm, to fignify
  Wives should Authority disclaim,
  And that Protection and Supply
  Are from the Husbands due to them.

3. Bless

- 4. Bless, Lord, this newly-married Pair,
  And make the Match a Blessing prove;
  Their Int'rest one, their Joys, their Care,
  Made happy in each other's Love.
- May each to each an Help-meet be, And bend their Necks to Jefu's Yoke: Banded to feek Felicity With Christ's despised little Flock.
- Should Olive Plants, around their Board,
   To them the Gift of Heav'n be,
   Help them to give them back, dear Lord;
   Help them to bring them up for thee.
- 7. Jefus we ask thy Presence here;
  O may thy Face upon us shine:
  Thy Goodness more our Hearts can chear
  Than costliest Food or richest Wine.

# HYMN CXXVIII.

- That am drawn out of the Depth,
  Will fing upon the Shore:
  I that in Hell's dark Suburbs lay,
  Pure Mercy will adore.
- The Terrors of the living God My Soul did fo affright;
   I fear'd left I should be condemn'd To an Eternal Night.
- Kind was the Pity of my Friends,
   But could not ease my Smart;
   Their Words indeed did reach my Case.
   But could not reach my Heart.
- 4. Ah, what was then this World to me,
  To whom God's Word was dark?
  Who in my Dungeon could not fee

One

One Beam or shining Spark.

- 5. What then were all the Creatures Smiles, When the Creator frown'd? My Days were Nights, my Life was Death, My Being was my Wound.
- Tortur'd and rack'd, with hellish Fears, Left God the Blow should give;
   Mine Eyes did fail, my Heart did sink Then Mercy bid me live.

# HYMN CXXIX.

- I. I'V E found the Pearl of greatest Price,
  My Heart doth sing for Joy:
  And sing I must, a Christ I have;
  O what a Christ have I?
- Chrift is the Way, the Truth, the Life, The Way to God on High, Life to the Dead, the Truth of Types. The Truth of Prophefy.
- Christ is a Prophet, Priest and King:

   A Prophet full of Light,
   A Priest that stands 'twixt God and Man,
   A King that rules with Might.
- Christ's Manhood is a Temple, where
   The Altar God doth rest;
   My Christ, he is the Sacrifice,
   My Christ he is the Priest.
- My Christ he is the Lord of Lords, He is the King of Kings; He is the Sun of Righteousness, With Healing in his Wings.
- 6. My Christ, he is the Tree of Life,

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Which in God's garden grows; Whofe Fruit does feed, whofe Leaves do heal; My Chrift is Sharon's Rofe.

- Christ is my Meat, Christ is my Drink,
   My Physick and my Health,
   My Peace, my Strength, my Joy, my Crown,
   My Glory and my Wealth.
- E. Christ is my Father, and my Friend, My Brother and my Love; My Head, my Hope, my Counsellor, My Advocate above.
- My Chrift, he is the Heav'n of Heav'ns, My Chrift what shall I call?
   My Chrift is First, my Christ is Last, My Christ is All in All.

# H Y M N CXXX.

- I Want an Heart to pray;
   To pray, and never cease:
   Never to Murmur at thy Stay,
   Or wish my Suff'rings less.
- This Bleffing above all, Always to pray, I want: Out of the Deep on thee to call, And never, never faint.
- I want a true Regard,
   A fingle, fleady Aim,
   (Unmov'd by Threatning or Reward—)
   To thee, and thy great Name.
- A jealous just Concern
   For thine immortal Praise;
   A pure Desire, that all may learn
   And glorify thy Grace.

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- I want with all my Heart
   Thy Pleafure to fulfil;
   To know myfelf, and what thou art,
   And what thy perfect Will.
- 6. I want, I know not what;
  I want my Wants to fee:
  I want, alas! what want I not,
  When thou art not in me?

### H Y M N CXXXI,

The Good that I would I do not.

- I. I Would but cannot fing,
  Guilt has untun'd my Voice,
  The Serpent fin's envenom'd Sting
  Has poison'd all my Joys.
- I know the Lord is nigh, And would, but cannot pray;
   For Satan meets me when I try, And frights my Soul away.
- I would, but can't Repent
   Tho' I endeavour oft;
   This flony Heart can ne'er relent
   'Till Jefus makes it foft.
- 4. I would, but cannot Love,

  Tho' woo'd by Love Divine;

  No Arguments have pow'r to move

  A Soul fo bafe as mine.
- I would, but cannot reft
   In God's most holy Will;
   I know what he appoints is best,
   Yet Murmur at it still.
- 6. Oh could I but believe!
  Then all would easy be;

I would, but cannot; Lord relieve, My Help must come from thee!

But if indeed I wou'd,
 Tho' I can nothing do;
 Yet the Defire is fomething good,
 For which my Praife is due.

8. By Nature prone to Ill,
Till thine appointed Hour
I was as deftitute of Will,
As now I am of Pow'r.

Wilt thou not Crown, at length,
 The Work thou haft begun?
 And with a Will, afford me Strength
 In all thy Ways to run.

#### H Y M N CXXXII.

Salvation, Righteonfness, and Strength in CHRIST.

I. JEHOVAH fpeaks, let Ifr'el hear, Let all the Earth rejoice and fear, While Gop's eternal Son proclaims His Sov'reign Honours and his Names:

2. "I am the Last, and I the First,

"The Saviour-God, and God the Just;
"There's none besides pretends to shew

"Such Justice and Salvation too.

[3. "Ye that in Shades of Darkness dwell,

" Just on the Verge of Death and Hell,

"Look up to me from diftant Lands,

"Light, Life and Heav'n, are in my Hands.

4. "I by my holy Name have fworn,

" Nor shall the Word in vain return,

"To me shall all Things bend the Knee, H 3 "And "And ev'ry Tongue shall swear to me.]

5. "In me alone shall Men confess
"Lies all their Strength and Righteousness;

"But fuch as dare dispise my Name,

"I'll clothe them with eternal Shame.
6. "In me the Lord, shall all the Seed

"Of Ifr'el from their Sins be freed,
"And by their shining Graces prove
"Their Int'rest in my pard'ning Love,"

### H Y M N CXXXIII.

On one Stone Shall be seven Eyes.

I. JESUS CHRIST, the Lord's anointed,
Who his Blood for Sinners fpilt;
Is the Stone by God appointed,
And the Church is on him built:
He delivers
All who trust him from their Guilt.

Many Eyes at once are fixed
 On a Perfon fo Divine;
 Love, with awful Juffice mixed,
 In his great Redemption thine;
 Mighty Jefus!
 Give me leave to call thee mine.

By the Father's Eye approved,
 Lo. a Voice is heard from Heav'n,
 "Sinners, this is my Beloved,
 "For your Ranfom freely giv'n:
 "All Offences,
 "For his fake shall be forgiv'n."

A. Angels with their Eyes purfu'd him, When he left his glorious Throne; With Astonishment they view'd him, Put the Form of Servant on :
Angels worship'd
Him who was on Earth unknown.

- 5. Satan and his Hoft amazed, Saw this Stone in Zion laid; Jefus, tho' to Death abased, Bruis'd the subtil Serpent's Head: When to save us, On the Cross his Blood he shed.
- 6. When a guilty Sinner fees him, While he looks his Soul is heal'd; Soon this Sight from Anguish frees him, And imparts a Pardon feal'd: May this Saviour Be to all our Hearts reveal'd!
- 7. With Defire and Admiration,
  All his Blood bought Flock behold
  Him, who wrought out their Salvation,
  And enclos'd them in his Fold:
  Yet their warmeft
  Love and Praifes are too cold.
- By the Eye of carnal Reason
   Many view him with Disclain;
   How will they abide the Season
   When he'll come with all his Train?
   To escape him
   Then they'll wish, bu wish in vain.
- 9. How their Hearts will melt and tremble
  When they hear his awful Voice!
  But his Saints he'll then affemble,
  As his Portion, and his Choice:
  And receive them
  To his everlafting Joys.

HYMN

### H Y M N CXXXIV.

2. J E S U S drinks the bitter Cup,
The Wine-Press treads alone!
Tears the Graves and Mountains up
By his expiring Groan:
Lo the Pow'rs of Heav'n he shakes,
Nature in Convulsion lies;
Earth's profoundest Center quakes,
The Great Redeemer dies.

- Dies the glorious Caufe of all,
   The true Eternal Pan;
   Falls to raife us from our Fall,
   To Ranfom finful Man.
   Well may Sol withdraw his Light,
   With the Suff'rer fympathize;
   Leave the World in fudden Night,
   While his Creator dies.
- 3. O my God, he dies for me;
  I feel the Mortal Smart!
  See him hanging on a Tree!
  A Sight that breaks my Heart!
  Oh that all to thee might turn!
  Sinners, ye may love him too;
  Look on him ye piere'd, and mourn
  For him who bled for you!
- 4. Weep o'er your Defire and Hope,
  With Tears of humbleft Love!
  Sing, for Jefus is gone up,
  And Reigns enthron'd above.
  Lives our Head, to die no more,
  Pow'r is all to Jefus giv'n;
  Worfhipp'd as he was before,
  Th' immortal King of Heav'n.

# ( 12I )

# H Y M N CXXXV.

CHRIST and Aaron, taken from Heb. vii and ix.

- I. JESUS, in thee our Eyes behold
  A thousand Glories more
  Than the rich Gems and polish'd Gold
  The Sons of Aaron wore.
- They first their own Burnt-off'rings brought, To purge themselves from Sin;
   Thy Life was pure without a Spot, And all thy Nature clean.
- [3. Fresh Blood, as constant as the Day, Was on their Altar spilt;
  But thy one Off'ring takes away
  For ever all our Guilt.]
- [4. Their Priesthood ran thro' fev'ral Hands, For Mortal was their Race: Thy never changing Office Stands, Eternal as thy Days.]
- [5. Once in the Circuit of a Year, With Blood, but not his own, Aaron within the Veil appears Before the golden Throne.
- 6. But CHRIST by his own Pow'rful Blood Afcends above the Skies, And in the Prefence of our GOD Shews his own Sacrifice.]
- Jesus, the King of Glory, reigns
   On Sion's heav nly Hill;
   Looks like a Lamb that has been flain,
   And wears his Priefthood ftill.
- 2. He ever lives to intercede

Before his Father's Face:
Give him, my Soul, thy Caufe to plead,
Nor doubt the Father's Grace.

#### H Y M N CXXXVI

Christ the Believer's Refuge and Portion.

- I. JESU, Lover of my Soul,
  Let me to thy Bosom fly,
  While the nearer Waters roll,
  While the Tempest still is high;
  Hide me, oh, my Sav'our hide,
  Till the Storm of Life is past:
  Safe into the Haven guide,
  Oh, receive my Soul at last.
- 2. Other Refuge have I none,
  Hangs my helpless Soul on thee,
  Leave, ah! leave me not alone,
  Still support and Comfort me;
  All my Trust on thee is stay,d,
  All my Help from thee I bring,
  Cover my defenceless Head
  With the Shadow of thy Wing.
- 3. Thou, oh Christ, art all I want,
  More then all in thee I find;
  Raise the Fallen, chear the Faint,
  Heal the Sick, and lead the Blind,
  Just and Holy is thy Name,
  I am all Unrightcousness!
  Vile and full of Sin I am,
  Thou art full of Truth and Grace,
- 4. Plenteous Grace with thee is found,
  Grace to Pardon all my Sin;
  Let the healing Streams abound,
  Make, and keep me pure within;
  Thou of Life the Fountain art,
  Freely let me take of thee,

Spring thou up within my Heart, Rife to all Eternity.

# H Y M N CXXXVII.

- J E S U S, my All to Heav'n is gone, He whom I fix my Hopes upon; His Track I fee, and I'll pursue The narrow Way, till him I view,
- The Way the holy Prophets went, The Road that leads from Banishment; The King's Highway of Holiness, I'll go, for all his Paths are Peace.
- No Stranger may proceed therein, No Lover of this World, and Sin; No Lion, no devouring Care, No Sin, nor Sorrow shall be there;
- 4. No; Nothing may go up thereon But trav'ling Souls, may 1 be one; Wayfaring Men to Canaan bound, Shall only in this Way be found.
- This is the Way I long have fought, And mourn'd because I found it not; My Grief a Burden long has been, Because I could not cease from Sin.
- 6. The more I strove against its Pow'r,
  I sinn'd and stumbled but the more;
  Untill I heard my Saviour say,
  "Come hither, Soul, I am the Way"
- Lo glad I come, and thou bleft Lamb, Will take me to thee as I am; Nothing but Sin I thee can give, Nothing but love would I receive.
- 8. Then will I tell to Sinners round,
  What a dear Saviour I have found;
  I'll point to thy redeeming Blood,

And

And fay, "Behold the Way to God!"

# H Y M N CXXXVIII.

- I. JESUS, the only Thought of thee With Sweetness fills my Breast; But sweeter far it is to see,
  And on thy Beauty feast.
- No Sound, no Harmony fo gay, Can Art of Music frame;
   No Thoughts can reach, no Words can fay The Sweets of thy blest Name.
- Jefus our Hope, when we repent, Sweet Source of all our Grace;
   Sole Comfort in our Banishment,
   O! what, when Face to Face!
- Jefus! that Name infpires my Mind With Springs of Life and Light; More then I alk in thee I find, And lavish in Delight.
- 5. No Art, or Eloquence of Man, Can tell the Joys of Love; Only the Saints can understand What they in Jesus prove.
- Thee then I'll feek retir'd apart,
   From World and Bufiness free;
   When these shall knock, I'll shut my Heart,
   And keep it all for thee.
- Before the Morning Light I'll come, With Magdalene to find In Sighs and Tears, my Jefu's Tomb, And there refresh my Mind.
- My Tears upon his Grave shall flow, My Sighs the Garden fill;

Then at his Feet my felf I'll throw, And there I'll feek his Will.

- Jefus, in thy blefs'd Steps I'll tread, And walk in all thy Ways;
   I'll never ceafe to weep and plead, Till I'm reftor'd to Grace.
- 10. O King of Love, thy bleffed Fire Does fuch fweet Flames exite; That first it raises our Desire, Then fills us with Delight.
- 11. Thy lovely Presence shines so clear Thro' every Sense and Way, That Souls which once have seen thee near, See all Things else decay.
- 12. Come then dear Lord, possess my Heart, Chase thence the Shades of Night; Come pierce it with thy flaming Dart, And ever-shining Light.
- 13. Then I'll for ever Jesus sing,
  And with the Saints rejoice;
  And both my Heart and Tongue shall bring
  Their Tribute to my dearest King,
  In never-ending Joys. Amen.

#### H Y M N CXXXIX.

Free Grace in revealing Christ, Luke x. 21.

- I. JESUS, the Man of constant Grief, A Mourner all his Days; His Spirit once rejoic'd aloud, And turn'd his Joy to Praise.
- 2. Father, I thank thy wond'rous Love, That hath reveal'd thy Son

To Men unlearned; and to Babes Has made thy Gospel known.

The Myst'ries of redeeming Grace
 Are hidden from the Wise;
 While Pride and Carnal Reas'nings join
 To swell and blind their Eyes.

4. Thus doth the Lord of Heav'n and Earth His great Decrees fulfil, And orders all his Works of Grace By his own Sov'reign Will.

#### H Y M N CXL.

- I. JESU, Redeemer, Saviour, Lord,
  The weary Sinner's Friend:
  Come to my Help pronounce the Word,
  Bid my Corruptions end.
- Thou canst o'ercome this Heart of mine, Thou canst Victorious prove;
   For everlasting Strength is thine, And everlasting Love.
- Thy pow'rful Spirit can fubdue Unconquerable Sin;
   Cleanfe my foul Heart, and make it new, And write thy Law within.
- 4. Bound down with twice ten thousand Ties, Yet let me hear thy Call; My Soul in Considence shall rise, Shall rise and break thro' all.
- Speak, and the Deaf shall hear thy Voice.
   The Blind his Sight receive,
   The Dumb in Songs of Praise rejoice,
   The Heart of Stone believe.

6. The Æthiop then shall change his Skin, The Dead shall feel thy Pow'r; The loathsome Leper shall be clean, And I shall Sin abhor.

#### HYMN CXLI.

Christ our Righteousness.

- J E S U, thy Blood and Righteoufness, My Beauty are, my glorious Dress; Midft flaming Worlds in these array'd, With Joy shall I lift up My Head.
- 2. When from the Dust of Death I rise,
  To claim my Mansson in the Skies;
  E'en then shall this be all my Plea,
  '' Jesus hath LIV'D, hath DY'D for me."
- 3. Bold shall I stand in that great Day,
  For who ought to My Charge shall lay?
  Fully thro' these absolv'd I am
  From Sin and Fear, from Guilt and Shame.
- 4. Thus Abraham the Friend of God,
  Thus all the Armies bought with Blood,
  Saviour of Sinners thee proclaim;
  Sinners of whom the Chief I am.
- 5. This fpotless Robe the same appears, When ruin'd Nature finks in Years; No Age can change its glorious Hue, The Grace of Christ is ever new.
- 6. O Jesu Christ, all Praise to thee, That thou a Man vouchsaf'd to be; And for each Soul, which thou hast made, Hast an eternal Ransom paid.
- I do believe if Sinners Race Ten Thoufand Times more Num'rous was;

Yet. still the Devil had his Full, 'Tis without Right he keeps one Soul.

- 3. Ah, give to all thy Servants, Lord, With Pow,r to fpeak thy quick'ning Word, That all who to thy Wounds will flee, May find eternal Life in Thee.
- Thou God of Might, thou God of Love. Let all the World thy Mercy prove; Now let thy Word o'er all prevail, Now take the Spoils of Death and Hell.
- Now bid thy banish'd Ones rejoice;
  Their Beauty this, their glorious Dress,
  Jesus, the Lord Our Righteousness.

### H Y M N CXLII.

Praise to the Redeemer.

- I. JOIN all the glorious Names
  Of Wifdom, Love and Pow'r,
  That ever Mortals knew,
  That Angels ever bore:
  All are too mean
  To fpeak his Worth,
  Too mean to fet
  My SAVIOUR forth.
- 2. But, O what gentle Terms,
  What condescending Ways
  Doth our Redeemer use
  To teach his heavinly Grace!
  Mine Eyes with Joy
  And Wonder see
  What Forms of Love
  He bears for me.

- [3. Array'd in Mortal Flesh,
  He like an Angel stands,
  And holds the Promises
  And Pardons in his Hands:
  Commission'd from
  His Father's Throne,
  To make his Grace
  To Mortals known.]
- [4. Great Prophet of my God,
  My Tongue would blefs thy Name;
  By thee the joyful News
  Of our Salvation.came;
  The joyful News
  Of Sins forgiv'n,
  Of Hell fubdu'd,
  And Peace with Heav'n.]
- [5. Be thou my Counsellor,
  My PATTERN, and my Guide;
  And thro' this Defart Land
  Still keep me near thy Side.
  O let my Feet
  Ne'er run aftray.
  Nor rove, nor feek
  The crooked Way!]
- [6. I love my SHEPHERD'S Voice, His watchful Eyes shall keep My wand'ring Soul among The Thousands of his Sheep: He feeds his Flock, He calls their Names, His Bosom bears The tender Lambs.]
- [7. To this dear Surety's Hand Will I commit my Cause; He answers and fulfills

His Father's broken Laws
Behold my Soul
At Freedom fet;
My Surety paid
The dreadful Debt.

[8. Jefus, my great HIGH PRIEST,
Offer'd his Blood and dy'd;
My guilty Confcience feeks
No Sacrifice befide.
His pow'rful Blood
Did once atone;
And now it pleads
Before the Throne.

[9. My ADVOCATE appears
For my Defence on High;
The Father bows his Ears,
And lays his Thunder by.
Not all that Hell
Or Sin can fay,
Shall turn his Heart,
His Love away.]

[10. My dear Almighty LORD;
My CONQU'ROR and my KING,
Thy Scepter, and thy Sword,
Thy reigning Grace I fing.
Thine is the Pow'r;
Behold I fit
In willing Bonds
Beneath thy Feet.

[11. Now let my Soul arife,
And tread the Tempter down:
My CAPTAIN leads me forth
To Conquest and a Crown,
A feeble Saint
Shall win the Day,
Tho Death and Hell
Obstruct the Way.]

12. Should all the Hofts of Death,
And Pow'rs of Hell unknown,
Put their most dreadful Forms
Of Rage and Mischief on,
I shall be fafe;
For Christ displays
Superior Pow'r
And guardian Grace.

#### HYMN CXLIII,

- I. JOY is a Fruit that will not grow In Nature's barren Soil; All we can boaft, 'till Chrift we know, Is Vanity and Toil.
- 2. But where the Lord has planted Grace, And made his Glories known; There Fruits of Heav'nly Joy and Peace Are found, and there alone.
- A bleeding Saviour, feen by Faith,
   A Sense of Pard'ning Love,
   A Hope that triumphs over Death,
   Give Joys like those above.
- 4. To take a Glimpfe within the Vail, To know that God is mine; Are Springs of Joy that never fail, Unfpeakably Divine.
- These are the Joys that fatisfy, And fanctify the Mind;
   Which make the Spirit mount on High, And leave the World behind.
- 6. No more Believers, mourn your Lot, But if you are the Lord's,

1 2

Relign to them that know him not, Such Joys as Earth affords.

### H Y M N CXLIV.

The Meffiah's Coming and Kingdom,

- r. JOY to the World; the Lord is come; Let Earth receive her King; Let ev'ry Heart prepare him Room, And Heav'n and Nature fing.
- 2. Joy to the Earth, the Saviour reigns,
  Let Men their Songs employ;
  While Fields, and Floods, Rocks, Hills and Plains
  Repeat the founding Joy.
- 3. No more let Sins and Sorrows grow, Nor Thorns infest the Ground; He comes to make his Bleffings flow Far as the Curfe is found.
- A. He rules the World with Truth and Grace, And makes the Nations prove The Glories of his Righteousness, And Wonders of his Love.

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# H Y M N. CXLV

My Grace is sufficient for thee. 2 Corin. 12. v. 9.

- I. KIND are the Words that Jefus fpeaks,
  To chear the drooping Saint;
  "My Grace fufficient is for you,
  "Tho' Nature's Powers may faint.
- 2. My Grace its Glories shall display, And make your Griefs remove;

- "Your Weakness shall the Triumph tell
  Of Boundless Pow'r and Love."
- 3. What though my Griefs are not remov'd, Yet why should I dispair? While my kind Saviours Arms support I can the Burden bear.
- 4. Jefus, my Saviour and my Lord!

  'Tis good to trust thy Name:

  Thy Power, thy Faithfulness and Love
  Will ever be the same.
- Weak as I am, yet thro' thy Grace I all Things can perform;
   And finiling Triumph in thy Name, Amid'ft the raging Storm.

### H Y M N CXLVI.

# Praying for Relations.

- 1. KIND Souls, who for the Mis'ries mean Of those who seldom mind their own; But treat your Zeal with cold Disdain. Resolv'd to make your Labours vain.
- You whose fincere Affection tends, To help your dear, ungrateful Friends, Who think you Foes, or Mad, or Fools, Because you fain would fave their Souls.
- Though deaf to ev'ry Warning giv,n,
  They form to walk with you to Heav'n;
  But often think, and fometimes fay,
  They'll never go if that's the Way.
- 4. Though they the Spir't of God refult,
  Or ridicule your Faith in Christ;
  Tho' they blaspheme, oppose, contemn;

And hate you for your Love to them.

- 5. One fecret Way is left you still, To do them Good against their Will: Here they can no Obstruction give; You may do this without their Leave.
- 6. Fly to the Throne of Grace by Pray'r,
  And pour out all your Wishes there:
  Effectual fervent Pray'r prevails,
  When ev'ry other Method fails.

#### H Y M N CXLVII.

On Mortality.

- K IND Souls reflect, awhile with me, Upon our wretched State, How frail our Life, how short our Time, Our Miseries, how great.
- How Short the Pleasures Earth affords, How transient, and how few, Compar'd with Heav'ns Eternal Joys, And Pleasures ever new.
- Come let us leave the Things of Earth, (Whose Pleasures Poisons are,) And haste away to Canaans Land, And try our Intrest there.
- 4. Make the extended Skics your Tomb, Let Heav'n record your Worth, For know: Vain Mortals all must die : As Natures sickliest Birth.
- 5. Would bounteous Heav'n indulge my Pray'r, A nobler Choice I frame,

Then here to be esteemed great, Or gain an Earthly Name.

- 6. But in thy Book of Life Divine, My God! inscribe my Name: There let it fill some humble Place, Beneath the slaughter'd Lamb,
- 7. My God! this Witness let me have, Till I resign my Breath, And chearfully my Soul shall wait "Till it is free'd from Death."

# H Y M N CXLVIII.

- I. NOW, ye that are of Adams Race,
  That God hath call'd you by his Grace;
  And has proclaim'd his Gospel loud,
  For to give Warning, to the Proud,
- Ye youthful Virgins stop, and pause, And think upon your Sav'ours Laws; Let not your Life which God has lent, Alone in Vanity be spent.
- Awake to Thought! ye tender Souls,
   And think, alas! we are but Fools,
   To Spend our Time, which ends in Strife,
   And lose this glorious Scene of Life.
- A. Your Life to God must be resign'd; Your Mind in Jesus be confin'd; For Word and Action must agree, If Jesus Christ shall set you free.
- That Servant Form you must put on, And think that Christ's before me gone, He is the Way, the Truth, and Life, Therefore forsake this World of Strife.

# H Y M N CXLIX.

A Welcome to Christian Friends.

I. KINDRED in Christ, for his dear sake, May

May we together now Partake

The Joys which only he can give!

2. To you and us by Grace 'tis giv'n,
To know the Saviour's precious Name;
And shortly we shall meet in Heav'n,
Our Hope, our Way, our End, the same.

3. May he, by whose kind Care we meet, Send his good Spirit from above, Make our Communications sweet, And cause our Hearts to burn with Love!

4. Forgotten be each worldly Theme,
When Christians see each other thus;
We only wish to speak of him,
Who liv'd and dy'd and rose for us.

 We'll talk of all he did and faid, And fuffer'd for us here below; The Path he mark'd for us to tread, And what he's doing for us now.

6. Thus, as the Moments pass away,
We'll love, and Wonder and adore.
Lord, hasten on the glorious Day'
When we shall meet to part no more!

# H Y M N CL.

Blessings of the Gospel.

I. L F. T ev'ry Mortal Ear attend.
And ev'ry Heart rejoice,
The Trumpet of the Gospel Sounds,
With an inviting Voice,

2. Come all ye hungry starving Souls,
That feed upon the Wind,
And vainly strive, with earthly Toys,
To fill an empty Mind.
3. Eter-

- 3. Eternal Wisdom has prepar'd A Soul - reviving Feast; And bids your longing Appetites The rich Provision taste.
- 4. Ho! ye that pant for living Streams, And pine away and die; Here you may quench your raging Thirst With Springs that never dry.
- 5. Rivers of Love and Mercy here In a rich Ocean join; Salvation in abundance flows, Like Floods of Milk and Wine.
- 6. Dear God! the Treasures of thy Love Are everlasting Mines; Deep as our helpless Mif'ries are, And boundless as our Sins.
- 7. The happy Gates of Gospel Grace Stand open Night and Day; Lord, we are come to feek Supplies, And drive our Wants away.

#### HYMN CLI

Our own Weakness, and CHRIST our Strength, 2 Cor. xii. 7, 9, 10.

- I. E T me but hear my Saviour fay, Strength shall be equal to the Day; Then I rejoice in deep Distress, Leaning on all-fufficient Grace.
- 2. I glory in Infirmity, That Christ's own Pow'r may rest on me; When I am weak, then I am strong, Grace is my Shield, and Christ my Song.
- 3. I can do all Things, or can bear

- All Suffirings, if my Lord be there; Sweet Pleasures mingle with the Pains, While his Left-Hand my Head sustains.
- 4. But if the Lord be once withdrawn,
  And we attempt the Work alone;
  When new Temptations spring and rife,
  We find how great our Weakness is.
- So Sampson, when his Hair was loft, Met the Philistines to his Cost; Shook his vain Limbs with sad Surprize, Made feeble Fight, and lost his Eyes.

## H Y M N CLII.

Our frail Bodies, and God our Preserver.

- F. L E T others boast how strong they be,
  Nor Death nor Danger fear;
  But we'll confess, O Lord to thee,
  What feeble Things we are.
- Fresh as the Grass our Bodies stand, And flourish bright and gay:
   A blasting Wind sweeps o'er the Land, And fades the Grass away.
- 3. Our Life contains a thousand Springs, And dies if one be gone; Strange! that a Harp of thousand Strings, Should keep in Tune so long!
- 4. But 'tis our God supports our Frame,
  The God that built us first;
  Salvation to th' Almighty Name,
  That rear'd us from the Dust.
- [5. He fpoke, and strait our Hearts and Brains, In all their Motions rose, Let Blood, said he, slow round the Veins, And

And round the Veins it flows.

6. While we have Breath, or use our Tongues,
Our Maker we'll adore:
His Spirit moves our heaving Lungs,
Or they would breathe no more.]

## H Y M N CLIII.

Christian Love.

- I. L E T Party Names no more
  The Christian World o'erspread;
  Gentile and Jew, and bond and free
  Are one in Christ their Head.
- Among the Saints on Earth, Let mutual Love be found; Heirs of the same Inheritance, With mutual blessings crown'd.
- Let Envy and ill-Will
   Be banish'd far away;
   Those should in strictest Friendship dwell,
   Who the same Lord obey.
- 4. Thus will the Church below Refemble that above, Where Streams of Pleasure ever flow. And ev'ry Heart is Love.

# H Y M N CLIV.

Love and Charity, 1 Cor. xiii. 2-7-12.

- I. L E T Pharifees of high Effeem
  Their Faith and Zeal declare,
  All their Religion is a Dream,
  If Love be wanting there.
- 2. Love fuffers long with patient Eye,

Nor is provok'd in Haste, She lets the present Inj'ry die, And long forgets the past.

- [3. Malice and Rage, those Fires of Hell.
  She quenches with her Tongue;
  Hopes, and believes, and thinks no ill,
  Though she endures the Wrong.]
- [4. She ne'r defires, nor feeks to know The Scandals of the Time; Nor looks with Pride on those below, Nor envies those that climb.]
- She lays her own Advantage by
   To feek her Neighbour's Good;
   So God's own Son came down to die,
   And bought our Lives with Blood.
- Love is the Grace that keeps her Pow'r, In all the Realms above;
   There Faith and Hope are known no more, But Saints for ever love.

#### H Y M N CLV.

Striving to praise Christ.

- I. E T us, the Sheep by Jesus Nam'd Our Shepherd's Mercy bless; Let us, whom Jesus hath redeem'd Shew forth our Thankfulness.
- Not unto us, to thee alone, Be Praife and Glory giv'n; Here shall thy Praifes be begun, But carry'd on in Heav'n.
- 3. The Hosts of Spirits now with thee,
  Eternal Anthems sing;
  To imitate them here, lo! we

### Our Hallalujahs bring.

- Had we our Tongues like them infpir'd, Like theirs our Songs should rise;
   Like them we never should be tir'd, But Love the Sacrifice.
- Till we this veil of Flesh lay down,
   Accept our weaker Lays;
   And when, O Lord, we reach thy Throne,
   We'll join in nobler Praise.

# H Y M N CLVI.

Prayer heard, and Zion restored.

- E T Zion and her Sons rejoice,
  Behold the promis'd Hour;
  Her GOD hath heard her mourning Voice,
  And comes t' exalt his Pow'r.
- Her Dust and Ruins that remain, Are precious in our Eyes;
   Those Ruins shall be built again, And all that Dust shall rise.
- The LORD will raife Jerusalem, And stand in Glory there;
   Nations shall bow before his Name, And Kings attend with Fear.
- 4. He fits a Sov'reign on his Throne,
   With Pity in his Eyes;
   He hears the dying Pris'ners groan,
   And fees their Sighs arife.
- 5. He frees the Souls condemn'd to Death, And when his Saints complain, It fha'nt be faid, "That praying Breath "Was ever fpent in vain."

This shall be known when we are dead, And left on long Record, That Ages yet unborn may read, And trust, and praise the LORD.

### H Y M N CLVII.

Judgment.

I. LO! he cometh, countless Trumpets
Blow before the bloody Sign;
Midst ten thousand Saints and Angels,
See the crucified Shine.
Hallelujah! hallelujah! hallelujah!
Welcome, welcome, bleeding Lamb!

2. Now his Merit, by the Harpers,
Thro' th' eternal Deep refounds;
Now resplendent shine his Nail-Prints,
Ev'ry Eye shall see his Wounds;
They who pierc'd him, they who
pierc'd him, they who pierc'd him,
Shall at his Appearance wail.

Ev'ry Island, Sea and Mountain,
 Heav'n and Earth shall slee away;
 All who hate him, must, ashamed,
 Hear the Trump proclaim the Day:
 Come to Judgment, come to judgment,
 come to Judgment,
 Stand before the Son of Man.

4. Saints who love him, view his Glory
Shining in his bruifed Face,
His dear Perfon on the Rainbow.
Now his Peoples Head shall raise:
Happy Mourners, happy Mourners,
happy Mourners,
Lo! in Clouds he comes, he comes!

5. Now Redemption, long expected, See in folemn Pomp Appear; All his People once rejected,
Now shall meet him in the Air:
Hallelujah! hallelujah! hallelujah!
Now the promis'd Kingdom's come.

6. View him fmiling, now determin'd Ev'ry Evil to destroy;
All the Nations now shall sing him Songs of everlasting Joy:
O come quickly, O come quickly,

O come quickly, Hallelujah! come! Lord come,

# H Y M N CLVIII.

A Vision of the Kingdom of Christ among Men.

- To our believing Eyes!

  The Earth and Seas are pass'd away,

  And the old rolling Skies:
- From the third Heav'n, where God refides, That holy, happy Place, The new Jerufalem comes down, Adorn'd with shining Grace.
- Attending Angels fhout for Joy, And the bright Armies fing,
   Mortals behold the facred Seat
   of your descending King!
- "The God of Glory down to Men
  "Removes his bless'd abode;
   "Men, the dear Objects of his Grace,
   'And He the Loving God.
- "His own foft Hand shall wipe the Tears
  "From ev'ry Weeping Eye;
  "And pains, and Groans, and Griefs, and Fears,

"And Death itself shall die." 6. How

67 How long, dear Saviour, O how long! Shall this bright Hour delay? Fly fwiftly round, ye Wheels of Time, And bring the welcome Day.

# H Y M N CLIX.

- P. O, what an entertaining Sight
  Are Brethren that agree,
  Brethren, whose chearful Hearts unite
  In Bands of Piety!
- When Streams of Love, from Christ the Spring, Descend to ev'ry Soul;
   And heav'nly Peace with balmy Wing Shades and bedews the whole:
- 'Tis like the Oil divinely fweet
   On Aaron's rev'rend Head,
   The trickling Drops perfum'd his Feet,
   And o'er his Garments spread.
- 4. 'Tis pleafant as the Morning Dews, That fall on Sion's Hill, Where God his mildeft Glory shews And makes his Grace distil.

# HYMN CLX.

- ORD Christ reveal thy holy Face, And send the Spirit of thy Grace To sill our Hearts with servent Zeal, To learn thy Truth, and do thy Will.
- 2. Lord lead us in thy holy Ways, And teach our Lips to tell thy Praife; Increase our Faith, and raise the same To taste the Sweetness of thy Name.
- 3. Till we with Angels join to fing

Eternal Praise to thee, our King;
Till we behold thy Face most bright
In Joy and everlasting Light.

4. To God the Father, and the Son,
And Holy Spirit, Three in One,
Be Honour, Praife and Glory giv'n
By all on Earth and all in Heav'n.

### H Y M N CLXI.

# Dismission.

ORD, difinifs us with thy Bleffing; Fill our Hearts with Joy and Peace; Let us each, thy Love possessing, Triumph in redeeming Grace:
Orefresh us, &c.
Trav'ling thro' this Wilderness.

Thanks we give, and Adoration,
 For thy Gospel's joyful Sound:
 May the Fruits of thy Salvation
 In our Hearts and Lives abound!
 Ever faithful, &c.
 To the Truth may we be found!

3. So whene'er the Signal's given
Us from Earth to call away,
Borne on Angel's Wings to Heaven,
Glad the Summons to obey
May we ever, &c.
Reign with Christ in endless Day !

## H Y M N CLXII.

Original and actual Sin confessed.

r. ORD, I am vile, conceiv'd in Sin,
And born unholy and unclean;
K Sprung

Sprung from the Man whose guilty Fall Corrupts the Race, and taints us all.

- Soon as we draw our infant Breath,
   The Seeds of Sin grow up for Death:
   Thy Law demands a perfect Heart,
   But we're defil'd in ev'ry Part.
- 3. [Great God, create my Heart anew, And form my Spirit pure and true: O make me wife betimes to fly My Danger and my Remedy.]
- 4. Behold I fall before thy Face;
  My only Refuge is thy Grace;
  No outward Forms can make me clean,
  The Leprofy lies deep within.
- No bleeding Bird, nor bleeding Beaft, Nor Hyflop Branch, nor fprinkling Prieft, Nor running Brook, nor Flood, nor Sea, Can wash the difmal Stain away.
- Jesus, my God, thy Blood alone
   Hath Pow'r fufficient to atone;
   Thy Blood can make me white as Snow,
   No Jewish Types could cleanse me so.
- While Guilt difturbs und breaks my Peace, Nor Flesh nor Soul hath Rest nor Ease; LORD, let me hear thy pard'ning Voice, And make my broken Bones rejoice,

## H Y M N CLXIII.

I. LORD, I am thine; but thou wilt prove My Faith, my Patience, and my Love When Men of Spight against me join, They are the Sword, the Hand is thine.

2. Their

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- their Hope and Portion lie below,
   'Tis all the Happiness they know,
   'Tis all they seek; they take their Shares,
   And leave the rest among their Heirs.
- What Sinners Value, I refign;
   LORD, 'tis enough that thou art mine:
   I shall behold thy blissful Face,
   And stand compleat in Righteousness.
- 4. This Life's a Dream, an empty Show;
  But the bright World to which I go,
  Hath Joys substantial and sincere;
  When shall I wake and find me there?
- 5. O Glorious Hour! O bleft Abode! I shall be near, and like my God! And Flesh and Sin no more controul The facred Pleasures of the Soul.
- 6. My Flesh shall slumber in the Ground, 'Till the last Trumpet's joyful Sound; Then burst the Chains with sweet Surprize And in my SAVIOUR's Image rise.

# HYMN CLXIV.

# The Mysleries of Providence.

- ORD, how Mysterious are thy Ways!
  How blind are we, how mean our Praise!
  Thy Steps can Mortal Eyes explore?
  'Tis ours to wonder, and adore.
- Thy deep Decrees from Creature Sight, Are hid in Shades of awfull Night; Amid the Lines, with curious Eye, Not Angel minds prefume to pry.
- 3. Great God, I would not ask to see,

What in Futurity shall be; If Light and Bliss attend my Days, Then let my future Hours be Praise.

- 4. Is Darkness and Distress my Share?
  Then let me trust thy guardian Care;
  Enough for me, if Love Divine
  At length thro' ev'ry Cloud shall shine.
- 5. Yet this my Soul defires to know, Be this my only Wish below; "That Christ is mine!--this great Request Grant, bounteous God---and I am blest.

### H Y M N CLXV.

Conviction of Sin by the Law, Rom. vii. S. 9. 14, 24.

- I. ORD, how fecure my Confeience was,
  And felt no inward Dread!
  I was alive without the Law,
  And thought my Sins where dead.
- My Hope of Heav'n were firm and Bright, But fince the Precept came With a convincing Pow'r and Light, I find how vile I am.
- [3. My Guilt appear'd but finall before, Till terribly I faw How perfect, holy, just, and pure, Was thine eternal Law.
- 4. Then felt my Soul the heavy Load, My Sins reviv'd again, I had provok'd a dreadful God, And all my Hopes were flain.
- 5. I'm like a helples Captive sold, Under the Pow'r of Sin:

- I cannot do the Good I would, Nor keep my Confcience clean,
- My God, 1 cry with every Breath
   For fome kind Pow'r to fave,
   To break the Yoke of Sin and Death,
   And thus redeem the Slave.

# H Y M N CLXVI.

- ORD; I believe a Rest remains
   To all thy Péople known,
   A Rest where pure Enjoyment reigns,
   And thou art lov'd alone.
- A Reft where all our Souls Defire
   Is fixt on Things above;
   Where Fear and Sin, and Grief expire,
   Cast out by perfect Love.
- Oh that I now the Reft might know, Believe, and enter in!
   Now Saviour, now the Pow'r beftow, And let me cease from Sin!
- 4. Remove this Hardness from my Heart,
  This Unbelief remove:
  To me the Rest of Faith impart,
  The Sabbath of thy Love.
- 5. I would be thine; thou know'ft I would, And have thee all my own: Thee, Oh! my All-Sufficient good, I want, and thee alone.
- 6. Thy Name to me, thy Nature grant!
  This, only this, be giv'n:
  Nothing befide my God I want,
  Nothing in Earth or Heav'n.
- 7. Come, Oh my Saviour, come away, K 3

Into my Soul descend! No longer from thy Creature stay, My Author and my End!

\$. Come, Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
And Seal me thine abode!
Let all I am in thee be lost,
Let all be lost in God.

### HYMN CLXVII.

For the Lord's Day Morning.

- I. ORD in the Morning thou shalt hear My Voice ascending High;
  To thee will I direct my Pray'r,
  To thee lift up mine Eye.
- 2. Up to the Hills where Christ is gone To plead for all his Saints, Presenting at his Father's Throne Our Songs and our Complaints:
- Thou art a Gop before whose Sight The Wicked shall not stand;
   Sinners shall ne'er be thy Delight,
   Nor dwell at thy Right Hand.
- But to thy House will I resort,
   To taste thy Mercies there;
   will frequent thine Holy Court,
   And Worship in thy Fear.
- O may thy Spirit guide my Feet In Ways of Righteoufness!
   Make ev'ry Path of Duty straight, And plain before my Face.

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# H Y M N CLXVIII.

Longing for the House of God.

- The Dwellings of thy Love,
  The Dwellings of thy Love,
  Thy earthly Temples are!
  To thine Abode
  My Heart afpires,
  With warm Defires
  To fee my God.
  - . The Spairow for her Young,
    With Pleafure feeks a Neft;
    And wand'ring Swallows long
    To find their wonted Reft:
    My Spirits faints
    With equal Zeal,
    To rife and dwell
    Among thy Saints.
  - Where God appoints to hear!
    O happy Men that pay
    Their constant Service there!
    They praise Thee still;
    And happy they
    That love the Way
    To Zion's Hill!
    - They go from Strength to Strength,
      Thro' this dark Vale of Tears,
      Till each arrives at length,
      Till each in Heav'n appears:
      O glorious Seat,
      When Go p our King
      Shall thither bring
      Our willing Feet!

HYMN

# H Y M N CLXIX.

- I. OR D, thou hast planted me a Vine
  In fertile Soil and Air:
  Now tend and water me as thine,
  And make me still thy Care.
- My Christ I'm wholly thine, direct My Goings, for I'm dark;
   O may my constant Aims be right!
   Thine Honour be my mark!
- 3. Shall Simon bear thy Crofs alone,
  And other Saints be free?
  Each Saint of thine shall find his Own,
  And there is One for me:
- 4. Whene'er it falls unto my Lot, Let it not frighten me; Nor drive me from my gracious God, But bring me home to thee.
- O happy Christians, be not loth
   To have a coarser Fare;
   Saints that have had no Table-Cloth
   Had Christ at Dinner there.
- 6. To do or fuffer 1 am pleas'd, So long as Christ stands by; Support me with thy constant Aid, Lest all thy Graces die.
- 7. Thy Way is to the Upright Strength;
  Lord, make it fo to me,
  That never tiring with the Length,
  My Soul may reach to thee.

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# HYMN CLXX.

# An Evening Pfalm.

- I. ORD, thou wilt hear me when I pray,
  I am for ever thine;
  I fear before thee all the Day,
  Nor would I dare to fin.
- And while I reft my weary Head, From Cares and Bus'ness free, 'Tis fweet Conversing on my Bed With my own Heart and Thee.
- 3. I pay this Ev'ning Sacrifice,And when my Work is done,Great Gop! my Faith and Hope reliesUpon thy Grace alone.
- 4. Thus, with my Thoughts compos'd to Peace,
  I'll give mine Eyes to Sleep;
  Thy Hand in Safety keeps my Days,
  And will my Slumbers keep.

# H Y M N CLXXI.

The Presence of God worth dying for.

- ORD, 'tis an infinite Delight
   To fee thy lovely Face,
   To dwell whole Ages in thy Sight,
   And feel thy vital Rays.
- This Gabriel knows; and fings thy Name With Raptures on his Tongue; Moses the Saint enjoys the same, And Heav'n repeats the Song.
- 3. While the bright Nation Sounds thy Praise From each Eternal Hill, Sweet Odours of exhaling Grace

The

## The happy Region fill.

- Thy Love, a Sea without a Shore,
   Spreads Life and Joy abroad;
   O'tis a Heav'n worth dying for
   To fee a finiling God.
- 5. Shew me thy Face, and I'll away
  From all inferior Things;
  Speak, Lord, and here I quit my Clay,
  And firetch my airy Wings.
- 6. Sweet was the Journey to the Sky
   The wondrous Prophet try'd;"Climb up the Mount (fays God) and die;"The Prophet climb'd and dy'd.
- Softly his fainting Head he lay
   Upon his Maker's Breaft;
   His Maker kifs'd his Soul away,
   And laid his Flesh to rest.
- 1. In God's own Arms he left the Breath
  That God's own Spirit gave;
  His was the nobleft Road to Death.
  And his the fweetest Grave.

# H Y M N CLXXII.

The Frailty and Shortness of Life.

- J. OR D, what a feeble Piece
  Is this our Mortal Frame!
  Our Life, how poor a Trifle 'tis,
  That fearce deferves the Name!
- 2. Alas, the brittle Clay

  That built our Body first!

  And ev'ry Month, and ev'ry Day,

  Tis mould'ring back to Dust.
- 3. Our Moments fly apace,

Nor will our Minutes stay:
Just like a Flood our hasty Days
Are sweeping us away.

4. Well, if our Days must fly,
We'll keep their End in Sight,
We'll spend them all in Wisdom's Way,
And let them speed their Flight.

They'll waft us fooner o'er
 This Life's tempestuous Sea:

 Soon we shall reach the peaceful Shore
 Of blest Eternity.

## H Y M N CLXX III.

The Prosperity of Sinners cursed.

- I. ORD, what a thoughtless Wretch was I,
  To mourn, and murmur, and repine,
  To see the wicked plac'd on high,
  In Pride and Robes of Honour shine!
- But, O their End, their dreadful End!
   Thy Sanctuary taught me fo:
   O flipp'ry Rocks I fee them fland,
   And fiery Billows roll below.
- Now let them boast how tall they rife,
   I'll never envy them again,
   There they may stand with haughty Eyes,
   Till they plunge deep in endless Pain.
- 4. Their fancy'd Joys, how fast they slee!
  Just like a Dream when Man awakes;
  Their Songs of softest Harmony;
  Are but a Preface to their plagues.
- Now I efteem their Mirth and Wine,
   Too dear to Purchase with my Blood;
   Lord, 'tis enough that thou art mine,
   My Life, my Portion, and my God. HYMN

# H Y M N CLXXIV.

- r. L ORD, we come before thee now,
  At thy Feet we humbly bow:
  Oh! do not our Suit disdain,
  Shall we seek Thee, Lord, in vain!
- 2. Lord, on Thee our Souls depend, In Compassion now descend: Fill our Hearts with thy rich Grace, Tune our Lips to sing thy Praise.
- In thine own appointed way, Now we feek Thee, here we ftay; Lord we know not how to go 'Till a Bleffing thou beftow.
- Send fome Meffage from thy Word, That may Joy and Peace afford, Let thy Spirit now impart Full Salvation to each Heart.
- 5. Comfort those who weep and mourn, Let the Time of Joy return; Those that are cast down, lift up, Make them strong in Faith and Hope!
- 6. Grant that all may feek and find Thee a gracious God and kind; Heal the Sick, the Captive free. Let us all rejoice in Thee!

# H Y M N CLXXV.

Salvation by Grace, Titus iii, 3-7.

- [1. I O R D, we confess our num'rous Faults, How great our Guilt has been! Foolish and vain were all our Thoughts, And all our Lives were Sin.
- 2. But, O my Soul, for ever praise,

For ever love his Name, Who turns thy Feet from dang'rous Ways, Of Folly, Sin, and Shame.

- [3. 'Tis not by Works of Righteoufness, Which our own Hands have done; But we are fav'd by Sov'reign Grace; Abounding through his Son.]
- 'Tis from the Mercy of our God
   That all our Hopes begin;
  'Tis by the Water and the Blood
   Our Souls are wash'd from Sin.
- 5. 'Tis through the Purchase of his Death,
  Who hung upon the Tree,
  The Spirit is sent down to breathe
  On such dry Bones as we.
- 6. Rais'd from the Dead we live anew; And justify'd by Grace, We shall appear in Glory too, And see our Father's Face.

# H Y M N CLXXVI.

Blessed be ye Poor, Luke vi. 20.

- 7. OR D, when I hear thy Children talk,
  (And I believe 'tis often true)
  How with Delight thy Ways they walk,
  And gladly thy Commandments do.
- In my own Breast I look, and read Accounts so very different there, That had I not thy Blood to plead, Each Sight would fink me to Despair.
- Needy, and naked, and unclean, Empty of Good, and full of Ill, A lifeless Lump of loathsome Sin,

Without

Without the Power to act or will.

- 4. I feel my fainting Spirits droop; My wretched Leanness I deplore, 'Till gladden'd with a Gleam of Hope From this, "The Lord has bless'd the Poor."
- Then while I make my fecret Moan, Upwards I cast my Eyes and see, Though I have Nothing of my own, My Treasure is immense in Thee.
- Still may I keep thy Love in View, Lean there; nor envy those that run;
   Still trust to—not what I can do, But what thyself hast for me done.
- 7. My Treasure is thy precious Blood;
  Fix there my Heart: And for the rest,
  Under thy forming Hands, my God,
  Give me that Frame which thou lik'st best.

## H Y M N CLXXVII.

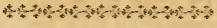
- I. O! he comes with Clouds descending;
  Once for guilty Sinners slain!
  Thousand Thousand Saints attending,
  Swell the Triumph of his Train:
  Halleluja!
  Alleluia! Amen.
- Ev'ry Eye shall now behold him, Rob'd in dreadful Majesty;
   Those who set at Nought and sold him, Piere'd and nail'd him to the Tree, Deeply wailing,
   Shall the true Messiah see.
- 3. Ev'ry Island, Sea and Mountain, Heav'n and Earth shall slee away;

All who hate him must confounded Hear the trump proclaim the Day; Come to Judgment! Come to Judgment! Come away!

2. Now Redemtion long expected, See! in folemn Pomp appear! All his Saints by Man rejected, Now shall meet him in the Air! Hallelujah! See the Day of God appear!

5. Answer thine own Bride and Spirit;
Hasten, LORD, the gen'ral Doom!
The new Heav'n and Earth t' inherit,
Take thy pining Exiles home:
All Creation
Travails, Groans, and bids Thee come!

6. Yea! Aman! let all adore Thee,
High on thine eternal Throne!
Saviour, take the Pow'r and Glory:
Claim the Kingdom for thine own!
O come quickly,
Hallelujah! Come, LORD, come!



# H Y M N CLXXVIII.

Mercy comes to the Miserable.

MERCY is welcome News indeed,
To those that guilty stand:
Wretches that feel what Help they need,
Will bless the helping Hand.

2. Who rightly would his Alms dispose, Must give them to the Poor:

None

None but the wounded Patient knows
That Comfort of his Cure.

- 3. We all have finn'd against our GOD;
  Exception none can boast:
  But he that feels the heaviest Load,
  Will prize Forgiveness most.
- 4. No Reck'ning can we rightly keep;
  For who the Sums can know?
  Some Souls are fifty Pieces deep;
  And fome Five Hundred owe.
- 5. But let out Debts be what they may, However great, or fmall; As foon as we have nought to pay, Our LORD forgives us all.
- 6. 'Tis perfect Poverty alone,
  That fets the Soul at large;
  While we can call one Mite our own,
  We have no full Difcharge.

## H Y M N CLXXIX.

- MESSIAH, full of Grace Redeem'd by thee we plead The promife made to Abra'ms Race To Souls for Ages dead.
- Their Bones are quite dry'd up Throughout the Vale appear;
   Cut of and loft their last faint Hope To see thy Kingdom here.
- 3. Open their Graves, and bring
  The Outcasts forth to Own
  Thou art their Lord, their God and King,
  Their true anointed One.

4. To fave the Race Forlorn

Thy glorious Arm difplay:

And thew the World a Nation born,

A Nation in a Day!

### HYMN CLXXX.

A living and a dead Faith, collected from several Scriptures.

- M Istaken Souls! that dream of Heav'n, And make their empty boast, Of inward Joys, and Sins forgiv'n, While they are Slaves to Lust.
- Vain are our Fancies, airy Flights, If Faith be cold and dead, None but a living Pow'r unites To Christ the living Head.
- 3. 'Tis Faith that changes all the Heart; 'Tis Faith that Works by Love; That bids all finful Joys depart, And lifts the Thoughts above.
- 4. 'Tis Faith that conquers Earth and Hell By a celeftial Pow'r; This is the Grace that fhall prevail In the decifive Hour.
- [5. Faith must obey her Father's Will As well as trust his Grace, A pard'ning God is jealous still For his own Holines.
- 6. When from the Curse he sets us free, He makes our Natures clean, Nor would he send his Son to be The Minister of Sin.
- 7. His Spirit purifies our Frame, And Seals our Peace with God:

L

Jefus and his Salvation came By Water and by Blood.

# H Y M N CLXXXI.

- I. MOURNING, and drooping, here I lie Upon this earthly Clod, While heav'nly Things invite my Eye, And bring me to my Gop.
- Transported with a glorious View Of God's eternal Love, Unto this World I bid adieu, And long to be Above.
- There all the Saints in Harmony Do stand forevermore, And to a vast Eternity. Their glorious Lord adore,
- 4. Hark! Hark! Methinks I hear the Sound;
  Methinks the Angels fing;
  The glorious Melody goes round,
  Which makes the Heav'ns to ring.
- The Saints above do fing a Song (In a melodious Strain)
   Which doth to God alone belong, And to the Lamb once flain.
- Wonder, and Love, and Joy, and Praife, Fill all their happy Souls, While the vaft Flood of fov'reign Grace Through all the Region rolls.
- The Saints all cloth'd in white Array,
   Their Saviour's Praife declare;
   Through the bright Realms of endless Day.
   There's not one Mourner there.
- 2. But oh, the Glory of the Place,

No Mortal Tongue can tell! Where they behold their Saviour's Face, And in his Presence dwell.

- 9. Oh, how they each perform their Parts, Thro' all the happy Train! This glorious Song infpires their Hearts, Worthy the Lamb, once flain!
- 10. Amen, they cry, Amen, Amen, Thy Ways oh God are true; Bleffing, and Glory, Wifdom, and Thankfgiving is thy Due.
- II. Honour, and Pow'r, and endless Might,
  Be giv'n to Thee, oh Lord!
  In this sweet Song they all unite,
  And sing with One Accord.
- To praise the God Above!

  While all the Saints, in Notes Divine,
  Do sing redeeming Love.
- 13. Worthy, oh Lord, worthy art thou; To wear the glorious Crown; So all the Saints in Glory bow, And cast their Di'dems down.
- 14. The Song eternally goes round,
  To him that made the Sky,
  I'm loft, I'm loft, to view the Bound
  Of vaft Eternity.
- 15. When there have past more Million Years. Than Sands upon the Shore; The Saints above will have no Fears That the blest Space is o'er,
- 16. If all the Drops in Oceans wide Were to be number'd o'cr,

And

And then by Millions multiply'd, And twice as many more;

17. And then as many Years should pass As Water Drops in all; Or Grains of Sand, or Spires of Grass, Upon this earthly Ball.

18. Then add as many Millions more As Stars that fill the Sky; Then all that Number doubled o'er Can't mete Eternity.

Eternity will still remain;
 'Twill be Eternity.
 The Song to God the Three in One Will last eternally.

20. Who can describe the Blessedness Of Pleasure ever new? I long the Glory to possess, And bid all Sin adieu.

21. Farewell my Friends, I long to go; Adieu Death, Sorrow, Pain, Adieu to Fears, Adieu to Woe; And Welcome endless Gain.

22. Oh, how my Soul doth long to quit
This Earth, and Soar away!
Oh Jefus, if it is most fit,
Let not thy Chariot stay.

23. Come take my longing Spirit up, To dwell with Thee above; I long with Thee, my Lord, to sup, On everlasting Love.

24. The Time feems long till Thou dost bring
My Soul unto that Place,
Where I thy Praise shall ever fing,
And rest in thine Embrace.
HYMN

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# H Y M N CLXXXII.

Complaining of Spiritual Sloth.

- I. MY drowfy Pow'rs, why fleep ye fo,
  Awake my fluggish Soul!
  Nothing has half thy Work to do,
  Yet Nothing's half so dull.
- 2. The little Ants for one poor Grain Labour, and tug, and firive, Yet we, who have a Heav'n t' obtain, How negligent we live?
- We, for whose Sake all Nature stands, And Stars their Courses move;
   We, for whose Guard the Angel Bands Come slying from above;
- 4. We, for whom God the Son came down, And labour'd for our Good, How careless to secure that Crown, He purchas'd with his Blood!
- 5. Lord, shall we lie so sluggish still, And never act our Parts! Come, holy Dove, from th' heav'nly Hill, And sit and warm our Hearts.
- Then shall our active Spirits move, Upward our Souls shall rise:
   With Hands of Faith, and Wings of Love, We'll sly and take the Prize.

## H Y M N CLXXXIII.

Watchfulness and Brotherly Reproof.

2. MY God, accept my early Vows, Like Morning Incense in thine House; L 3 And And let my nightly Worship rise, Sweet as the Ev'ning Sacrifice.

- 2. Watch o'er my Lips, and guard them, LORD, From ev'ry rash and heedles Word; Nor let my Feet incline to tread
  The guilty Path where Sinners lead.
- 3. O may the Righteous, when I stray, Smite and reprove my wand'ring Way! Their gentle Words, like Ointment shed, Shall never bruise, but chear my Head.
- 4 When I behold them prest with Grief, I'll cry to Heav'n for their Relief; And by my warm Petitions prove, How much I prize their faithful Love.

# H Y M N CLXXXIV.

1. MY God I am thine;
'Tis Comfort Divine,
To know that the Sav'our of Sinners is mine.

In the heav'nly Lamb
 Thrice happy I am.

 My Heart doth rejoice at the Sound of his Name.

3. True Pleasures abound In the rapt'rous Sound, Whoever hath found it, hath Paradise found.

4. My Jefus to know,
And feel his Blood flow,
'Tis Life everlafting, 'tis Heaven below.

5. Yet onward I haste
To the heav'nly Feast:
That, that is the Fulness; but this is the Taste.

6. And this I shall prove,
'Till glad I remove
To the Heav'n of Heavens in Jesus's Love.

# H Y M N. CLXXXV.

Human Weakness owned.

I. MY Lord, how great's the Favour!
That I a Sinner Poor,
Can thro' thy Blood's fweet Savour
Approach thy Mercy, s Door:
And find an open Paffage
Unto the Throne of Grace;
There wait the welcome Meffage,
That bids me go in Peace.

- Lord, I'm an helpless Creature,
   Full of the deepest Need.
   Throughout defil'd by Nature
   Stupid, and inly dead:
   My Strength is perfect Weakness,
   And all I have is Sin;
   My Heart is all Uncleanness,
   A Den of Thieves within.
- 3. In this forlorn Condition,
  Who shall afford me Aid?
  Where shall I find Compassion
  But in the Church's Head?
  Jesus thou art all Pity,
  O take me to thine Arms,
  And exercise thy Mercy,
  To save me from all Harms.
- 4. I'll never cease repeating
  My numberless Complaints;
  But ever be intreating
  The glorious King of Saints
  L 4

'Til I attain the Image
Of him I inly Love;
And pay my greatful Homage
With all the Saints above.

5. Then I, with all in Glory,
Will thankfully relate
Th' amazing, pleafing Story
Of Jefu's Love fo great;
In this bleft Contemplation
I ever shall be well;
And prove such Consolation,
As none below can tell.

# H Y M N CLXXXVI.

A Thought of Death and Glory.

- 1. MY Soul come meditate the Day,
  And think how near it stands,
  When thou must quit this House of Clay,
  And sly to unknown Lands.
- [2. And you mine Eyes, look down and View The hollow gaping Tomb: This gloomy Prifon waits for you, Whene'er the Summons come.]
- 3. Oh! could we die with those that die, And place us in their stead; Then would your Spirits learn to fly, And converse With the Dead:
- In their own glorious Forms,
  And wonder why our Souls should love
  To dwell with mortal Worms.
- 5. How we should scorn these Cloaths of Flesh, These Fetters, and this Load;

And

And long for Ev'ning to undress, That we may rest with God.

 We should almost forfake our Clay Before the Summons come,
 And pray, and wish our Souls away To their eternal Home.

# H Y M N CLXXXVII.

A Song of Praise for the Holy Ghost.

- MY Soul doth magnify the Lord, My Spirit doth Rejoice In God my Saviour, and my God; I hear his joyful Voice.
- 2. I need not go abroad for Joys,
  I have a reast at Home;
  My Sighs are turned into Songs,
  The Comforter is come
- 3. Down from above the bleffed Dove, Is come into my Breaft,
  To Witness God's eternal Love;
  This is my Heav'nly Feaft.
- 4. This makes me Abba Father cry,
  With Confidence of Soul;
  This makes me cry, My Lord, my God,
  And that without Controul.
- 5. There is a Stream that iffues forth From God's eternal Throne, And from the Lamb, a living Stream, Clear as the Crystal Stone:
- 6. The Stream doth Water Paradife,
  It makes the Angels fing;
  One Cordial Drop revives my Heart,
  Hence all my Joys do spring;

7. Such

- Such Joys as are unfpeakable,
   And full of Glory too;
   Such hidden Manna, hidden Pearls,
   As Worldlings do not know.
- 8. Eye hath not feen, nor Ear hath heard, From Fancy 'tis conceal'd What thou Lord hast laid up for thine, And hast to me reveal'd.
- I fee thy Face, I hear thy Voice,
   I tafte thy fweetest Love;
   My Soul doth leap, but Oh, for Wings;
   The Wings of Noah's Dove.
- 10. Then would I fly far hence away, Leaving this World of Sin; Then Would my Lord put forth his Hand. And kindly take me in.
- On Joys which always last;
  Blest be my God, the God of Joy,
  Who gives me here a Taste.

# H Y M N CLXXXVIII.

Submission to Afflictive Providences.

- And crept to Life at first,
  We to the Earth return again,
  And mingle with our Dust.
- The dear Delights we here enjoy, And fondly call our own, Are but short Favours borrow'd now, To be repaid anon.

3. 'Tis

- 'Tis God that lifts our Comforts high, Or finks them in the Grave: He gives, and (bleffed be his Name!) He takes but what he gave.
- 4. Peace, all our angry Passions then!

  Let each rebellious Sigh

  Be silent at his Sov'reign Will,

  And ev'ry Murmur die,
- If finiling Mercy crown our Lives, Its Praises shall be spread, And we'll adore the Justice too That strikes our Comforts dead.

## H Y M N CLXXXIX.

Heaven invisible and Holy, 1 Cor. ii. 9, 10, Rev. xxi, 27.

- I. NOR Eye has feen, nor Ear has heard, Nor Senfe nor Reafon known, What Joys the Father has prepar'd For those that Love the Son.
- But the good Spirit of the Lord Reveals A Heav'n to come: The Beams of Glory in his Word Allure and guide us home.
- Pure are the Joys above the Sky, And all the Region Peace;
   No wanton Lips, nor envious Eye, Can fee or tafte the Blifs.
- 4. Those holy Gates for ever bar Pollution, Sin, and Shame; None shall obtain Admittance there, But Foll'wers of the Lamb.
- 5. He keeps the Father's Book of Life,

There

There all their Names are found; The Hypocrite in vain shall strive To tread the heav'nly Ground.

## HYMN CXC.

The Misery of being without God in this World; Or, Vain Prosperity.

- I. NO, I shall envy them no more, Who grow profanely Great, Tho' they increase their golden Store, And rise to wond'rous Height.
- They tafte of all the Joys that grow Upon this earthly Clod!
   Well, they may fearch the Creature thro', For they have ne'er a God.
- Shake off the Thoughts of dying too, And think your Life your own;
   But Death comes hast'ning on to you, To mow your Glory down;
- 4. Yes, you must bow your stately Head, Away your Spirit slies, And no kind Angel near your Bed, To bear it to the Skies.
- Go now, and boast of all your Stores, And tell how bright they sline;
   Your Heaps of glitt'ring Dust are yours, And my Redeemer's mine.

## H Y M N CXCI,

Charity and Uncharitableness.

I. NOT diff'rent Food nor diff'rent Dress, Compose the Kingdom of our LORD: But Peace and Joy and Righteousness, Faith, Faith and Obedience to his Word.

- When weaker Christians we despise We do the Gospel mighty Wrong: For God the Gracious and the Wife, Receives the Feeble with the Strong.
- Let Pride and Wrath be banish'd hence, Meekness and Love our Souls pursue; Nor shall our Practice give Offence To Saints, the Gentile or the Jew.

## H Y M N CXCII.

The Song of Zacharias, and the Missage of John the Baptist: Or, Light and Salvation of Jestis, Christ, Luke i 68, &c. John i. 29, 32.

- TOW be the God of Ifra'l bles'd,
  Who makes his Truth appear;
  His mighty Hand fulfils his Word,
  And all the Oaths he fware.
- Now he bedews old David's Root
   With Bleffings from the Skies;
   He makes the Branch of Promife grow,
   The promis'd Horn arife.
- [3. John was the Prophet of the Lord, To go before his Face, The Herald which our Saviour-God Sent to prepare his Ways.
- 4. He makes the great Salvation known, He fpeaks of pardon'd Sins; While Grace Divine, and heav'nly Love In its own Glory fhines.
- 5." Behold the Lamb of God he cries, "That takes our Guilt away:

"I faw the Spirit o'er his Head
"On his Baptizing Day.]

6. "Be ev'ry Vale exalted high, "Sink ev'ry Mountain low; "The Proud must stoop, and humble Souls "Shall his Salvation know.

 "The Heathen Realms with Ifrael's Land "Shall join in fweet Accord;
 And all that's born of Man shall see

'And all that's born of Man thall lee
''The Glory of the Lord.

The Glory of the Lord.

8. "Behold the Morning-Star arife,"Ye that in Darkness sit;"He marks the Path that leads to Peace,"And guides our doubtful Feet.

## H Y M N CXCIII.

Redeeming Love.

- I. NOW begin the heav'nly Theme, Sing aloud in Jefu's Name; Ye, who Jefu's Kindness prove, Triamph in redeeming Love.
- 2. Ye, who fee the Father's Grace, Beaming in the Saviour's Face; As to Canaan on ye move, Praife and blefs redeeming Love.
- 3. Mourning Souls dry up your Tears, Banish all your guilty Fears; See your Guilt and Curse remove, Cancell'd by redceming Love.
- 4. Ye, alas! who long have been Willing Slaves of Death and Sin; Now from Bliss no longer rove, Stop---and taste redeeming Love.

5. Welcome

- Welcome all by Sin opprest, Welcome all to Jesus Christ; Nothing brought him from above, Nothing but redeeming Love.
- He fubdu'd th' infernal Pow'rs,
  His tremendous Foes and ours,
  From their curfed Empire drove,
  Mighty in redeeming Love.
- Hither then your Music bring, Strike aloud each joyful String; Mortals join the Hosts above, Join to praise redeeming Love.

## H Y M N CXCIV.

#### Love and Hatred.

- I. NOW by the Bowels of my GOD,
  His fharp Diffress, his fore Complaints,
  By his last Groans, his dying Blood,
  I charge my Soul to love the Saints.
- Clamour and Wrath and War be gone, Envy and Spite for ever cease; Let bitter Words no more be known Among the Saints, the Sons of Peace.
- 3. The Spirit like a peaceful Dove Flies from the Realms of Noise and Strife; Why should we vex and grieve his Love, Who Seals our Souls to heav'nly Life?
- n. Tender and kind be all our Thoughts; Thro' all our Lives let Mercy run: So GOD forgives our num'rous Faults, For the dear Sake of CHRIST his Son.

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## H Y M N CXCV.

#### New Year's Day.

- 1. Now let us all thy Presence feel,
  And fosten Hearts of Stone!
- Help us to venture near thy Throne,
   And plead a Saviour's Name;
   For all that we can call our Own,
   Is Vanity and Shame.
- From all the Guilt of former Sin May Mercy fet us free;
   And let the Year we now begin, Begin and End with Thee.
- 4. Send down thy Spirit from above, That Saints may love Thee more; And Sinners now may learn to love Who never lov'd before.
- 5) And when before Thee we appear In our Eternal Home; May growing Numbers worship here, And praise Thee in our Room.

#### H Y M N CXCVI.

An Evening Song.

- I. N O W from the Altar of my Heart, Let Incense Flames arise, Assist me, Lord, to offer up Mine Evening Sacrifice.
- 2. Awake, my Love; awake, my Joy; Awake, my Heart and Tongue;

- Sleep not when Mercies loudly call; Break forth into a Song.
- Man's Life's a Book of History,
   The Leaves thereof are Days;
   The Letters Mercies closely join'd,
   The Title is thy Praise.
- 4. This Day was God my Sun and Shield, My Keeper and my Guide; His tender Care o'er me was shown, His Mercies multiply'd.
- 5. Minutes and Mercies multiply'd Have made up all this Day; Minutes came quick; but Mercies were More fleet and free than they.
- New Time, new Favour, and new Joys, New Songs of Praife require;
   Till I shall praife Thee as I would Accept my Heart's Desire.
- Lord of my Time, whose Hand hath set New Time upon my Score,
   Thee shall I Praise for all my Time,
   When Time shall be no more.

#### H Y M N CXCVII.

- I. O W from the Garden to the Cross, Let us attend the Lamb of God. Be all Things else accounted Dross, Compar'd with Sin atoning Blood.
- See, how the patient Jefus flands, Infulted in his lowest Case:
   Sinners have bound th' Almighty's Hands; And spit in their Creator's Face.
- 3. With Thorns his Temples gor'd and gash'd,
  M Send

Send Streams of Blood from ev'ry Part. His Back's with knotted Scourges lash'd: But sharper Scourges tear his Heart.

- 4. Nail'd naked to th' accurfed Wood; Expos'd to Earth, and Heav'n above, A Spectacle of Wounds and Blood; A Prodigy of injur'd Love!
- Hark how his doleful Cries affright Affected Angels, while they view.
   His Friends forfook him in the Night; And now his God forfakes him too.
- 6. Oh what a Field of Battle's here! Vengeance and Love their Pow'rs oppose: Never was such a mighty Pair; Never were two such desp'rate Foes.
- 7. Behold that Pale, that languid Face, That drooping Head, those cold dead Eyes! Behold, in Sorrow and Difgrace, Our conqu'ring Heroe hangs and dies!
- 8. Ye that assume his facred Name, Now tell me, what can all this mean? What was it bruis'd God's harmles Lamb! What was it pierc'd his Soul, but Sin?
- Blush, Christian, blush; let Shame abound,
   If Sin affects Thee not with Woe,
   Whatever Spirit's in Thee found,
   Christ's Spirit thou didst never know.

#### H Y M N CXCVIII.

Love on a Cross, and a Throne.

I. O W let my Faith grow strong, and rise, And view my Lord in all his Love; Look back to hear his dying Cries,

Then

Then mount and fee his Throne above.

- See where he languish'd on the Cross;
   Beneath my Sins he groan'd and dy'd;
   See where he sits to plead my Cause,
   By his Almighty Father's Side.
- If I behold his bleeding Heart,
   There Love in Floods of Sorrow reigns,
   He Triumphs o'er the killing Smart,
   And buys my Pleafure with his Pains.
- 4. Or if I climb th' eternal Hills,
  Where the dear Conqu'ror fits enthron'd,
  Still in his Heart Compassion dwells,
  Near the Memorials of his Wound.
- 5. How shall a pardon'd Rebel show
  How much I Love my Saviour God?
  Lord here I banish ev'ry Foe,
  I hate the Sins that cost thy Blood.
- 6. I hold no more Commerce with Hell, My dearest Lusts shall all depart; But let thine Image ever dwell Stampt as a Seal upon my Heart.

#### H Y M N CXCIX.

The Agonies of Christ.

- Our Hearts no more repine;
  Our Suff'rings are not worth a Thought,
  When, Lord, compar'd with thine.
- In lively Figures here we fee
   The bleeding Prince of Love;
   Each of us Hope, he dy'd for me,
   And then our Griefs remove.

- [3. Our humble Faith here takes her Rife, While fitting round his Board; And back to Calvary she slies, To view her groaning Lord.
- 4. His Soul, what Agonies it felt When his own God withdrew; And the large Load of all our Guilt Lay heavy on him too.
- But the Divinity within Supported him to bear: Dying, he conquer'd Hell and Sin, And made his Triumph there.]
- Grace, Wisslom, Justice, join'd and wrought The Wonders of that Day!
   No Mortal Tongue, nor Mortal Thought, Can equal Thanks repay.
- Our Hymns should sound like those above, Could we our Voices raise;
   Yet, Lord, our Hearts shall all be Love, And all our Lives be Praise.

#### HYMN CC.

Christ's Sufferings and Exaltation.

- I. NOW let our mournful Songs record The dying Sorrows of our Lord, When he complain'd in Tears of Blood, As one forfaken of his God.
- 2. The Jews beheld him thus forlorn, And shook their Heads and laugh'd in Scorn: "He rescu'd others from the Grave, "Now let him try himself to save.
- 3. "This is the Man did once pretend

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"God was his Father and his Friend;
"If God the bleffed lov'd him fo,
"Why doth he fail to help him now?"

4. Barbarous People! Cruel Priefts! How they ftood round like Savage Beafts; Like Lions gaping to devour, When God had left him in their Pow'r.

5. They wound his Head, his Hands, his Feet, Till Streams of Blood each other meet; By Lot his Garments they divide, And mock the Pangs in which he dy'd.

6. But God, his Father heard his Cry; Rais'd from the Dead he reigns on high; The Nations learn his Righteoufnefs, And humble Sinners tafte his Grace.

## HYMN CCI.

Parting with Friends.

I. NOW Lord, tho' we must part a while, Upon the Heav'nly Road; Yet let thy Face upon us smile, And keep us near our God.

 And if on Earth again we meet, Lord let us meet with thee:
 And let thy gracious Presence Sweet From Bondage set us free.

 This only this we humbly crave, While Earth is our Abode, That we with Christ and Saints may have Communion on the Road.

4. For fince our Fellowship below, Affords such Joy and Love, We long its full Extent to know,

When

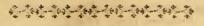
When we shall meet above.

- Let this, O Lord excite us on,
   To keep the narrow Way,
   Till we shall meet around thy Throne,
   With all the Heirs of Day.
- 6. Come Holy Ghoft, our Souls infpire! Maintain this Flame of Love, Till we shall join that glorious Choir Of Worshippers above.

## H Y M N CCII.

- 1. NOW may the Spirit's holy Fire, Defcending from above, His waiting Family infpire With Joy, and Peace, and Love!
- Thee we the Comforter confess;
   Unless thou'rt Present here;
   Our Songs of Praise are vain Address,
   We utter heartless Pray'r.
- 3. Wake heav'nly Wind, arife and come, Blow on the drooping Field; Our Spices then shall breathe Perfume, And Fragrant Incense yield.
- 4. Touch, with a living Coal, the Lip That shall proclaim thy Word; And bid each awfull Hearer keep Attention to the Lord.
- Hasten the restitution Day,
   Which now Corruption shrouds;
   New Heavens, and new Earth display,
   With Jesus in the Clouds.

HYMN.



## H Y M N CCIII.

A Sight of Heaven in Sickness.

- To feel my Flesh decay,

  Then groan'd aloud with frighted Eyes,

  To view the tott'ring Clay.
- But I forbid my Sorrows now, Nor dares the Flesh complain; Diseases bring their Profit too; The Joy o'ercomes the Pain.
- My chearful Soul now all the Day Sits waiting here and fings; Looks thro' the Ruins of her Clay, And practifes her Wings.
- Faith almost changes into Sight, While from afar she spies, Her fair Inheritance, in Light Above created Skies.
- 5. Had but the Prifon Walls been ftrong, And firm without a Flaw, In Darkness she had dwelt too long, And less of Glory saw:
- 6. But now the everlasting Hills Thro' ev'ry Chink appear, And something of the Joy she feels While she's a Prisoner here:
- The shines of Heav'n rush sweetly in At all the gaping Flaws;
   Visions of endless Bliss are seen And Native Air she draws.

M 4

- 8. O may these Walls stand tott'ring still,
  The Breaches never close!
  If I must here in Darkness dwell,
  And all this Glory lose!
- Or rather let this Flesh decay,
   The Ruins wider grow,
   Till glad to see th' enlarged Way,
   1 stretch my Pinions through.

## H Y M N CCIV.

#### The STONY HEART.

- T. O H, For a Glance of heav'nly Day,
  To take this stubborn Stone away;
  And thaw with Beams of Love Divine
  This Heart, this frozen Heart of mine!
- The Rocks can rent; the Earth can quake;
   The Seas can roar; the Mountains flake;
   Of Feeling all Things flew fome Sign;
   But this unfeeling Heart of mine.
- To hear the Sorrows thou hast felt, Dear Lord, an Adamant would melt;
   But I can read each moving Line, And nothing move this Heart of mine.
- Thy Judgments too unmov'd I hear, (Amazing Thought!) which Devils fear. Goodness and Wrath in vain combine, To stir this stupid Heart of mine.
- But fomething yet can do the Deed;
   And that dear Something much I need.
   Thy Spirit can from Drofs refine;
   And move and melt this Heart of mine.

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## H Y M N CCV.

- I. O H, that I had a Bosom Friend,
  To tell my Secrets to!
  On whose Advice I might depend,
  In ev'ry Thing I do.
- .2. How do I wander up and down,
  And no one Pities me;
  I feem a Stranger quite unknown,
  A Son of Mifery.
  - None lends an Ear to my Complaint, Nor minds my Cries and Tears;
     None comes to help me, though I faint, Nor my vaft Burthen bears.
  - 4. While' others live in Mirth and Eafe,
    And feel no Want nor Woe;
    Through this dark, howling Wilderness,
    I full of Sorrow go.
  - 5. Oh! faithless Soul, to Reason thus, And Murmur without End; Did Christ expire upon the Cross? And is not he thy Friend?
  - 6. Why doft thou envy carnal Men! And think their State fo bleft? How great Salvation haft thou feen? And Jefus is thy Reft.
  - What can this lower World afford, Compar'd with Gofpel Grace, Thy Happiness is in the Lord, And thou shalt see his Face.
  - S. Can prefent Griefs be counted great, Compar'd with future Woes? Will transient Pleasures seem so sweet, Compar'd with endless Joys?

M 5 9. How

- 9. How foon will God withdraw the Scene, And burn the World he made? Then Woe to carnal careless Men; My Soul lift up thy Head.
- 10. Thy Saviour is thy real Friend, Conftant, and true, and good: He will be with thee to the End, And bring thee fafe to God.
- Or why should'st thou repine?

  Look up, behold Redemption's near;

  Rejoice, for Heav'n is thine.
- 12. Why O my Soul, art thou so sad? When will thy Sighs be o'er? Rejoice in Jesus, and be glad, Rejoice for Evermore.

#### H Y M N CCVI.

The two Debtors.

- I. O NCE a Woman filent flood
  While Jefus fat at Meat;
  From her Eyes she pour'd a Flood
  To wash his Sacred Feet:
  Shame and Wonder, Joy and Love,
  All at once possess'd her Mind,
  That she e'er so vile could prove,
  Yet now Forgiveness find.
- 2. "How came this vile Woman here?
  "Will Jefus notice fuch?
  "Sure, if he a Prophet were,
  "He would difdain her touch!"
  Simon thus, with fcornful Heart,
  Slighted one whom Jefus lov'd;
  But her Saviour took her Part,

#### And thus his Pride reprov'd:

3. "If two Men in Debt were bound,
"One lefs, the other more;
"Fifty, or five hundred Pound,
"And both alike were Poor;

"Should the Lender both forgive,
"When he faw them both diffress'd;

"Which of them would you believe "Engag'd to love him best?

4. "Surely he who most did owe,"
The Pharisee reply'd;
Then our Lord, "By judging so,

"Thou dost for her decide:
"Simon, if like her you knew
"How much you Forgiveness need;

"You like her had acted too,

"And welcom'd me indeed!

5. "When the Load of Sin is felt, "And much Forgiveness known;

"Then the Heart of Courfe will melt, "Tho' hard before as Stone;

" Blame not then her love and Tears, "Greatly she in Debt has been;

"But I have remov'd her Fears, "And pardon'd all her Sin."

6. When I read this Woman's Cafe,
Her Love and humble Zeal;
I confess, with Shame of Face,
My Heart is made of Steel;
Much has been forgiv'n to me,
Jesus paid my heavy Score;
What a Creature must I be,
That I can love no more!

## H Y M N CCVII.

- NC E more before we part,
  We'll bless the Saviour's Name,
  Record his Mercies, ev'ry Heart;
  Sing, ev'ry Tongue, the same.
- Hoard up his Sacred Word,
   And feed thereon, and grow:
   Go on, and feek to know the Lord;
   And practife what you know.

#### H Y M N CCVIII,

A Morning Song.

- N C E more my Soul, the rifing Day Salutes thy waking Eyes;
  Once more, my Voice, thy Tribute pay
  To him that Rules the Skies.
- Night unto Night his Name repeats, The Day renews the Sound, Wide on the Heav'n on which he fits To turn the Seafons round.
- 'Tis he supports my Mortal Frame,
   My Tongue shall speak his Praise;
   My Sins would rouze his Wrath to Flame,
   And yet his Wrath delays.
- [On a poor Worm thy Pow'r might tread, And I could ne'er withfland: Thy Juftice might have crufh'd me dead, But Mercy held thine Hand.
- 5. A Thousand wretched Souls are fled
  Since the last setting Sun,
  And yet thou length'nest out my Thread,
  And yet my Moments run.]

6. Dear

 Dear God, let all my Hours be thine, Whilft I enjoy thy Light;
 Then shall my Sun in Smiles decline, And bring a pleasant Night.

## HYMN CCIX.

New Year's Day.

- r. ONCE more the conftant Sun, revolving round his Sphere, [Year: His steady Course has run, and brings another He rises, sets, but goes not back; Nor ever quits his destin'd Track.
- Hence let believers learn to keep a forward Pace; Be this our main Concern, to finish well our Race. Backslidings shun, with Patience press Towards the Sun of Righteousness.
- 3. What now shall be our Task? or rather what our Pray'r?

What good Thing shall we ask, to prosper this New Year ?

With One Accord our Hearts we'll lift; And ask our LORD some New Year's Gift,

4. No trifling Gift or finall fhould Friends of CHRIST defire;

Rich L O R D, beftow on all pure Gold, well try'd by Fire;

Faith that stands fast; when Devils roar; And Love which lasts for Evermore.

## H Y M N CCX.

Before Preaching.

1. ONCE more we come before our God, Once more his Bleffing ask;

Oh,

Oh, may not Duty seem a Load! Nor Worship prove a Task.

- Father, thy quick'ning Spirit fend From Heav'n, in Jefu's Name, To make our waiting Minds attend, And put our Souls in Frame.
- May we receive the Word we hear;
   Each in an honest Heart;
   Hoard up the precious Treasure there,
   And never with it part.
- To feek Thee all our Hearts difpose, To each thy Bleffing suit.
   And let the Seed thy Servant sows Produce a copious Fruit.
- Bid the refreshing North Wind wake;
   Say to the South Wind, blow;
   Let ev'ry Plant the Pow'r partake,
   And all the Garden grow.
- Revive the parch'd with heav'nly Show'rs,
   The cold with Warmth Divine;
   And as the Benefit is ours,
   Be all the Glory thine.

## H Y M N CCXI.

- I. O N Thee, O God of Purity,
  I wait for hallowing Grace;
  None without Holiness shall see
  The Glories of thy Face:
  In Souls Unholy, and Unclean,
  Thou never canst Delight;
  Nor shall they, while unsav'd from Sin,
  Appear before thy Sight.
- 2. But as for me, with humble Fear,

I will approach thy Gate;
Though most Unworthy to draw near,
Or in thy Courts to wait:
I trust in thine unbounded Grace,
To all so freely giv'n;
And worship t'ward thy Holy Place,
And lift my Soul to Heav'n.

3. Lead me in all thy righteous Ways, Nor fusfer me to slide; Point out the Path before my Face, My God be thou my Guide! O may I ne'er to Evil yield, Defended from above, And kept, and cover'd with the Shield Of thine Almighty Love.

## H Y M N CCXII.

Pardoning Grace.

- U T of the Depths of long Diftress,
   The Borders of Despair,
   I sent my Cries to seek thy Grace,
   My Groans to move thine Ear
- Great! Gop! should thy severer Eye, And thine impartial Hand, Mark and revenge Iniquity, No mortal Flesh could stand.
- But there are Pardons with my God For Crimes of high Degree;
   Thy Son hath bought them with his Blood,
   To draw us near to Thee.
- 4. [ I wait for thy Salvation Lord, With strong Desires I wait; My Soul, invited by thy Word, Stands watching at thy Gate.]

 Just as the Guards that keep the Night Long for the Morning Skies,
 Watch the first Beams of breaking Light,
 And meet them with their Eyes:

- 6. So waits my Soul to fee thy Grace,
  And more intent than they,
  Meets the first Op'nings of thy Face,
  And finds a brighter Day.]
- Then in the Lord let Ifra'l truft, Let Ifra'l feek his Face;
   The Lord is Good as well as Juft, And plenteous in his Grace.
- There's full Redemption at his Throne
  For Sinners long enflav'd;
   The great Redeemer is his Son,
  And Ifra'l shall be fav'd.

## H Y M N CCXIII.

Adoring Jesus.

1. Come let us join, Together combine; To praise our dear Sav'our, our Master Divine.

 Him let us adore, Who cover'd with Gore, Late hanged on Calv'ry, both wounded and poor.

He worthy is blefs'd,
 By Spirits at Reft;
 Who once in this Defert his Godhead confefs'd,

4. The Heavenly Spheres,
Who faw him in Tears,
Yea ev'ry strong Angel, his Person reveres.

5. The Prophets who told

His Suff'rings of old, Sing now fweet Thankfgiving on Pfalt'ries of Gold.

6. The Fathers to whom He shew'd he would come, Now in his Pavilion take up their long Home.

7. The Spirits of Men, Who for him were flain, From Abel the Righteous, share now in his Reign.

2. Th' Apostles who stood, Refifting to Blood, For Jesus's Gospel, rejoice in their God.

9. The Confessor's too, Them prostrating low, Cast down their bright Mitres, and thankfully bow.

10. Oh Church of the Lamb, Here met do the fame, With Saints, and with Angels, bless Jesus's Name.

11. My Soul bear a Part, For ranfom'd thou art, By Jefu's Blood shedding, his Burial, and Smart.

12. To him that was flain, The fcorn'd Nazarene, Be Glory, and Honour, let all fay Amen.

### H Y M N. CCXIV.

2. Come, thou wounded Lamb of God; Come, wash us in thy Cleansing Blood! Give us to know thy Love, then Pain Is fweet, and Life or Death is Gain.

2. Take our poor Hearts, and let them be For ever clos'd to all but Thee; Seal thou our Breafts, and let us wear That

That pledge of Love for ever there.

- 3. How can it be thou heav'nly King,
  That thou fhould Man to Glory bring!
  Make Slaves the Partners of thy Throne,
  And give them an immortal Crown!
- 4. Ah, Lord! enlarge our Scanty Thought;
  To know the Wonders thou haft wrought;
  Unloose our stamm'ring Tongues to tell
  Thy Love Immense, unsearchable.
- 5. First-born of many Brethren, thou,
  To Thee both Earth and Heav'n must bow;
  Help us to Thee our all to give,
  Thine may we die, thine may we live!

## H Y M N CCXV.

- I. For an Heart to Love my God!
  An Heart from Sin fet free;
  An Heart that always feels the Blood,
  So freely shed for me!
- 2. An Heart refigu'd, fubmiffive, meek, My dear Redeemer's Throne; Where only Christ is heard to speak, Where Jesus reigns alone.
- 3. An humble, lowly, contrite Heart,
  Believing, true and clean;
  Which neither Life nor Death can part
  From him that dwells within.
- 4. An Heart in ev'ry Thought renew'd,
  And fill'd with Love Divine:
  Perfect and Right, and pure, and good,
  A Copy, Lord! of thine.
- 5. Thy tender Heart is still the same, And melts at Human Woe;

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Send down thy Grace, O bleffed Lamb! That I thy Love mayknow.

Thy holy Nature Lord! impart
 Come quickly from above;
 Write thy new Name upon my Heart,
 Thy new best Name of Love.

#### H Y M N CCXVI.

Victory over Death. 1 Cor. xv. 55. &c.

- I. O For an over-coming Faith
  To chear my dying Hours,
  To Triumph o'er the Monster Death,
  And all his frightful Pow'rs!
- Joyful, with all the Strength I have. My quiv'ring Lips should sing, Where is thy boasted Vict'ry Grave? And where the Monster's Sting?
- 5. If Sin be pardon'd, I'm fecure, Death hath no Sting befides; The Law gives Sin its danning Pow'r; But Christ, my Ransom, dy'd.
- 4. Now to the God of Victory
  Immortal Thanks be paid,
  Who makes us conqu'rors while we die,
  Throu'h Christ our living Head.

## H Y M N CCXVII.

- For a fweet infpiring Ray,
  To animate our feeble Strains,
  From the bright Realms of Endless Day,
  The blissful Realms, where Jesus reigns!
- 2. There low before his glorious Throne, Adoring Saints and Angels fall

And

And with delightful Worship own His Smile their Bliss, their Heav'n, their all.

3. Immortal Glories crown his Head,
While tuneful Hallelujahs rife:
And Love, and Joy, and Triumph fpread
Thro' all th' Affemblies of the Skies.

. He Smiles, and Seraphs Tune their Songs, To boundless Rapture while they Gaze; Ten thousand thousand joyful Tongues Resound his Everlasting Praise.

- 5. There all the ranfom'd of the Lamb Shall join at last the Heav'nly choir; O may the Joy-inspiring theme, Awake our Faith, our warm Desire!
- Dear Saviour, let thy Spirit Seal
   Our Int'rest in that blissful Place.
   Till Death remove this Mortal Veil.
   And we behold thy lovely Face.

## H Y M N CCXVIII.

Adoring Christ.

For a Thousand Tongues to sing, My Dear Redeemer's Praise 'The Glories of my God and King, The Triumphs of his Grace.

 Jefus, the Name that charms our Fears, That bids our Sorrows ceafe;
 'Tis Mufic in the Sinner's Ears,
 'Tis Life, and Health, and Peace.

3. He breaks the Pow'r of cancel'd Sin, He fets the Pris'ners free; His Blood can make the foulest clean, His Blood avail'd for me.

- 4. He fpeaks, and lift'ning to his Voice, New Life the Dead receive; The mournful, broken Hearts rejoice, The humble Poor believe.
- 5. Hear him, ye Deaf; his Praife, ye Dumb, Your loofen'd Tongues employ; Ye Blind, behold your Saviour come, And leap, ye Lame, for Joy.

## H Y M N CCXIX.

Man frail, and God Eternal.

- UR God, our Help in Ages past, Our Hope for Years to come, Our Shelter from the stormy Blast, And our Eternal Home.
- Under the Shadow of thy Throne Thy Saints have dwelt fecure; Sufficient is thine Arm alone, And our Defence is fure.
- 3. Before the Hills in Order flood, Or Earth receiv'd her Frame, From Everlasting thou art God, To Endless Years the same.
- A. Thy Word commands our Flesh to Dust
  "Return, ye Sons of Men,"
  All Nations rose from Earth at first,
  And turn to Earth again.
- A thousand Ages in thy Sight
   Are like an Ev'ning gone;
   Short as the Watch that ends the Night,
   Before the rising Sun.
- 6. [ The bufy Tribes of Flesh and Blood, With all their Lives and Cares, Are carry'd downwards by the Flood,

And

And loft in following Years.

- 7. Time, like an ever-rolling Stream,
  Bears all its Sons away;
  They fly, forgotten, as a Dream
  Dies at the op'ning Day.
- 8. Like flow'ry Fields the Nations stand,
  Pleas'd with the Morning Light;
  The Flow'rs beneath the Mower's Hand
  Lie with'ring ere 'tis Night.]
- 9. Our God, our Help in Ages past,
  Our Hope for Years to come,
  Be thou our Guard while Troubles last,
  And our Eternal Home.

## H Y M N CCXX.

I. O H Jefu, our Lord,
Thy Name be ador'd,
For all the rich Bleffings convey'd by thy Word.

2. In Spirit we trace
Thy Wonders of Grace,
And chearfully join in a Concert of Praise.

3. The Ancient of Days
His Glory difplays,
And shines on his Chosen with cherishing Rays.

4. The Trumpet of God Is founding abroad, The Language of Mercy, Salvation through Blood.

5. Thrice happy are they Who hear and obey, And fhare in the Bleffings of this Gofpel Day.

6. The People who know
Their Sav'our below,
With burning Affection to worship him glow.
7. Their

7. Their Anguish and Smart, And Sorrow depart, Who find his Salvation inscrib'd on their Heart.

S. This Bleffing be mine, Through Favour Divine; But oh, my Redeemer, the Glory be thine.

9. The Work is of Grace,Thine, thine be the Praise;And mine to adore Thee, and tell of thy Ways.

## H Y M N CCXXI.

Agnus Dei.

I. Lamb of God our Saviour!

Kill'd on the Tree of Sorrow!

Thy fuff'ring meek Behaviour

Paid what thou didft not borrow.

Thy Bearing our Tranfgression

Secur'd us from Damnation.

Have Mercy upon us, O Jefu! O Jesu!

- 2. O Lamb of God, our Saviour, &c. Acknowledge thou us, O Jefu! O Jefu!
- O Lamb of God, our Saviour, &c.
   O grant us thy Peace, O Jefu! O Jefu!

#### H Y M N CCXXII,

- Lord, thou know'ft my Soul's Desires, And thou canst give me perfect Ease; Thou art the Good my Heart admires, There's nothing but thy Love can please.
- 2. Give me, O Lord, the Happiness
  To fit and hear thy gracious Voice;
  Come, Saviour, come, my Soul possess,
  And make my mourning Heart rejoice.

N 4 3. Lord

- 3. Lord, I would praife thy holy Name, Thou art my everlasting Friend; Thou hast not put my Soul to shame; Preserve me safe unto the End.
- 4. Thou art my Strength, and my Support,
  My Hope, my everlafting Aid:
  To Thee I always would refort,
  And trust in Thee when I'm afraid.
- Thy Name affords my Soul relief, When I with Sorrows am opprest;
   When I am full of Woe and Grief, Thy Word doth give my Spirit rest.
- Teach me to do thy holy Will,
   Unite my Heart to fear thy Name;
   O lead me to thy heav'nly Hill,
   Where stands the new Jerusalem.
- Were not the Lord of Hofts my Strength
   I should have sunk in deep Despair;
   But now I trust I shall at length
   Arrive at Canaan's Harbour sair;
- 8. There shall I rest for Evermore,
  Fearless of Storms, and raging Seas,
  And sit upon the heav'nly Shore,
  And dwell at everlasting Ease.

## H Y M N CCXXIII.

- I. Lord! to whom for Help I call,
  Thy Miracles repeat;
  With pitying Eye behold me fall
  A Leper at thy Feet.
- 2. Loathfome, and foul, and felf abhorr'd,
  I fink beneath my Sin;
  But, if thou wilt, a gracious Word
  Of thine, can make me clean.

3. Thou

- 3. Thou feeft me Deaf to thy Commands, Open O Lord! mine Ear; Bid me ftretch out my wither'd Hands, And lift them up in Pray'r.
- 4. Silent ( alas! thou know'ft how long! )
  My Voice I cannot raise;
  But, O! when thou shalt loose my Tongue,
  The Dumb shall sing thy Praise.
- Lame at the Pool I still am found, Give, and my Strength employ;
   Light as an Hart I then shall bound, The Lame shall leap for Joy.
- Blind from my Birth to guilt and Thee,
   And dark I am within;
   The Love of God I cannot fee,
   Nor Sinfulness of Sin.
- 7. But thou, they fay, art paffing by, O let me find Thee near! Jefus, in Mercy hear my Cry, Thou Son of David, hear!
- 8. Long have I waited in the Way, For Thee, the heav'nly Light; Command me to be brought, and fay, Sinner, receive thy Sight."

## H Y M N CCXXIV.

A Sinner's Prayer.

I. O My Lord, what must I do?
Only thou the Way canst shew;
Thou canst save me in this Hour,
I have neither Will nor Pow'r:
God if over all thou art,
Greater than the sinful Heart;

Let it now on me be shown, Take away the Heart of Stone.

- 2. Take away my darling Sin,
  Make me willing to be clean;
  Make me willing to receive
  What thy Goodness waits to give:
  Force me, Lord, with all to part,
  Tear all Idols from my Heart;
  Let thy Pow'r on me be shown,
  Take away the Heart of Stone.
- 3. Jefu, mighty to renew,
  Work in me, to will and do;
  Turn my Nature's rapid Tide,
  Stem the Torrent of my Pride,
  Stop the Whirlwind of my will,
  Bid Corruptions, Lord, be still;
  Now thy Love Almighty shew,
  Make e'en me a Creature new.
- 4. Arm of God, thy Strength put on,
  Bow the Heavens, and come down;
  All mine Unbelief o'erthrow,
  Lay th' afpiring Mountain low;
  Conquer thy worst Foe in me.
  Get thyself the Victory,
  Save the vilest of the Race,
  Force me to be sav'd by Grace.

#### H Y M N CCXXV.

For the last Day of the Year.

- 1. O praise the Lord of Heav'n,
  Whose mercy never fails:
  Six Troubles come, and also Sev'n,
  But still his Grace prevails.
- 2. The Year that's almost past

His Goodness did proclaim; His Love doth now and always last, Give glory to his Name.

- 3. How Wond'rous are his Ways
  Which he to us makes known!
  We join to fing our Makers Praife;
  And worship him alone.
- 4. When we the Year begun We rais'd our chearful Songs; And furely when its Course is run To God our Praise belongs.
- 5. His Mercies still are new,
  Let us extol his Love
  May we this Blessed Theme pursue
  Till we shall meet above.

## H Y M N CCXXVI.

Breathing after Holiness,

- O that the Lord would guide my Ways
  To keep his Statutes still!
  O that my God would grant me Grace
  To know and do his Will!
- O fënd thy Spirit down to write
   Thy Law upon my Heart!
   Nor let my Tongue indulge Deceit,
   Nor act the Liar's Part.
- From Vanity turn off my Eyes;
   Let no corrupt Defign,
   Nor Covetous Defires arife
   Within this Soul of mine.
- 4. Order my Footsteps by thy Word,
  And make my Heart sincere;
  Let Sin have no Dominion, Lord,

But keep my Conscience clear.

- My Soul hath gone too far aftray, My Feet too often flip:
   Yet fince I've not forgot thy Way, Reftore thy wand'ring Sheep.
- Make me to walk in thy Commands, 'Tis a delightful Road;
   Nor let my Head, or Heart, or Hands, Offend against my God.

## H Y M N CCXXVII.

Sins and Sorrows laid before God

- 1. O that I knew the fecret Place
  Where I might find my God!
  I'd fpread my Wants before his Face,
  And pour my Woes abroad.
- 2. I'd tell him how my Sins arife, What Sorrows I fustain, How Grace decays, and Comfort dies, And leaves my Heart in Pain:
- 3. I'd fay how Flesh and Sense rebel, What inward Foes combine, With this vain World and Pow'rs of Hell, To vex this Heart of mine.
- He knows what Arguments I'd take
   To wrestle with my God;
   I'd plead for his own Mercy's sake,
   And for my Saviour's Blood.
- 5. My God will pity my Complaints, And heal my broken Bones; He takes the Meaning of his Saints, The Language of their Groans.

6. Arise

Arise my Soul from deep Distress,
 And banish ev'ry Fear;
 He calls thee to his Throne of Grace,
 To spread thy Sorrows there.

### H Y M N CCXXVIII.

TELL me no more
Of this World's vain Store;
The Time for fuch Trifles with me now is o'er.

 A Country I've found Where true Joys abound;
 To dwell I'm determin'd on that happy Ground.

3. The Souls that believe,
In Paradife live;
And me in that Number will Jefus receive.

nd me in that Number will Jefus receive.

My Soul don't Delay,
 He calls the away;
 Rife, follow thy Sav'our, and blefs the glad Day.

5. No Mortal doth know
What he can bestow; (go.

What Light, Strength, and Comfort, go after him

6. Lo, onward I move,
And but Christ above,
None guesseshow wond'rous my journey will prove.

7. Great Spoils I shall win,
From Death, Hell, and Sin;
'Midst outward Afflictions, shall feel Christ within.

8. Perhaps for his Name,
(Poor Dust as I am)
Some Works I shall finish with glad leving Aim.

9. I still (which is best)
Shall in his dear Breast

(As at the Beginning) find Pardon and Reft.

10. And when I'm to die,
Receive me, I'll cry,
For Jesus has lov'd me, I cannot say why.

11. But this I do find,
We two are fo join'd,
He'll not live in Glory, and leave me behind.

12. Lo this is the Race
I'm running through Grace,
Henceforth till admitted to see my Lord's Face.

13. And now I'm in Care, my Neighbours may fhare; These Bleffings to seek them will none of you dare!

14. In Bondage, oh why,
And Death will you lie,
When One here affires you Free Grace is fo nigh?

## H Y M N CCXXIX.

Lamenting the Loss of First Love.

- that my Soul were now as fair
  As it hath fometimes been!
  Devoid of that distracting Care
  Without, and Fear within!
- 2. There was a Time when I could tread No Circle but of Love: That joyous Morning now is fled, How heavily 1 move!
- 3. Unhappy Soul, that thou fhould'st force,
  Thy Saviour to depart,
  When he was pleased with so coarse
  A Lodging in thy Heart!
- 4. How freetly I enjoy'd my God!

With how divine a Frame! I thought, on ev'ry Plant I trod, I read my Saviour's Name;

- I liv'd, I lov'd, I talk'd with thee, So fweetly we agreed, And thou no Stranger waft to me Till I became a Weed.
- 6. The Tempter robb'd me, and I must I fear be ever Poor; May this suffice, to roll in Dust Before thy Temple Door!
- 7. My dearest Lord, my Heart slames not With Love that sacred Fire; But since my Love has wore that Blot Repentance runs the High'r.
- 8. O might those Days return again,
  How welcome they should be!
  Shall my Petition be in vain,
  Since Grace is ever free?
- Lord of my Soul, return, return, To chase away this Night;
   Let not thine Anger ever burn;
   God once was my Delight.

#### H Y M N CCXXX.

- I. O Thou, whose tender Mercy hears
  Contrition's humble Sigh;
  Whose Hand Indulgent, wipes the Tears
  From Sorrow's weeping Eye.
- 2. See! low before the Throne of Grace
  A wretched Wand'rer mourn;
  Hast thou not bid me feek thy Face!
  Hast thou not faid, Return!

- 3. And shall my guilty Fears prevail
  To drive me from thy Feet?
  O let not this dear Refuge fail,
  This only safe Retreat.
- 4. Abfent from Thee, my Guide, my Light,
  Without one cheering Ray,
  Thro' Dangers, Fears, and gloomy Night,
  How defolate my Way!
- O shine on this benighted Heart, With Beams of Mercy shine;
   And let thy healing Voice impart A taste of Joys Divine.
- Thy Prefence only can beflow Delights which never cloy;
   Be this my Solace, here below, And my eternal Joy.

### H Y M N CCXXXI.

A lovely Carriage.

- 'Tis a lovely Thing to fee
   A Man of prudent Heart;
   Whose Thoughts, and Lips, and Life agree
   To act a useful Part.
- When Envy, Strife, and Wars begin
  In little angry Souls,
  Mark how the Sons of Peace come in,
  And quench the kindling Coals.
- 3. Their Minds are humble, mild and meck,
  Nor let their Fury rife;
  Nor Paffion moves their Lips to fpeak,
  Nor Pride exalts their Eyes.
- 4. Their Frame is Prudence mixt with Love;
  Good Works fulfil their Day;
  They

They join the Serpent with the Dove, But cast the Sting away.

 Such was the Saviour of Mankind, Such Pleafures he purfu'd; His Flesh and Blood were all refin'd, His Soul divinely good.

6. Lord can these Plants of Virtue grow In such a Soul as mine? Thy Grace can form my Nature so, And make my Heart like thine.

### H Y M N CCXXXII.

The Pilgrimage of the Saints, Or, Earth and Heaven.

- OH! what a wretched Land is this,
  That yields us no Supply,
  No chearing Fruits, no wholesome Trees,
  Nor Streams of living Joy?
- But pricking Thorns thro' all the Ground, And Mortal Poifons grow,
   And all the Rivers that are found With dang'rous Waters flow.
- Yet the dear Path to thine Abode
   Lies thro' this horrid Land;
   Lord! we would keep that heav'nly Road,
   And run at thy Command.
- [4. Our Souls shall tread the Desart thro' With undiverted Feet;
  And Faith and slaming Zeal subdue
  The Terrors that we meet.]
- [5. A Thousand Savage Beasts of Prey Around the Forest roam; But Judah's Lion guards the Way, And guides the Strangers Home.]
  O

- [6. Long Nights and Darkness dwells below, With scarce a twinkling Ray; But the bright World to which we go Is Everlasting Day.]
- [7. By glimm'ring Hopes, and gloomy Fears, We trace the facred Road,
  Thro, dismal Deeps and dang'rous Snares,
  We make our Way to God.]
- 8. Our Journey is a thorny Maze, But we march Upwards still, Forget these Troubles of the Ways, And reach at Sion's Hill.
- [9. See the kind Angels at the Gates, Inviting us to come! There Jefus the Fore Runner waits, To welcome Trav'lers Home!]
- 10. There on a green and flow'ry Mount,
  Our Weary Souls shall sit,
  And with transporting Joys recount
  The Labours of our Feet:
- [11. No vain Difcourfe shall fill our Tongue, Nor Trisses vex our Ear. Infinite Grace shall be our Song, And God rejoice to hear.]
- 12. Eternal Glory to the King
  That brought us fafely through;
  Our Tongue shall never cease to sing,
  And Endless Praise renew.

### H Y M N CCXXXIII.

Christ Withdrawn.

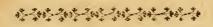
What shall I do to retrieve
The Love for a Season bestow'd:

'Tis

'Tis better to die than to live
Exil'd from the Prefence of God:
With Sorrow diffracted and Doubt,
With palpable Horror opprest,
The City I wander about,
And seek my Repose in his Breast.

2. Ye Watchmen of Ifrael, declare
If ye my beloved have feen,
And point to that heav'nly fair,
Surpassing the Children of Men:
My Lover and Lord from above,
Who only can quiet my Pain,
Whom only I languish to love,
O where shall I find him again?

3. The Joy and Defire of mine Eyes,
The End of my Sorrow and Woe;
My Hope, and my Heav'nly Prize,
My Height of Ambition below:
Once more if he shew me his Face,
He never again shall depart,
Detain'd in my closest Embrace,
Conceal'd in the Depth of my Heart.



### H Y M N CCXXXIV.

Submission under bereaving Providences, Psalm xlvi.10.

PEACE, 'tis the Lord Jehovah's Hand That blaft's our Joys in Death; Changes the Vifage once fo dear; And gathers back the Breath

2. 'Tis he, the Potentate supreme Of all the Worlds above,

Whose steady Counsels wisely rule, Nor from their Purpose move.

- 'Tis he, whose Justice might demand Our Souls a Sacrifice;
   Yet scatters with unwearied Hand, A thousand rich Supplies.
- 4. Our Covenant God and Father he, In Christ our bleeding Lord; Whose Grace can heal the bursting Heart With one reviving Word.
- 5. Fair Garlands of immortal Bliß
  He weaves for every Brow,
  And shall rebellious Passions rise,
  When he corrects us now;
- Silent we own Jehovah's Name, We kiss the scourging Hand;
   And yield our Comforts and our Life To thy Supreme Command.

### H Y M N CCXXXV.

Praise to the Redeemer.

- I. PLUNG'D in a Gulf of dark Despair,
  We wretched Sinners lay,
  Whithout one cheering Beam of Hope,
  Or Spark of glimm'ring Day.
- With pitying Eyes the Prince of Grace Beheld our helples Grief;
   He faw, and (O amazing Love!)
   He ran to our Relief.
- Down from the shining Seats above, With Joyful Haste he sled;
   Enter'd the Grave in mortal Flesh, And dwelt among the Dead.

4. Oh! for this Love, let Rocks and Hills Their lasting Silence break; And all harmonious human Tongues The Saviours Praises speak.

 Angels affift our mighty Joys, Strike all your Harps of Gold; But when you raife your highest Notes, His Love can ne'er be told.

# H Y M N CCXXXVI. Esau.

P O O R Efau repented too late,
That once he his Birth-Right despis'd;
And fold, for a Morsel of Meat,
What could not too highly be priz'd:
How great was his Anguish when told
The Blessing he sought to obtain,
Was gone with the Birth-Right he sold,
And none could recall it again!

2. He stands as a Warning to all,
Wherever the Gospel shall come;
O hasten and yield to the Call,
While yet for Repentance there's Room!
Your Season will quickly be past,
Then hear, and obey it to-day;
Lest when you seek Mercy at last,
The Saviour should frown you away.

3. What is it the World can propose?

A Morfel of Meat at the best!

For this are you willing to lose

A share in the Joys of the Blest?

Its Pleasures will speedily end.

Its Favour and praise are but Breath:

And what can its Prosits bestriend

Your Soul in the Moment of Death?

4. If Jesus for these you despise,

And Sin to the Saviour prefer,
In vain your Entreaties and Cries,
When fummon'd to stand at his Bar:
How will you his Presence abide?
What Anguish will Torture your Heart?
The Saints all enthron'd by his Side,
And you be compell'd to depart!

5. Too often, Dear Saviour, have I
Preferr'd fome Poor Trifle to Thee;
How is it thou dost not deny
The Blessing and Birth-Right to me?
No better than Esau I am,
Tho' Pardon and Heaven be mine;
To me belongs nothing but Shame,
The Praise and the Glory be thine.

### H Y M N CCXXXVII.

God shining into the Heart. 2 Cor iv. 6.

- PRAISE to the Lord of boundless Might, With uncreated Glories bright!
  His Prefence gilds the Worlds above;
  The unchanging Source of Light and Love.
- Our rifing Earth his Eye beheld, When in fubftantial Darkness veil'd; The shapless Chaos, Nature's; Womb, Lay buried in the horrid Gloom.
- 3. "Let there be Light," JEHOVAH faid And Light o'er all its Face was spread; Nature array'd in Charms unknown, Gay with its New-born Lustre shone.
- 4. He fees the Mind, when loft it lies In Shades of Ignorance and Vice; And Darts from Heaven a vivid Ray, And changes Midnight into Day.
- 5. Shine, mighty God, with Vigor shine

On this benighted Heart of mine; And let thy Glories Stand reveal'd, As in the Saviour's Face beheld.

My Soul, reviv'd by Heav'n-born Day,
 Thy radiant Image shall display,
 While all my Faculties unite
 To praise the Lord, who gives me Light.

#### H Y M N CCXXXVIII.

Pray without ceasing. I Thef. v. 17.

- 1. P R A Y'R was appointed to convey
  The Bleflings God defigns to give,
  Long at they live flould Christians pray;
  For only while they pray they live.
- The Christian's Heart his Pray'r indites;
   He speaks as prompted from within,
   The Spirit his Petition writes;
   And Christ receives, and gives it in.
- 3. And wilt thou in dead Silence lie, When Christ stands waiting for thy Pray'r? My Soul thou hast a Friend on High; Arise and try thy Int'rest there.
- 4. If Pains afflict, or Wrongs opprefs; If Cares diftract, or Fears difmay; If Guilt deject, if Sin diftrefs; The Remedy's before Thee, pray.
- 5. 'Tis pray'r Supports the Soul that's weak; Tho' Thought be broken, Language lame, Pray; if thou can'ft, or can'ft not, speak; But pray with Faith in Jefu's Name.
- Depend on him; thou can'ft not fail,
   Make all thy Wants and Wifhes known;
   Fear not; his Merits must prevail;
   Ask what thou wilt, it shall be done,

O 1 HYMN

### H Y M N CCXXXIX.

- 1. PRECIOUS Bible, what a Treasure Does the Word of God afford?
  All I Want for Life and Pleasure,
  Food or Med'cine, Shield or Sword;
  Let the World account me Poor,
  Having this, I want no more.
- Food to which the World a Stranger, Here, my hungry Soul enjoys;
   Of Excess, there is no Danger, Tho' it fills it never Cloys.
   On a dying Christ I feed, Here is Meat and drink indeed.
- 3. When my Faith is faint and fickly,
  Or when fatan Wounds my Mind,
  Cordials to revive me quickly,
  Healing Med'cines here I find:
  To the Promifes I flee,
  Each affords a Remedy.
- 4. In the Hour of dark Temptation,
  Satan cannot make me yield;
  For the Word of Confolation,
  Is to me a mighty Shield.
  While the Scripture Truths endure,
  From his Pow'r I am Secure.

### H Y M N CCXL.

Gravity and Decency.

1. REDEEMED ones the Heirs of God,
So dearly bought with Jesu's Blood!
Are they not born to heavenly Joys,
And shall they stoop to earthly Toys!
2. Can

- 2. Can Laughter feed th' immortal Mind? Were Spirits of celestial Kind Made for a Jest, for Sport and Play, To wear out Time, and waste the Day?
- 3. Doth vain Difcourfe, or empty Mirth,
  Well fuit the Honours of their Birth?
  Shall they be fond of gay Attire,
  Which Children love, and Fools admire?
- 4. What if we wear the richeft Veft,
  Peacocks and Flies are better dreft,
  This Flesh, with all its gaudy Forms,
  Must drop to Dust, and feed the Worms.
- 5. Lord, raife our Hearts and Paffions higher; Touch our vain Souls with facted Fire; Then, with a Heaven-directed Eye We'll pass these glittering Trisles by.
- 6. We'll look on all the Toys below With fuch Difdain as Angels do; And wait the Call that bids us rife To Manfions promis'd in the Skies.

### H Y M N CCXLI,

Rejoice evermore.

- I. REJOICE evermore
  With Angels above,
  In Jefus's Pow'r,
  In Jefus's Love;
  With glad Exaltation
  Your Triumph proclaim,
  Afcribing Salvation
  To God, and the Lamb.
- Thou, Lord, our Relief
  In Trouble hast been,
  Hast fav'd us from Grief,
  Hast fav'd us from Sin,

The

The Pow'r of thy Spirit Can fet our Hearts free: And we shall inherit All Fulness in thee.

3. All Fulness of Peace,
All Fulness of Joy,
And Spiritual Bliss
That never can Cloy,
To us it is given
In Jesus to know,
A Kingdom of Heaven,
A Heaven below.

4. No longer we join
Where Sinners invite,
Nor envy the Swine
Their Brutish Delight;
Their Joy is all Sadness,
Their Mirth is all vain,
Their Laughter is Madness,
Their Pleasure is Pain.

5. O may they at last
With Sorrow Return,
The Pleasure to taste,
For which thy were born!
Our Jesus receiving,
Our Happiness prove,
The Joy of believing,
The Heaven of Love.

### H Y M N CCXLII.

I. R E J O I C E, the LORD is King,
Your GOD and King adore;
Mortals give thanks and fing,
And Triumph Evermore:
Lift up your Hearts, lift up your Voice;
Rejoice; again I fay, Rejoice!

2. I E-

2. JESUS the SAVIOUR reigns.
The GOD of Truth and Love;
When he had purg'd our Stains,
He took his Seat above:
Lift up your Hearts, lift up your Voice;
Rejoice; again I fay, Rejoice.

3. His Kingdom cannot fail,
He Rules o'er Earth and Heav'n;
The Keys of Death and Hell
Are to our JESUS giv'n:
Lift up your Hearts, lift up your Voice;
Rejoice; again I fay, Rejoice.

4. He fits at GOD's right Hand,
Till all his Foes fubmit
And bow to his Command,'
And fall beneath his Feet:
Lift up your Hearts, lift your Voice;
Rejoice; again I fay, Rejoice.

5. He all his Foes shall quell, Shall all our Sins destroy; And ev'ry bosom swell, With pure Seraphic Joy: Lift up your Hearts, lift up your Voice: Rejoice; again I say, Rejoice.

6. Rejoice in glorious Hope,
JESUS the Judge shall come,
And take his Servants up
To their Eternal Home:
We soon shall hear th' Arch-Angel's V

We foon shall hear th' Arch-Angel's Voice, The Trump of GOD snall found, Rejoice.

### HYMN CCXLIII.

Spiritual Mindedness; or, inward Religion, James i.29

i. RELIGION is the chief Concern Of Mortals here below;

May

May I its great Importance learn, Its fovereign Virtue know.

- More needful this, than glittering Wealth, Or Ought the World beftows;
   Not Reputation, Food or Health, Can give us fuch Repofe.
- Religion, should our Thoughts engage, Amidst our youthful Bloom;
   'Twill sit us for declining Age, And for the awful Tomb.
- 4. O may my Heart, by Grace renew'd, Be my Redeemer's Throne; And be my Aubborn Will fubdu'd, His Government to own.
- Let deep Repentance, Faith, and Love. Be join'd with godly Fear; And all my Conversation prove My Heart to be fincere.
- 6. Preserve me from the Snares of Sin,
  Thro' my remaining Days;
  And in me let each Virtue shine
  To my Redeemer's Praise.
- Let lively Hope my Soul inspire;
   Let warm Affections rise;
   And may I wait, with strong Desire,
   To Mount above the Skies.

### HYMN CCXLIV.

Mortality and Hopes.

I. PEMEMBER, LORD, our mortal State,
How frail our Life! how fhort the Date!
Were is the Man that draws his Breath
Safe from Disease, secure from Death!
2. LORD

- LORD while we fee whole Nations die,
  Our Flesh and Sense repine and cry;
  "Must Death forever rage and reign?
  "Or hast thou made Mankind in vain?
- 3. "Where is thy Promife to the Just;
  "Are not thy Servants turn'd to Dust?"
  But Faith forbids these mournfull Sighs
  And sees the sleeping Dust arise.
- 4. That glorious Hour, that dreadful Day, Wipes the Reproach of Saints away, And clears the Honours of thy Word: Awake, our Souls! and bless the Lorp.

#### H Y M N CCXLV.

#### The Gospel.

- REPENT, ye Sons of Men, repent;
  Hear the good Tidings God has fent,
  Of Sinners fav'd, and Sins forgiv'n,
  And Beggars raif'd to reign in Heav'n,
  Beggars, Beggars, Beggars, Beggars,
  rais'd to reign in Heav'n.
- God fent his Son to die for us,
   Die to redeem us from the Curfe,
   He took our Weaknes; bore our Load;
   And dearly bought us with his Blood,
   Dearly, dearly, &c.
- In Guilt's dark Dungeon when we lay;
   Mercy cry'd, "Spare;" and Justice, "Slay;"
   But Jesus answer'd, "Set them free;
   "And pardon them; and punish me."
   Pardon, Pardon, &c.
- 4. Salvation is of God alone:

  Life Everlasting in his Son:

  And he, that gave his Son to bleed,

  Will freely give us all we need.

  Freely, freely, &c.

  5. Believe

5. Believe the Gofpel, and rejoice, Sing to the Lord with cheerful Voice; His Goodness praise, his Wonders tell, Who ransom'd all our Souls from Hell. Ransom'd, ransom'd, &c.

#### H Y M N. CCXLVI.

I. R I S E, my Soul, and stretch thy Wings,
Thy better Portion Trace;
Rise from Transitory Things,
Tow'rds Heav'n, thy native Place.
Sun, and Moon, and Stars decay,
Time shall soon this Earth remove;
Rise, my Soul, and haste away
To Seats prepar'd above.

2. Rivers to the Ocean run,
Nor ftay in all their Courfe;
Fire afcending feeks the Sun,
Both speed them to their Source;
So a Soul that's born of GOD,
Pants to view his glorious Face;
Upward tends to his Abode,
To rest in his Embrace.

3. Fly the Riches, fly me Cares;
While I that Coast explore;
Flattering World, with all thy Snares,
Solicit me no more.
Pilgrims fix not here their Home;
Strangers tarry but a Night,
When the last dear Morn is come,
They'll rise to joyful Light.

4. Cease, ye Pilgrims, cease to mourn,
Press onward to the Prize;
Soon our Saviour will return,
Triumphant in the Skies;

Yet a Season, and you know
Happy Entrance will be giv'n,
All our Sorrows left below,
And Earth exchang'd for Heav'n.

### H Y M N CCXLVII.

- r. R 1 S E, Zion, shine, thy Light is come,
  The glorious Day's begun,
  These Beams we see so bright that be,
  Dart from the glorious Sun.
- Of Righteousness, that rising is;
   The Day doth dawn apace;
   The Songs of Praise we hear a Days:
   Of Christ and his Free Grace.
- 3. Are Tokens plain, the Lamb once flain
  Is hast'ning to his Throne;
  The Bride doth say, come, haste away,
  My dear beloved One.
- 4. The Saints rejoice, the Turtle's Voice
  Is heard within our Land:
  The hundred Forty four Thousand
  Shall soon with Jesus stand.
- 5. And they shall sing, to Christ their King, Their Songs in such a Strain, That learn can none but those alone Who with the Lord shall reign.
- 6. Ye taught Ones of the Lord, fing Praise To th' Lamb th' Throne upon; 'Tis only he taught you and me To fing the Lamb's new Song.

# H Y M N CCXLVIII.

ROCK smitten; ; or the ROCK of Ages, Isaia xxvi, 4.

1. R OCK of Ages, shelter me, Let me hide myself in thee! Let the Water, and the Blood, From thy wounded Side which flow'd, Be of Sin the double Cure, Cleanse me from its Guilt and Power.

- 2. Not the Labour of my Hands, Can fulfil thy Law's Demands; Could my Zeal no Respit know, Could my Tears for ever flow, All for Sin could not attone, Thou must save, and thou alone.
- 3. Nothing in my Hand I bring, Simply to thy Crofs I cling; Naked come to thee for Drefs, Helples look to thee for Grace; Black' I to the Fountain fly, Wash me, Saviour, or I die!
- 4. While I draw this fleeting Breath,
  When my Eye-Strings break in Death,
  When I foar to Worlds unknown,
  See thee on thy Judgment Throne,
  Rock of Ages, shelter me,
  Let me hide myself in thee,

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#### H Y M N CCXLIX.

S A L V A T I O N, oh, the joyful Sound!
'Tis Pleasure to our Ear!
A fov'rein Balm for ev'ry Wound,
A Cordial for our Fear.

Glory, Honour, Praise and Power,
Be unto the Lamb for ever;
Jesus Christ is our Redeemer,
Halelujah! Halelujah! Praise the Lord.
Bury'd

Bury'd in Sorrow, and in Sin, At Hell's dark Door we lay; But we arise by Grace Divine To see an heav'nly Day. Glory, Honour, &c.

Salvation, let the Eccho fly,
The fpacious Earth around;
While all the Armies of the Sky
Conspire to raise the Sound.
Glory, Honour, &c.

#### HYMN CCL.

An happy Moment.

SAVIOUR, I do feel thy Merit,
Sprinkled with redeeming Blood;
And my weary troubled Spirit
Now finds rest in Thee, my God:
I am safe, and I am happy,
While in thy dear Arms I lie;
Sin and Satan cannot Hurt me,
When the Saviour is so Nigh.

2. Now I'll fing of Jefu's Merit,

Tell the World of his dear Name;

That if any want his Spirit,

He is still the very same:

He that asketh, soon receiveth,

He that seeks is sure to find;

Come, for whosoe'er believeth,

He will never cast behind.

3. Now our Advocate is pleading
With his Father, and our God;
Now for us he's interceeding,
As the Purchase of his Blood:
Now methinks I hear him praying,
P

Father,

Father, fave them, I have dy'd; And the Father answers, faying, They are freely justify'd.

#### HYMN CCLI.

- 3. S AVIOUR of Men, we bless thy Name,
  For thou art good forevermore;
  Thy Pow'r and Grace we would proclaim,
  And thine eternal Love adore.
- 2. Thy Glory shall forever stand,
  Thy Truth remains both firm and sure;
  Our Souls we venture in thine Hand,
  And there we know we are secure.
- 3. Tho' Troubles come and Sorrows rife,
  We will not fear for God's our Aid;
  Ill Tidings cannot these surprize
  Who are upon Jehovah stay'd.
- Glory to Christ our faithful Friend;
   ( He is the Lord whom Angels fear )
   On him we always would depend,
   And in his Righteousness appear.
- We love the Lord our God most High, His Grace demands our noblest Song;
   All Praise to Christ who came to die, To him all Glory doth belong.

### H Y M N CCLII.

I. S A W ye not the Cloud arife,
S Little as an Human Hand?
Now it fpreads along the Skies,
Hangs o'er all the thirfty Land,
Lo! the Promife of a fhow'r
Drops already from above,
But the Lord shall shortly pour
All the Spirit of his Love.

2. Sons

Sons of God your Saviour praise,
 He a Door hath open'd wide
 He hath giv'n the Word of Grace,
 Jesu's Word is glorify'd:
 Jesu's mighty to redeem,
 He alone the Work hath wrought,
 Worthy is the Work of him,
 Who all Things to Being brought.

3. When he first the Work begun
Small and feeble was his Day,
Now the Word doth sweefily run,
Now it spreads its glorious Way;
More and more it shines and grows,
Ever mighty to prevail;
Sin's strong Holds it now o'erthrows,
Shakes the trembling Gates of Hell.

### H Y M N CCLH.

### For a sick Person.

- SEE, gracious Lord, with pitying Eyes,
  Beneath thy Hand a Sufferer lies,
  Thy Mercy, not thine Anger proves:
  And fick he is whom Jefus Loves.
- 2. His to thine own Afflictions join,
  Accept, exalt, and count them thine;
  Thy Paffion which remains fulfill,
  And fuffer in thy Members still.
- 3. His Sickness feel, endure his Pain, His Burden bear, his Cross sustain: Grieve in his Griefs, and sigh his Sighs, And breathe his Wishes to the Skies.
- 4. Enter his Heart, possess him whole, Inspire and actuate his Soul; Himself no longer let it be That suffers, or that lives but thee.

P 2 5. Thyself

- Thyfelf through Suff'rings Perfect made, Conform him thus to thee his Head; Refine, and raife his Virtue high'r, When tri'd and purified by Fire.
- So when his Eyes behold thee near, And thou his hidden Life apear; Bright in thy Likeness shall he shine, And glorious All, and all Divine.

### H Y M N CCLIV.

#### Winter.

- I. SEE how rude Winter's Icy Hand
  Has stript the Trees, and seal'd the Ground;
  But Spring shall soon his Rage withstand,
  And spread new Beautics all around.
- 2. My Soul a fharper Winter mourns, Barren and lifeless I remain, When will the gentle Spring return, And bid my Graces grow again?
- Jefus, my glorious Sun, arife,
   'Tis thine the frozen Heart to move;
   Oh! huft these Storms, and clear my Skies,
   And let me feel thy vital Love.
- 4. Dear Lord, regard my feeble Ciy, I faint and droop 'till thou appear; wilt thou permit thy Plant to die ! Must it be Winter all the Year!
- Be still, my Soul, and wait his Hour, With humble Pray'r, and patient Faith, 'Till he reveals his gracious Pow'r, Repose on what his Promise faith.
- 6. He, by whose all commanding Words, Seasons their changing Course maintain;

In ev'ry Change a Pledge affords, That none shall seek his Face in vain.

# H Y M N CCLV.

The last Indgment, Rev. xxi. 5---8.

- J. SEE where the great incarnate God Fills a Majestick Throne, While from the Skies his awfull Voice Bears the last Judgment down.
- [2. "I am the First, and I the Last, "Through endless Years the same; "I AM is my Memorial still, "And my eternal Name.
- 3. "Such Favours as a God can give,"My royal Grace beflows;"Ye thirfty Souls come tafte the Stream;"Where Life and Pleafure flows.]
- [4. "The Saint that triumphs o'er his Sins, "I'll own him for a Son; "The whole Creation shall reward" The Conquests he has won.
- But bloody Hands, and Hearts unclean,
   And all the lying Race,
   The faithless and the scoffing Crew
   That spurn at offer'd Grace;
- "They shall be taken from my Sight,
   Bound fast in Iron Chains,
   And headlong plung'd into the Lake
   Where Fire and Darkness reigns."
- 7. O may I ftand before the Lamb, When Earth and Seas are fled! And hear the Judge pronounce my Name With Bleffing on my Head!

3 8. May

 May I with those forever dwell, Who here where my Delight, While Sinners banish'd down to Hell, No more offend my Sight.

#### H Y M N CCLVI.

Let the Wicked for sake his Way, &c. Ifai 55, 7.

- 1. Sinners, the Voice of God regard;
  Tis Mercy fpeaks to day;
  He calls you by his Sov'reign Word,
  From Sin's destructive Way.
- Like the rough Sea, that cannot rest, You live devoid of Peace;
   A thousand Stings within your Breast, Deprive your Souls of Ease.
- 3. Your Way is dark, and leads to Hell; Why will you perfevere? Can you in endless Torments dwell, Shut up in black Despair?
- 4. Why will you in the crooked Ways
  Of Sin and Folly go?
  In Pain you travel all your Days,
  To reap Immortal Woe!
- But he that turns to God shall live, Thro' his abounding Grace;
   His Mercy will the Guilt forgive Of those that seek his Face.
- Bow to the Sceptre of his Word, Renouncing every Sin;
   Submit to him your fov'reign LORD, And learn his Will Divine.
- 7. His Love exceeds your highest Thoughts;
  He pardons like a Gop;

He will forgive your numerous Faults, Thro' a Redeemer's Blood.

### H Y M N CCLVII.

- I. SHALL I for fear of feeble Man,
  Thy Spirit's Course in me restrain?
  Or undismay'd, in Deed and Word
  Be a true Witness to my Lord?
- 2. Aw'd by a Mortal's Frown, shall I
  Conceal the Word of God most high?
  How then before Thee shall I dare
  To stand, or how thine Anger bear?
- 3. Shall I, to foothe th' unholy Throng, Soften thy Truths, and fmoothe my Tongue? To gain Earth's gilded Toys, or flee The Cross endur'd, my God, by Thee!
- What then is he, whose Scorn I dread,
  Whose Wrath or Hate makes me afraid?

  A Man, an Heir of Death, a Slave
  To Sin, a Bubble on the Wave!
- 5. Yea, let Man rage! fince thou wilt fpread Thy shadowing Wings around my Head; Since in all Pain thy tender Love Will still my sweet Refreshment prove.
- 6. Saviour of Men! thy fearching Eye
  Does all my inmost Thoughts descry:
  Doth Ought on Earth my Wishes raise,
  Or the World's Favour, or its Praise
- 7. The Love of Christ does me constrain
  To feek the wand ring Souls of Men;
  With Cries, Intreaties Tears, to fave,
  To fnatch them from the gaping Grave.
- 3. For this let Men revile my Name; No Cross I shun, I fear no Shame: 7

AH

- All Hail, Reproach, and welcome Pain! Only thy Terrors, Lord, restrain.
- 9. My Life, my Blood I here prefent, If for thy Truth they may be fpent; Fulfil thy Sov'reign Counfel, Lord! Thy Will be done, thy Name ador'd!
- 10. Give me thy Strength, O God of Pow'r!
  Then let Winds blow, or Thunders roar,
  Thy faithful Witness will I be:
  'Tis fix'd! I can do all through Thec.

### H Y M N CCLVIII.

God far above Creatures; or, Man vain and Mortal, Job iv. 17-21.

- I. SHALL the vile Race of Flesh and Blood.

  Contend with their Creator, God!

  Shall mortal Worms presume to be

  More Holy, Wise, or Just than He?
- 2. Behold, he puts his Trust in none
  Of all the Spirits round his Throne;
  Their Natures, when compar'd with his,
  Are neither Holy, Just, nor Wife.
- 3. But how much meaner Things are they
  Who fpring from Duft, and dwell in Clay!
  Touch'd by the Finger of thy Wrath,
  We faint and vanish like the Moth.
- 4. From Night to Day, from Day to Night, We die by Thousands in thy Sight; Bury'd in Dust whole Nations lie Like a forgotten Vanity.
- 5. Almighty Pow'r, to Thee we bow; How frail are we! how glorious Thou! No more the Sons of Earth shall dare With an Eternal God compare.

HYMN

### H Y M N CCLIX.

CHRIST the Wisdom of God, Prov. viii. 1, 22-32.

I. S HALL Wifdom cry aloud,
And not her Speech be heard?
The Voice of God's Eternal Word,
Deferves it no Regard?

2. "I was his chief Delight,
"His Everlasting Son,

"Before the first of all his Works, "Creation, was begun.

[3. "Before the flying Clouds, "Before the folid Land,

" Before the Fields, before the Flood, "I dwelt at his Right Hand.

4. "When he adorn'd the Skies,4. And built them, I was there,4. To order when the Sun should rife,

"And marshal ev'ry star.

"And spread the flowing Deep,
I gave the Flood a firm Decree
In its own Bounds to keep.

5. " When he pour'd out the Sea,

6. "Upon the empty Air "The Earth was balanc'd well: With Joy I faw the Manfion where "The Sons of Mcn thould dwell.

My bufy Thoughts at first
 On their Salvation ran,
 E'er Sin was born, or Adam's Dust

"Was fashion'd to a Man.

Then come, receive my Grace, Ye Children, and be wife,

" Нарру

" Happy the Man that keeps my Ways, "The Man that shuns them dies".

### H Y M N CCLX.

The Brazen Serpent: or, Looking to Jesus.

- I. S O did the Hebrew Prophet raife
  The brazen Serpent high;
  The wounded felt immediate Eafe,
  The Camp forbore to die.
- "Look upward in the dying Hour, "And live," the Prophet cries, But Christ performs a nobler Cure, When Faith lifts up her Eyes.
- High on the Crofs the Saviour hung, High in the Heav'ns he reigns;
   Here Sinners, by th' old Serpent stung, Look and forget their Pains.
- 4. When God's own Son is lifted up A dying World revives; The Jew beholds the glorious Hope, Th' expiring Gentile lives.

#### H Y M N CCLXI.

### Holiness and Grace.

- I. S O let our Lips and Lives express
  The holy Gospel we profess;
  So let our Works and Virtues shine,
  To prove the Doctrine all Divine.
- 2. Thus shall we best proclaim abroad

  The Honours of our Saviour-God;

  When the Salvation reigns within,

  And Grace subdues the Pow'r of Sin.
- 3. Our Flesh and Sense must be deny'd,

Paffion and Envy, Luft and Pride; Whilst Justice, Temp'rance, Truth and Love, Our inward Piety approve.

A. Religion bears our Spirits up,
While we expect that bleffed Hope,
The bright Appearance of the Lord,
And Faith stands leaning on his Word.

### H Y M N CCLXII,

The Christian Warfare

- S TAND up, my Soul, shake off thy Fears, And gird the Gospel Armour on; March to the Gates of endless Joy, Where thy great Captain Saviour's gone.
- Hell and thy Sins refift thy Course, But Hell and Sins are vanquish'd Foes; Thy Jesus nail'd 'em to the Cross, And sung the Triumph when he rose.]
- [3. What though the Prince of Darkness rage, And waste the Fury of his Spite; Eternal Chains confine him down To fiery Deeps, and endless Night.
- 4. What though thy inward Lusts rebel;
  'Tis but a struggling Gasp for Life;
  The Weapons of victorious Grace
  Shall slay thy Sins, and end the Strife.]
- Then let my Soul march boldly on, Press forward to the heav'nly Gate, There Peace and Joy Eternal reign, And glitt'ring Robes for Conqu'rors wait.
- 6. There shall I wear a starry Crown,
  And Triumph in Almighty Grace,
  While all the Armies of the Skies
  Join in my glorious Leader's Praise.

HYMN

### HYMN CCLXIII.

To the Holy Ghoft.

- S TAY, thou infulted Spirit stay;
  Tho' I'have done thee such despite:
  Cast not a Sinner quite away,
  Nor take thine everlasting Flight.
- 2. Tho' I have most unfaithful been
  Of all, whoe'er thy Grace receiv'd,
  Ten Thousand Times thy Goodness seen,
  Ten Thousand Times thy Goodness griev'd:
- But O! the chief of Sinners spare, In Honour of my great High Priest; Nor in thy righteous Anger swear T' exclude me from thy People's Rest.
- 4. If yet thou canst my Sins forgive,
  Ev'n now O Lord, relieve my Woes;
  Me to thy Rest of Love receive,
  And bless me with a calm Repose,
- Ev'n now my weary Soul releafe,
   And raife me by thy gracious Hand;
   Guide me into thy perfect Peace,
   And bring me to the promif'd Land.

### H Y M N CCLXIV.

- 1. STILL out of the deepest Abyss
  Of Trouble I mournfully cry,
  And pine to recover my Peace,
  To see my Redeemer, and die.
  I cannot, I cannot forbear
  These Passionate Longings for Home:
  O when will my Spirit be there?
  O when will the Messenger come?
- 2. Thy Nature I long to put on,

Thine Image on Earth to regain,
And then in the Grave to lay down
My Burden of Body and Pain;
O Jesus in pity draw near,
And lull me to fleep on thy Breaft;
Appear, to my Rescue appear.
And gather me into thy Rest.

3. To take a poor Fugitive in,
The Arm of thy Mercy difplay,
And give me to rest from all Sin,
And bear me triumphant away:
Away from a World of Distress,
Away to the Mansions above,
The Heaven of seeing thy Face,
The Heaven of feeling thy Love.

### H Y M N CCLXV.

Christian Virtues; or The Difficulty of Conversion.

- I. S Trait is the Way, the Door is strait,
  That leads to Joys on High;
  'Tis but a few that find the Gate,
  While Crouds mistake and die.
- Beloved Self must be deny'd,
   The Mind and Will renew'd,
   Passion suppress'd and Patience try'd,
   And vain Desires subdu'd.
- [3. Flesh is a dang'rous Foe to Grace, Where it prevails and rules; Flesh must be humbled, Pride abas'd, Lest they destroy our Souls.
- 4. The Love of Gold be banish'd hence, (That vile Idolatry) And ev'ry Member, ev'ry Sense, In sweet Subjection lye.

- 5. The Tongue, that most unruly Pow'r,
  Requires a strong restraint;
  We must be watchful ev'ry Hour,
  And pray, but never faint.]
- 6. Lord! can a feeble, helples Worm
  Fulfil a Task so hard!
  Thy Grace must all my Works perform,
  And give the free Reward.

#### H Y M N CCLXVI.

The divided Heart lamented.

- STRANGE that so much of Heav'n and Hell Should in One Bosom meet;
  Lord, can thy Spirit ever dwell
  Where Satan has a Seat?
- Now I am all transform'd to Love, And could expire in Praise;
   Then soon net all the Joys above One chearful Note can raise.
- When I with penfive Thoughts review The Mazes I have trod, Aftonish'd at the Grace that drew My wand'ring Soul to God;
- 4. Oh with what ardent Zeal I Vow A recitude within! What Indignation fires me now, At the mear Thoughts of Sin!
- But vain Amusements, hurrying Cares, Trisles of Loss or Gain, Or Carnal Joys, or worldly Fears, Seduce my Heart again.
- 6. By faithful Hopes, and golden Dreams,

I'm nurtur'd or betray'd, Still tofs'd between the two Extremes, Too Vain, or too Difmay'd.

7. Decide the dubious awful Cafe,
By fome affuring Sign;
And oh may thy all conqu'ring Grace
Declare that I am Thine!

# HYMN CCLXVII.

A Pfalm for the Lord's Day.

- SWEET is the Work, my God my King, To praife thy Name, give Thanks and fing; To fhew thy Love by morning Light, And talk of all thy Truth at Night.
- 2. Sweet is the Day of facred Reft, No mortal Cares shall seize my Breast; O may my Heart in Tune be found Like David's Harp of solemn Sound!
- 3. My Heart shall Triumph in my Lord,
  And bless his Works, and bless his Word;
  Thy Works of Grace, how bright they shine!
  How deep thy Counsels! how Divine!
- 4. Fools never raife their Thoughts fo high; Like Brutes they live, like Brutes they die; Like Grafs they flourish, till thy Breath Blast them in everlasting Death.
- 5. But I shall share a glorious Part When Grace hath well resin'd my Heart, And fresh Supplies of Joy are shed Like holy Oil to chear my Head.
- 6. Sin (my worst Enemy before)
  Shall vex my Eyes and Ears no more;

My inward Foes shall all be slain, Nor Satan break my Peace again.

 Then shall I fee, and hear, and know All I desir'd or wish'd below; And ev'ry Pow'r find sweet Employ In that Eternal World of Joy.



#### H Y M N CCLXVIII.

The Vanity of Men as Mortal.

- I. T E A C H me the Measure of my Days,
  Thou Maker of my Frame;
  I would Survey Life's narrow Space,
  And learn how frail 1 am,
- A Span is all that we can boaft, An Inch or two of Time;
   Man is but Vanity and Dust In all his Flow'r and Prime.
- 3. See the vain Race of Mortals move Like Shadows o'er the Plain, They Rage and Strive, Defire and Love, But all the Noife is vain.
- 4. Some walk in Honour's gaudy show,
  Some dig for golden Ore,
  They Toil for Heirs they know not who,
  And strait are seen no more.
- 5. What should I wish or wait for then From Creatures Earth and Dust?
  They make our Expectations vain,
  And disappoint our Trust.
- 6. Now I forbid my Carnal Hope,

My fond Defires recall; I give my mortal Int'reft up.
And make my Gop my ali.

### H Y M N CCLXIX.

The Everlasting Absence of God intolerable.

- The AT awful Day will furely come, The appointed Hour makes hafte, When I must stand before my Judge, And pass the solemn Test.
- Thou lovely Chief of all my Joys, Thou Sov'reign of my Heart, How could I bear to hear thy Voice Pronounce the Sound, Depart?
- [3. The Thunder of that difmal Word Would fo torment my Ear, 'Twould tear my Soul afunder, Lord, With most Tormenting Fear.]
- [4. What, to be banish'd from my Life,
  And yet forbid to die?
  To linger in eternal Pain,
  Yet Death for ever fly?]
- 5. O wretched State of deep Defpair, To fee my God remove, And fix my doleful Station where I must not taste his Love.
- Jefus, I throw my Arms around, And hang upon thy Breaft; Without a gracious Smile from Thee, My Spirit cannot reft.
- 7. O! tell me that my worthless Name Is graven on thy Hands,

Ω

Shew me some Promise in thy Book Where my Salvation stands!

[8. Give me one kind affuring Word To fink my Fears again; And chearfully my Soul shall wait Her Threescore Years and Ten.]

### H Y M N. CCLXX.

The Believer's Safety.

- I. THAT Man no Guard or Weapon needs,
  Whose Heart the Blood of Jesus knows;
  But safe may pass, if Duty leads,
  Thro' burning Sands or Mountain Snows.
- 2. Releas'd from Guilt he feels no Fear, Redemption is his Shield and Tow'r; He fees his Saviour always near To help in ev'ry trying Hour.
  - Tho' I am weak, and Satan ftrong, And often to Affault me tries;
     When Jefus is my Shield and Song, Abash'd the Wolf before me flies.
  - q. His Love possessing, I am blest,
    Secure whatever Change may come;
    Whither I go to East or West,
    With him I still shall be at Home.
  - If plac'd beneath the Northern Pole,
     Tho' Winter reigns with Vigor there;
     His gracious Beams would cheer my Soul,
     And make a Spring throughout the Year.
  - 6. Or if the Defart's Sun-burnt Soil,
    My lonely Dwelling e'er should prove,
    His Presence would support my Toil,
    Whose smile is Life, whose Voice is Love.
    HYMN

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#### H YM N CCLXXI.

Noah preserved in the Ark, and Believers in Christ, I Pet. iii, 20. 21.

- THE Deluge, at th' Almighty's Call, In what impetuous Streams it fell! Swallow'd the Mountains in its Rage, And fwept a guilty World to Hell.
- In vain the tallest Sons of Pride, Fled from the close pursuing Wave; Nor could the mightiest Tow'rs defend, Nor Swiftness 'scape, nor Courage save,
- 3. How dire the Wreck! how loud the Roar!
  How fhrill the Univerfal! Cry
  Of Millions in the last Defpair,
  Re-echo'd from the lowering Sky!
- 4. Yet Noah, humble happy Saint.
  Surrounded with the Chofen Few,
  Sat in his Ark, fecure from Fear,
  And fang the Grace that freer'd him thro'.
- 5. So I may fing, in Jesus fafe,
  While Storms of Vengeance round me fall,
  Confcious how high my Hopes are fix'd,
  Beyond what shakes this earthly Ball.
- 6. Enter thine Ark, while Patience waits,
  Nor ever quit that fure Retreat:
  Then the wide Flood, which buries Earth,
  Shall waft thee to a fairer Seat.
- Nor Wreck nor Ruin there is feen;
   There not a Wave of Trouble rolls;
   But the bright Rainbow round the Throne Seals endless Life to all their Souls.

### H Y M N CCLXXII.

The Fountain of Christ, Zech. xiii, 1.

I. T H E Fountain of Christ
Affist me to sing,
The Blood of our Priest,
Our crucify'd King;
Which perfectly cleanses
From Sin, and from Filth;
And richly dispenses
Salvation and Health.

2. This Fountain fo dear
He'll freely impart;
Unlock'd by the Spear,
It gush'd from his Heart,
With Blood, and with Water,
The first to atone,
To cleanse us the Latter,
The Fountain's but One.

3. This Fountain is fuch
(As Thousands can tell)
The Moment we touch
It's Streams, we are well.
All Waters beside them
Are full of the Curse;
For all that have try'd them
Swell, rot, and grow worse.

4. This Fountain, fick Soul,
Recovers thee quite;
Bathe here, and be whole;
Wash here and be white;
Whatever Diseases
Or Dangers befal,
The Fountain of Jesus
Will rid thee of all.

5. This Fountain from Guilt
Not only makes pure,
And gives, foon as felt,
Infallible Cure;
But if Guilt removed,
Return and remain,
Its Pow'r may be proved
Again, and again.

6. This Fountain unfeal'd, Stands open for all, That long to be heal'd, The Great and the Small; Here's Strength for the Weakly, That hither are led: Here's Health for the Sickly; Here's Life for the Dead.

7. This Fountain tho' rich,
From Charge is quite clear;
The poorer the Wretch
The welcomer here;
Come Needy, come Guilty,
Come loathfome and bare;
You can't come too Filthy,
Come just as you are.

This Fountain in vain
 Has never been try'd,
 It takes out all Stain
 Whenever apply'd;
 The Water flows fweetly
 With Virtue Divine,
 To cleanfe Souls completely,
 Tho' Leprous as mine.

#### H Y M N CCLXXIII.

CHRIST'S Kingdom and Majesty.

- 1. THE GOD JEHOVAH reigns,
  Let all the Nations fear;
  Let Sinners tremble at his Throne,
  And Saints be humble there.
- 2. Jesus the Saviour reigns,
  Let Earth adore its Lord;
  Bright Cherubs his Attendants stand,
  Swift to fulfil his Word.
  - 3. In Zion is his Throne,
    His Honours are Divine;
    His Church shall make his Wonders knows.
    For there his Glories shine.
  - 4. How holy is his Name!
    How terrible his Praise!
    Justice and Truth and Judgment join,
    In all his Works of Grace.

#### H Y M N CCLXXIV.

The Reflection of a baptized Believer-He went on his Way rejoicing, Acts viii. 39.

- Y. / HE holy Eunuch, when baptiz'd,
  Went on his Way with Joy:
  And who can tell what rapturous Thoughts,
  Did then his Mind employ?
- "Is that most glorious Saviour mine"
  "Of whom I lately read?"
  "Who bearing all my Sins and Griefs,
  "Was number'd with the Dead?"
- 3. "Is he who bursting from the Grave; "Now reigns above the Sky

"My Advocate before the Throne, "My Portion when I die!

4. "Have I profess'd his holy Name?
"Do I his Gospel bear
"To Ethiopia's scorched Lands,

"And shall I spread it there?

5. "Blefs'd Pool! in which I lately lay, "And left my Fears behind; "What an unworthy Wretch am I! "And Gop profufely kind!

6. "Bles'd Emblen of that precious Blood "Which fatisfy'd for Sin; "And of that renovating Grace, "Which makes the Confcience clean."

This Pattern, Lord, with facred joy
Help us to keep in View;
 The fame our Work, the fame, O make
Our Confolation too.

#### H Y M N CCLXXV.

It is finished, John 19, 30.

I. "'IS finish'd," the Redcemer faid,
And meekly bow'd his dying Head,
Whilst we this Sentence scan,
Come, Sinners, and observe the Word.
Behold the Conquests of the Lord,
Compleat for helpless Man.

 Finish'd the Righteousness of Grace, Finish'd for Sinners pard'ning Peace; Their mighty Debt is paid: Accusing Law cancell'd by Blood, And Wrath of an offended God In sweet Oblivion laid.

- 3. Who now shall urge a second Claim?
  The Law no longer can condemn,
  Faith a Release can shew:
  Justice itself a Friend appears,
  The Prison House a whisper hears,
  "Loose him, and let him go."
- 4. O Unbelief, injurious Bar!
  Source of tormenting, fruitless Fear,
  Why dost thou yet reply!
  Where'er thy loud Objections fall,
  ''Tis finish'd' ftill may answer all,
  And silence ev'ry Cry.
- 5. His Toil divinely finish'd stands, But ah! the Praise his Work demands, Careful may we attend! Conclusion to our Souls be this, Because Salvation finish'd is, Our Thanks shall never End.

#### H Y M N CCLXXVI.

Who hath despised the Day of small Things? Zech.iv, 10.

- HE Lord that made both Heav'n and Earth,
  And was himself made Man,
  Lay in the Womb before his Birth,
  Contracted to a Span:
- Matur'd by Time 'till forth he came,
   A Babe like others feen;
   As finall in Size, and weak of Frame,
   As Babes have always been.
- From thence he grew an Infant mild, By fair and due Degrees;
   And then became a bigger Child, And fat on Mary's Knees.

- 4. At first held up for want of Strength, In Time alone he ran;
  Then grew a Boy; a Lad at Length A Youth; at last a Man.
- 5. Behold from what beginnings finall! Our great Salvation rose! The Strength of God is own'd by all; But who his Weakness knows?
- Thus Souls that would to Heav'n attain, Must Jacob's Ladder climb;
   And Step by Step the Summit gain, In Measure and in Time.
- 7. Let not the Strong the Weak defpife; Their Faith, tho small, is true; Tho' low they feem in others Eyes; Their Sav'our feem'd so too.
- 8. Nor meanly of the Tempted think; For, oh what Tongue can tell, How low the Lord of Life must fink, Before he vanquish'd Hell!
- The least Believer is a Saint, And if our Growth be flow, We should not therefore tire and faint, Since Christ himself could grow.
- 10. As in the Days of Flesh he grew, In knowledge, Stature, Grace, So in the Soul that's born anew, He keeps a gradual Pace.
- Than on his Throne Supreme:
  His Shoulders held up Heav'n and Earth,
  When Mary held up him.

#### H Y M N CCLXXVII.

The last Judgment: or, The Saints rewarded.

- 1. THE LORD, the Judge, before his Throne
  Bids the whole Earth draw nigh;
  The Nations near the rifing Sun,
  And near the Western Sky.
- No more shall bold Blasphemers say,
   Judgment will ne'er begin;"
   No more abuse his long Delay,
   To Impudence and Sin.
- 3. Thron'd on a Cloud our God shall come, Bright Flames prepare his Way; Thunder and Darkness, Fire and Storm Lead on the dreadful Day.
- 4. Heav'n from above his Call shall hear,
  Attending Angels come,
  And Earth and Hell shall know and fear,
  His Justice and their Doom.
- 5. "But gather all my Saints," (he cries,)
  "That made their Peace with God
- "By the Redeemer's Sacrifice,
  "And feal'd it with his Blood.
- 6. "Their Faith and Works brought forth to Light, Shall make the World confess
  - " My Sentence of Reward is right,
    " And Heav'n adore my Grace."

#### H Y M N CCLXXVIII

Angels ministring to CHRIST and Saints.

1. HE Majesty of Solomon!
How glorious to behold!
The Servants waiting round his Throne,
The Iv'ry and the Gold!

2. But

But mighty God! thy Palace shines
 With far superior Beams;
 Thine Angel Guards are swift as Winds,
 Thy Ministers are Flames.

[3. Soon as thine only Son had made His Ent'rance on the Earth, A shining Army downward sled, To clebrate his Birth.

4. And, when opprest with Pains and Fears,
On the cold Ground he lies,
Behold a heav'nly Form appears,
T' allay his Agonies.]

 Now to the Hands of Christ our King, Are all their Legions giv'n;
 They wait upon his Saints and bring, His chosen Heirs to Heav'n.

 Pleasure and Praise run thro' their Host To see a Sinner turn;
 Then Satan has a Captive lost, And Christ a Subject born.

 But there's an Hour of brighter Joy, When he his Angels fends, Obstinate Rebels to destroy, And gather in his Friends.

O! could I fay, without a Doubt,
 There shall my Soul be found,
 Then let the great Arch-Angel shout,
 And the last Trumper sound.

#### H Y M N CCLXXIX,

Our Lord Jesus at his own Table.

[1. THE Mem'ry of our dying Lord Awakes a thankful Tongue;

How

How rich he fpreads his Royal Board, And bless'd the Food, and fung.

- Happy the Men that eat this Bread, But doubly-bless'd was he That gently bow'd his loving Head, And lean'd it, Lord on Thee.
- 3. By Faith the fame Delights we taste
  As that great Fav'rite did,
  And fit and lean on Jesus' Breast;
  And take the heav'nly Bread.]
- Down from the Palace of the Skies
   Hither the King defeends,
   Come, my Beloved eat (he cries)
   And drink Salvation, Friends.
- [5. "My Flesh is Food and Physick too,
  "A Balm for all your Pains;
  "And the red Streams of Pardon flow
  "From these my pierced Veins."]
- 6. Hofanna to his bounteous Love For fuch a Feaft below! And yet he feeds his Saints above With nobler Bleffings too.
- [7. Come the dear Day, the glorious Hour, That brings our Souls to reft! Then we shall need these Types no more, But dwell at th' heav'nly Feast.]

#### H Y M N CCLXXX.

#### Perseverance.

THE Sinner that by precious Faith,
Has felt his Sins forgiv'n.
Is, from that Moment, pass'd from Death,
And seal'd an Heir of Heav'n.

2. Tho'

- Tho' thousand Snares enclose his Feet, Not one shall hold him fast;
   Whatever Dangers he may meet, He shall get safe at last.
- 3. Not as the World the Saviour given, He is no fickle Friend, Whom once he Loves, he never leaves; But loves him to the End.
- 4. The Spirit that would this Truth withstand,
  Would pull God's Temple down,
  Wrest Jesu's Sceptre from his Hand,
  And spoil him of his Crown.
- Satan might then full Vict'ry boaft
   The Church might wholly fall;
   If one Believer may be loft,
   It follows, fo may all.
- 6. But Christ in ev'ry Age has prov'd His Purchase firm and true, If this Foundation be remov'd, What shall the Righteous do ?
- 7. Brethren by this your Claim abide, This Title to your Blifs; Whatever Lofs you bear befide, Oh, never give up this.

### H Y M N CCLXXXI

#### Tribulation.

- THE Souls that would to Jefus prefs, Muft fix this firm and fure; That Tribulation, more or lefs, They muft and shall endure.
- 2. From this there can be none exempt; 'Tis God's own wife Decree,

Satan the weakest Saint will tempt, Nor is the strongest free.

- 3. The World opposes from without,
  And Unbelief within;
  We fear, we faint, we grieve, we doubt,
  And feel the Load of Sin.
- 4. Glad Frames too often lift us up;
  And then how proud we grow !
  'Till fad Defertion makes us droop;
  And down we fink as low.
- Ten Thousand Baits the Foes prepares
   To catch the wand'ring Heart;
   And seldom do we see the Snares,
   Before we feel the Snart.
- But let not all this terrify, Purfue the narrow Path;
   Look to the Lord with stedfast Eye And fight with Hell by Faith.
- 7. Tho' we are feeble, Christ is strong,
  His Promises are true,
  We shall be Conqu'rors all ere long,
  And more than Conqu'rors too.

#### H Y M N CCLXXXII.

- THE one thing needful, that good Part.
  Which Mary chofe with all her Heart,
  I would purfue with Heart and Mind,
  And feek unweary'd till I find.
- 2. But, oh! I'm blind and Ignorant,
  The Epirit of the Lord I want;
  To guide me in the narrow Road,
  That leads to Happiness and God.
- 3, O Lord, my God to Thee I pray,

Teach me to know, and find the Way How I may have my Sins forgiv'n, And fafe, and furely get to Heav'n.

- 4. My Mind enlighten with thy Light, That I may understand aright The glorious Gospel Mystery, Which shews the Way to Heav'n and Thee.
- 5. Hidden in Christ the Treasure lies, That goodly Pearl of so great Price; No other Way but Christ, there is To endless Happiness and Bliss.
- 6. O Jesus Christ, my Lord and God, Who hast redeem'd me by thy Blood; Unite my Heart so fast to Thee, That we may never parted be.

#### H Y M N CCLXXXIII.

- The Saints appear to tread the Courts
  Of their dear God below;
  Behold the Multitude reforts
  To hear the Trumpet blow.
- Lord God appear for our Relief, What can we do alone?
   Come Saviour, banish Unbelief And take us for thine own.
- Our Eyes O Lord, are unto thee, Affift us, Lord, we pray;
   O may thy Spirit Prefent be!
   O Lord, thy Power display.
- Jefus, let us thy Gofpel hear, Teach us to know thy Voice;
   Make ev'ry flubborn Sinner fear, And all thy Saints rejoice.

- 5. Come Lord, nor let us be difmay'd; Lord, hear thy People pray; And let thy Mercy be difplay'd Amongst us here this Day.
- May Sinners hear thy pow'rful Call, And thy Salvation fee;
   So shall our Hearts, both One and All, Sing Songs of Praise to thee.

#### H Y M N CCLXXXIV.

- The Sun of Righteousness appears,
  To set in Blood no more!
  Adore the scatt'rer of your Fears,
  Your rising Sun adore.
- The Saints, when he refign'd his Breath, Unclos'd their fleeping Eyes; He breaks again the Bands of Death, Again the Dead arife.
- 3. Alone the dreadful Race he ran, Alone the Wine-Press trod; He dy'd, and suffer'd as a Man, He rises as a God.
- 4. In vain the Stone, the Watch, the Seal,
  Forbid an early Rife,
  To him who breaks the Gates of Hell,
  And opens Paradife.

#### H Y M N CCLXXXV.

Frail Life and succeeding Eternity.

t. THEE we adore, Eternal Name!
And humbly own to Thee,
How feeble is our mortal Frame,
What dying Worms are we!

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- 2.] Our wasting Lives grow shorter still,
  As Months and Days increase;
  And ev'ry beating Pulse we tell,
  Leaves but the Number less.
- 3. The Year rolls round, and steals away
  The Breath that first it gave;
  Whate'er we do, where'er we be,
  We're trav'ling to the Grave.]
- 4. Dangers ftand thick thro' all the Ground,
  To push us to the Tomb;
  And fierce Diseases wait around,
  To hurry Mortals home.
- 5. Good God! on what a flender Thread Hang Everlafting Things! Th' Eternal States of all the Dead Upon Life's feeble Strings.
- 6. Infinite Joy, or wretched Woe, Attends on every Breath; And yet how unconcern'd we go Upon the Brink of Death!
- Waken, O Lord, our drowfy Senfe, To walk this dang'rous Road;
   And if our Souls are hurry'd hence, May they be found with God.

#### H Y M N CCLXXXVI.

Death and immediate Glory.

- I. HERE is a House not made with Hands
  Eternal, and on High,
  And here my Spirit waiting stands,
  'Till God shall bid it sty.
- Shortly this Prison of my Clay Must be dissolv'd and fall;

The

Then, O my Soul, with Joy obey Thy heav'nly Father's Call.

- 3. 'Tis he, by his Almighty Grace,
  That forms thee fit for Heav'n;
  And as an Earnest of the Place,
  Has his own Spirit giv'n.
- 4. We walk by Faith of Joys to come; Faith lives upon his Word; But while the Body is our Home, We're absent from the LORD.
- 5. 'Tis pleasant to believe thy Grace,
  But we had rather see;
  We would be absent from the Flesh,
  And present, Lord, with thee.

#### H Y M N CCLXXXVII.

The Martyrs Glorified, Rev. vii. 13, &c.

- THESE glorious Minds how bright they
  Whence all their white Array? [shine!
  How came they to the happy Seats
  Of Everlasting Day?
- From tort'ring Pains to endless Joys,
   On fiery Wheels they rode,
   And strangely wash'd their Raiments white
   In Jesus dying Blood.
- 3. Now they approach a fpotless God,
  And bow before his Throne;
  Their warbling Harps and facred Songs
  Adore the Holy One.
- 4. The unveil'd Glories of his Face Amongst his Saints reside, While the rich Treasure of his Grace Sees all their Wants supply'd.

5. Tor-

- Tormenting Thirst shall leave their Souls, And Hunger slee as fast;
   The Fruit of Life's immortal Tree Shall be their sweet Repast.
- 6. The Lamb shall lead his heav'nly Flock Where living Fountains rife, And Love Divine shall wipe away The Sorrows of their Eyes.

#### H Y M N CCLXXXVIII.

Saints dwell in Heaven, or CHRIST'S Ascension.

- And Men and Worms, and Beafts and He rais'd the Buildings on the Seas, [Birds; 'And gave it for their Dwelling Place.
- 2. But there's a brighter World on high, Thy Palace, Lord, above the Sky, Who shall ascend that blest Abode? And dwell so near his Maker Gop?
- He that abhors and Fears to Sin,
   Whose Heart is pure, whose Hands are clean,
   Him shall the Lord the Saviour bless,
   And Clothe his Soul with Righteousness.
- 4. These are the Men, the Pious Race,
  That seek the God of Jacob's Face;
  They shall enjoy the blissful Sight,
  And dwell in Everlasting Light.
- 5. Rejoice ye shining Worlds on High,
  Behold the King of Glory's nigh;
  Who can this King of Glory be?
  The Mighty LORD, the Saviour's He.
- 6. Ye heav'nly Gates, your Leaves display
  To make the Lord the Saviour Way;
  R 2
  Laden

Laden with Spoils from Earth and Hell,
The Conqu'ror comes with God to dwell.

 Rais'd from the Dead, he goes before, He opens Heav'n's Eternal Door, To give his Saints a bleft Abode, Near their Redeemer and their Gop.

#### H Y M N CCLXXXIX.

Jericho; or the Waters healed.

THO' Jericho pleafantly stood,
And look'd like a promising Soil;
The Harvest produc'd little Food,
To answer the Husbandman's Toil:
The Water some Property had,
Which poisonous prov'd to the ground;
The Springs were corrupted and bad,
The Streams spread a Barrenness round.

2. But foon by the cruife and the Salt,
Prepar'd by Elisha's Command,
The Water was cur'd of its Fault
And Plenty enriched the Land:
An Emblem sure this of the Grace
On fruitless dead Sinners bestow'd;
For Man is in Jericho's Case,
Till cur'd by the Mercy of God.

3. How noble a Creature he feems!

What Knowledge, Invention, and Skill!

How large and extensive his Schemes!

How much can He do if He will!

His Zeal to be learned and Wife,

Will yield to no Limits or Bars;

He Measures the Earth and the Skies,

And Numbers and Marshals the Stars.

1. Yet still he is barren of Good;

In vain are his Talents and Art;
For Sin has infected his Blood,
And poison'd the Streams of his Heart:
The Cockatrice Eggs he can hatch,
Or, Spider-like, Cobwebs can Weave;
'Tis Madness to Labour and Watch
For what will destroy and deceive.

5. But Grace, like the Salt in the Cruife,
When cast in the Spring of the Soul,
A wonderful Change will produce,
Diffusing new Life thro' the Whole:
The Wilderness blooms like a Rose,
The Heart which was vile and abhorr'd,
Now fruitful and beautiful grows,
The Garden and Joy of the Lord.

#### H Y M N CCXC.

Longing after Christ.

THOU Shepherd of Ifrael, and mine,
The Joy, and Defire of my Heart;
For closer Communion I pine,
I long to refide where Thou art:
The Patture I Ianguish to find,
Where all, who their Shepherd obey,
Are fed, on thy Bosom reclin'd,
Are screen'd from the Heat of the Day.

2. Ah! shew me that happiest Place,
That Place of thy People's Abode;
Where Saints in an Extacy gaze,
And hang on a crucify'd God:
Thy Love for a Sinner declare,
Thy Passion and Death on the Tree;
My Spirit to Calvary bear,
To suffer, and Triumph with Thee.

3. 'Tis there with the Lambs of thy Flock,
R 3 There

There only I covet to reft;
To lie at the Foot of the Rock,
Or rife to be hid in thy Breaft;
'Tis there I wou'd always abide,
And never a Moment depart,
Conceal'd in the Cleft of thy Side,
Eternally held in thine Heart.

#### HYMN CCXCI.

An Evening Song.

- [1. THOU Sov'reign, let my Ev'ning Song Like holy Incense rise; Assist the Off'rings of my Tongue To reach the losty Skies.
- Thro' all the Dangers of the Day Thy Hand was still my Guard, And still to drive my Wants away Thy Mercy stood prepar'd.]
- Perpetual Bleffings from above Encompass me around,
   But O how few Returns of Love Hath my Creator found!
- 4. What have I done for him that dy'd
  To fave my wretched Soul?
  How are my Follies multiply'd,
  Fast as the Minutes roll.
- 5. Lord, with this guilty Heart of mine,
  To thy dear Crofs I flee,
  And to thy Grace my Soul refign,
  To be renew'd by Thee.
- 6. Sprinkled afresh with pard'ning Blood,
  I lay me down to rest,

As in th' Embraces of my God, Or on my Saviour's Breaft.

#### H YM'N CCXCII.

The Lord will provide.

1. THO' Troubles affail,
And Dangers affright,
Tho' Friends should all fail,
And Foes all unite;
Yet one Thing Secures us,
Whatever betide,
The Scripture affures us,
"The Lord will provide."

2. The Birds without barn
Or Storehouse are fed,
From them let us learn
To trust for our Bread:
His Saints, what is sitting,
Shall ne'er be deny'd,
So long as 'tis written
"The Lord will provide,"

3. We may, like the Ships,
By Tempests be tost
On perilous Deeps,
But cannot be lost:
Tho' Satan enrages
The Wind and the Tide,
The Promise engages,
"The Lord will provide."

4. His Call we obey
Like Abra'm of old,
Not knowing our Way,
But Faith makes us bold;
For tho' we are Strangers
We have a good Guide,
R A

And trust in all Dangers, "The Lord will provide."

5. When Satan appears
To ftop up our Path
And fills us with Fears,'
We Triumph by Faith;
He cannot take from us,
Tho' oft' he has try'd,
This Heart cheering Promife,
"The Lord will provide."

6. He tells us we're weak,
Our Hope is in vain,
The Good that we feek
We ne'er shall obtain;
But when such Suggestions
Our Spirits have ply'd,
This answers all Questions,
"The Lord will provide."

7. No Strength of our own, Or Goodness we claim, Yet since we have known The Saviour's great Name, In this our strong Tower For Safety we hide, The Lord is our Power, "The Lord will provide."

8. When Life finks apace,
And Death is in View,
This Word of his Grace
Shall Comfort us thro';
No Fearing or Doubting
With Christ on our Side,
We hope to die shouting,
"The Lord will provide."

#### H Y M N CCXCIII.

Agur's Wish, Proverbs, xxx. 7, 8, 9.

HUS Agur breath'd his warm Defire:

"My God, two Favors I require,

"In neither my Request deny,

"Vouchase them both before I die.

- "Far from my Heart and Tents exclude
   Those Enemies to all that's Good,
   Folly, whose Pleasures end in Death,
   And Falshood's pestilential Breath:
- 3. "Be neither Wealth nor Want my Lot;
  "Below the Dome, above the Cot,
  "Let me my Life unanxious lead,
  "And know not Luxury nor Need."
- 4. These Wishes, Lord, we make our own O shed in Moderation down Thy Bounties, 'till this Mortal Breath, Expiring Tunes thy Praise in Death!
- But should'it thou large Possessions give, May we with Thankfulness receive The Good and—still our God adore, And bless the Needy from our Store.
- Or should we feel the Pains of Want, Submission, Resignation grant, Till thou shalt send the wish'd Supply, Or call us to the Blis on high.

#### H Y M N CCXCIV.

An Evening Hymn.

Thus far the Lord has led me on,
Thus far his Pow'r prolongs my Days:
And ev'ry Ev'ning shall make known
Some fresh Memorial of his Grace.

R 5 2. Much

- Much of my Time has run to waste,
   And I perhaps am near my Home;
   But he forgives my Follies past,
   He gives me Strength for Days to come.
- 3. 1 lay my Body down to fleep;
  Peace is the Pillow for my Head;
  While well-appointed Angels keep
  Their watchful Stations round my Bed.
- 4. In vain the Sons of Earth or Hell
  Tell me a thousand frightful Things;
  My God in Saf'ty makes me dwell
  Beneath the Shadow of his Wings.
- [5. Faith in his Name forbids my Fear:
  O may thy Presence ne'er depart!
  And in the Morning make me hear
  The Love and Kindness of thy Heart.
- 6. Thus when the Night of Death shall come, My Flesh shall rest beneath the Ground, And wait thy Voice to rouse my Tomb, With sweet Salvation in the Sound.

#### H Y M N CCXCV.

Goddwells with the Humble and Penitent Isa. 57, 15.16.

- THUS faith the High and lofty One,
  "I fit upon my holy Throne;
  "My Name is God, I dwell on High,
  "Dwell in my own Eternity.
- Dwell in my own Eternity.
- But I defcend on Worlds below,
   On Earth I have a Mansion too;
   The humble Spirit and contrite
  - " Is an Abode of my Delight.
- 3. "The humble Soul my Words revve, "I bid the mourning Sinner live;

" Heal all the broken Hearts I find,

" And ease the Sorrows of the Mind.

[4." When I contend against their Sin,
"I make them know how vile they've been;

" But should my Wrath for ever smoke,

" Their Souls would fink beneath my Stroke."

5. O may thy pard'ning Grace be nigh, Lest we should faint, despair and die! Thus shall our better Thoughts approve The Methods of thy chaft'ning Love. ?

#### H Y M N. CCXCVI.

After Baptism.

- In Jordan's fwelling Flood: Thus one Day also was baptiz'd In Tears, and Sweat, and Blood.
- 2. Thus was his facred Body laid Beneath the yielding Wave: Thus was his facred Body rais'd Out of the liquid Grave.
- 3. The mystick Rite his Death describ'd; His Burial did foreshew, The Quick'ning of his facred Flesh; His Resurrection too.
- 4. Lord, thy own Precept we obey; In thy own Footsteps tread; We die; are buried; rise with thee From Regions of the Dead.
- 5. Spirit of Grace, and Truth, and Love, Thy Pow'r on us display; Approve our Acts, and feal our Souls To the Redemption Day.

HYMN

#### H Y M N CCXCVII.

Defire of Knowledge: Or, The Teaching of the Spirit with the Word.

- THY Mercies fill the Earth, O Lord,
  How good thy Works appear!
  Open mine Eyes to read thy Word,
  And fee thy Wonders there.
- My Heart was fashion'd by thy Hand, My Service is thy Due;
   O make thy Servant understand The Duties he must do.
- 3. Since I'm a Stranger here below,
  Let not thy Path be hid;
  But mark the Road my Feet should go,
  And be my constant Guide.
- 4. When I confefs'd my wand'ring Ways, Thou heard'it my Soul complain; Grant me the teachings of thy Grace, Or I shall stray again.
- If God to me his Statutes shew, And heav'nly Truths impart, His Work for Ever I'll pursue, His Law shall rule my Heart.
- 6. This was my Comfort when I bore
  Variety of Grief;
  It made me learn thy Word the more
  And fly to that relief.
- [7. In vain the Proud deride me now; I'll ne'er forget thy Law, Nor let that bleffed Gofpel go, Whence all my Hopes I draw.
- 2. When I have learn'd my Father's Will,
  I'll teach the World his Ways;

My thankful Lips, inspir'd with Zeal Shall loud pronounce his Praise.]

#### H Y M N CCXCVIII,

- I. 'I IS a Point I long to know,
  Oft it causes anxious Thought,
  Do I love the Lord or no?
  Am I His, or am I not?
- 2. If I love, why am I thus? Why this dull and lifeless Frame? Hardly, sure, can they be worse, Wo have never heard his Name!
- 3. Could my Heart fo hard remain, Pray'r a Taik and Burden prove; Ev'ry Trifle gives me Pain, If I knew a Saviour's Love?
- 4. When I turn my Eyes within,
  All is Dark, and Vain and Wild;
  Fill'd with Unbelief and Sin,
  Can I deem myfelf a Child?
- 5. If I pray, or hear, or read, Sin is mix'd with all I do; You that Love the Lord indeed, Tell me, Is it thus with you?
- 6. Yet I mourn, my flubborn Will, Find my Sin a Grief and Thrall; Should I grieve for what I feel, If I did not love at all?
- 7. Could I joy his Saints to meet, Choose the Ways I once abhorr'd, Find at Times, the promise Sweet, If I did not love the Lord?
- 8. LORD, decide the doubtful Case!

Thou, who art thy People's Sun; Shine upon thy Work of Grace, If it be indeed begun.

Let me love thee more and more,
 If I love at all, I pray;
 If I have not lov'd before,
 Help me to begin to Day.

### H Y M N CCXCIX,

Lord's Day Morning.

- TO DAY God bids the Faithful rest,
  To Day he show'rs his Grace;
  "Seek ye my Face," the Lord hath said,
  Lord, we will seek thy Face.
- 2. Come, let us leave the Things on Earth, With God's Affembly join; Lo! Heav'n descends to welcome Man, To taste the Things divine!
- We come, dear Saviour, lo! we come, Lord of our Life and Soul;
   We come difeas'd, and faint, and fick, Be pleas'd to make us whole.
- 4. We thirst, and sly to thee, O Lord,
  Thou Fountain-Head of Good;
  Filthy we come, and all Unclean,
  O cleanse us in thy Blood.
- 5. O may we please our God to day, May that be all our Care! Give, Lord, thy Grace, lest evil Thoughts Should mingle in our Pray'r.
- 6. Amid th' Assembly of thy Saints, Let us be faithful found:

And let us join in humble Pray'r, And in thy Praise abound.

 Let thy good Spirit help our Souls, With Faith thy Word to hear;
 Be with us in thy Temple, Lord. And let us find the near.

#### H Y M N CCC.

A Prayer for Persons joined in Fellowship.

- I. TRY us, O God, and fearch the Ground
  Of every finful Heart,
  Whate'er of Sin in us is found
  O bid it all depart.
- 2. When to the Right or Left we stray, Leave us not comfortless, But guide our Feet into the Way Of everlasting Peace.
- Help us to help each other Lord, Each others Cross to bear;
   Let each his friendly Aid afford, And feel his Brother's Care.
- 4. Help us to build each other up,
  Our little Stock improve,
  Increase our Faith, confirm our Hope,
  And persect us in Love.
- Up into thee the living Head, Let us in all Things grow, Till thou haft made us free indeed, And spotless here below.
- Then when the mighty Work is wrought Receive thy ready Bride, Give us in Heav'n a happy Lot, With all the Sanctify'd.

### HYMN CCCI.

- I. TWO are better far then One
  For Counsel or for Fight;
  How can One be warm alone?
  Or ferve his God aright?
  Join we then our Hearts and Hands:
  Each to love provoke his Friend;
  Run the Way of his Commands,
  And keep it to the End.
- 2. Wo to him whose Spirits droop!
  To him who falls alone!
  He has none to lift him up,
  To help his Weakness on:
  Happier we each other keep;
  We each others Burthens, bear,
  Never need our Footsteps slip,
  Upheld by mutual Pray'r.
- 3. Who of Twain has made us One,
  Maintains our Unity:
  Jefus is the Cornerstone,
  In whom we all agree:
  Servants of One common Lord,
  Sweetly of One Heart and Mind,
  Who can break a threefold Cord
  Or part whom God hath join'd!
- 4. Oh that all with us might prove
  The Fellowship of Saints!
  Find supply'd in Jesu's Love
  What ev'ry Member Wants!
  Grasp our high Callings prize!
  Feel our Sins on Earth forgiv'n!
  Rise, in his whole Image rise,
  And meet our Head in Heav'n;

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### H Y M N CCCII.

God our Preferver.

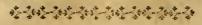
I. UPWARD I lift mine Eyes,
From God is all my Aid;
The God that built the Skies,
And Earth and Nature made;
God is the Tow'r
To which I fly;
His Grace is nigh
In ev'ry Hour.

2. My Feet shall never slide,
And fall in fatal Snares,
Since God, my Guard and Guide,
Defends me from my Fears,
Those wakeful Eyes,
That never sleed,
Shall Israel keed
When Dangers rise.

3. No burning Heats by Day,
Nor Blafts of evening Air,
Shall take my Health away,
If God be with me there:
Thou art my Sun,
And thou my Shade
To guard my Head,
By Night or Noon.

4. Hast thou not giv'n thy Word
To fave my Soul from Death?
And I can trust my Lord
To keep my Mortal Breath;
I'll go and come,
Nor fear to die,
Till from on High
Thou call me Home.

HYMN



#### HYMN CCCIII.

#### Death.

- I. VAIN Man thy fond Pursuits forbear; Repent; thy End is nigh, Death at the farthest can't be far; Oh, think before thou die!
- 2. Reflect, thou haft a Soul to fave,
  Thy Sins how high they Mount!
  What are thy Hopes beyond thy Grave!
  How ftands that dark Account!
- Death enters, and there's no Defence,
   His Time there's none can tell,
   He'll in a Moment call thee hence,
   To Heaven or to Hell.
- 4. Thy Flesh, perhaps thy chiefest Care, Shall crawling Worms consume, But ah, Destruction stops not there; Sin kills beyond the Tomb!
- 5. To Day, the Gospel calls, to Day:
  Sinners, it speaks to You;
  Let ev'ry one forsake his Way,
  And Mercy will ensue,
- Rich Mercy, dearly bought with Blood, How vile foe'er he be, Abundant Pardon, Peace with God; All giv'n entirely free.

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### H Y M N CCCIV.

The Church, the Garden of Ghrist, Sol. Song iv. 12, 13, 15, and v. 1.

- 1. WE are a Garden wall'd around, Chosen and made peculiar Ground; A little Spot, enclos'd by Grace, Out of the World's wild Wilderness.
- Like Trees of Myrrh and Spice we stand, Planted by God the Father's Hand; And all his Springs in Sion flow, To make the young Plantation grow.
- Awake, O heav'nly Wind, and come, Blow on this Garden of Perfume; Spirit Divine! defcend and breathe A gracious Gale on Plants beneath.
- 4. Make our best Spices flow abroad To entertain our Saviour God: And Faith, and Love, and Joy appear, And ev'ry Grace be active here.
- [5. Let my Beloved come and taste His pleasant Fruits at his own Feast; I come, my Spouse, I come, he cries, With Love and Pleasure in his Eyes.
- 6. Our Lord into his Garden comes, Well pleas'd to finell our poor Perfumes, And calls us to a Feast Divine, Sweeter than Honey, Milk, or Wine.
- 7. Eat of the Tree of Life my Friends, The Bleffings that my Father fends; Your Tafte shall all my Dainties prove, And drink abundance of my Love.

S 2 3. Jefus

8. Jefus, we will frequent thy Board,
And fing the Bounties of our Lord:
But the rich Food on which we live,
Demands more Praife than Tongues can give.

#### H Y M N CCCV.

- I. WE bless the Father and the Son,
  We bless the Holy Ghost likewise;
  We praise the facred Three in One,
  Who made our Souls from Sin to rise.
- Thy facred Precepts we receive,
   O Lord we bless thy holy Name,
   That thou should ever give us Leave,
   And charge us to obey the same.
- 3. It is an Honour to obey,

  Thy great Commands before all Men
  So we have trod the wat'ry Way,

  For in the Water Christ hath been.
- 4. This Ordinance O LORD we keep, According to thy wife Defign; Lord may we walk among thy Sheep; We feek no other Fold but thine.
- 5. LORD guide us by thy Counfel here, Till we this gloomy Vale have past: Save us from Sin, fave us from Fear, And bring us to thyself at Iast.

#### HYMN CCCVI.

Travelling in Birth for Souls.

I. WHAT contradictions meet
In Ministers Employ!
It is a bitter Sweet,
A Sorrow full of Joy:

No other Post affords a Place For equal Honour, or Difgrace!

- 2. Who can describe the Pain
  Which faithful Preachers feel;
  Constrain'd to speak, in vain,
  To Hearts as hard as Steel?
  Or who can tell the Pleasures felt,
  When stubborn Hearts begin to melt?
- 3. The Saviour's dying Love, The Soul's amazing Worth, Their utmost Efforts move, And draw their Bowels forth: They pray and Strive, their Rest departs, Till Christ be form'd in Sinners Hearts.
- 4. If fome fmall Hope appear,
  They still are not content;
  But with a jealous Fear,
  They watch for the Event:
  Too oft they find their Hopes deceiv'd,
  Then, how their inmost Souls are griev'd!
- 5. But when their Pain fucceed.

  And from the tender Blade
  The rip'ning Ears proceed,
  Their Toils are overpaid:
  No harvest Joy can equal theirs,
  To find the Fruit of all their Cares.
- 6. On what has now been fown
  Thy Bleffing, Lord beftow;
  The Pow'r is thine alone,
  To make it fpring and grow:
  Do thou the gracious Harvest raise,
  And thou, alone, shalt have the Praise.

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### HYMN CCC VII.

CHRIST'S Humiliation and Exaltation.

- To thee O Lord our God the Lamb,
  When all the Notes that Angels fing
  Are far inferior to thy Name?
- Worthy is he that once was flain,
   The prince of Peace that ground and dy'd
   Worthy to rife, and live and reign
   At his Almighty Father's Side.
- 3. Pow'r and Dominion are his Due, Who flood condemn'd at Pilate's Bar, Wifdom belongs to Jefus too, Tho' he was charg'd with Madness here.
- 4. All Riches are his native Right, Yet he fustain'd amazing Loss; To him ascribe eternal Might, Who left his Weakness on the Cross:
- Honour immortal must be paid, Instead of Scandal and of Scorn: While Glory shines around his Head, And a bright Crown without a Thorn.
- 6. Bleffings for ever on the Lamb,
  Who bore the Curfe for wretched Men:
  Let Angels found his facred Name,
  And ev'ry Creature fay, Amen.

#### H Y M N CCCVIII.

The Business and Blessedness of glorified Saints, Rev. vii. 13. 14. 15. &c.

I. WHAT happy Men, or Angels, these
That all their Robes are spotless white?
Whence

Whence did this glorious Troop arrive At the pure Realms of heav'nly Light?

- From tortering Racks, and burning Fires, And Seas of their own Blood they came: But nobler Blood has wash'd there Robes, Flowing from Christ the dying Lamb.
- 3. Now they approach th' Almighty's Throne With loud Hofannas Night and Day, Sweet Anthems to the great Three One, Meafure their blefs'd Eternity.
- 4. No more fhall Hunger pain their Souls: He bids their parching Thirst be gone; And spreads the Shadow of his Wings, To screen them from the scorching Sun.
- 5. The Lamb that fills the middle Throne, Shall shed around his milder Beams; There shall they feast on his rich Love, And drink full Joys from living Streams.
- 6. Thus shall their mighty Bliss renew, Through the vast Round of endless Years, And the soft Hand of sov'reign Grace Heals all their Wounds, and wipes their Tears.

#### H Y M N CCCIX

The Triumph of Christ over the Enemies of his Church,
Isa. Ixiii, 1, 2, 3, &c.

- I. WHAT mighty Man, or mighty God, a Comes traveling in State Along the Idumean Road, Away from Bozrah's Gate!
- 2. The Glory of his Robes proclaim
  'Tis fome victorious King:
  "'Tis I, the Just, th' Almighty One,
  "That your Salvation bring.

  S 4

3.

3. Why, mighty Lord, thy Saints inquire, Why thine Apparel's red? And all thy Vesture stain'd like those Who in the Wine-press tread?

4. I by my felf have trod the Prefs,
"And crush'd my Foes alone;
"My Wrath hath struck the Rebels dead,

"My Fury stamp'd them down.

"Tis Edoms Blood that dyes my Robes" With joyful Scarlet Stains
 The Triumph that my Raiment wears,

"The Triumph that my Raiment wears, "Sprung from their bleeding Veins.

6. "Thus shall the Nations be destroy'd, "That dare infult my Saints; "I have an Arm t'avenge their Wrongs, "An Ear for their Complaints."

### HYMN CCCX.

Vows made in Trouble paid in the Church, or public Thanks for private Deliverance.

- I. W HAT shall I render to my God,
  For all his Kindness shown?
  My Feet shall visit thine Abode,
  My Songs address thy Throne.
- Among the Saints that fill thine House
   My off rings shall be paid;
   There shall my Zeal perform the Vows,
   My Soul in Anguish made.
- 3. How much is Mercy thy Delight,
  Thou ever bleffed Gon!
  How dear thy Servants in thy Sight!
  How precious is their Blood!
- 4. How happy all thy Servants are!

How great thy Grace to me!
My Life, which thou hast made thy Care,
LORD, I devote to thee.

Now I am thine, for ever thine,
 Nor shall my Purpose move;

 Thy Hand hath loos'd my Bonds of Pain,
 And bound me with thy Love.

6. Here in thy Courts I leave my Vow, And thy rich Grace record; Witness, ye Saints, who hear me now, If I forfake the Lord.

#### HY MN CCCXI.

. What think ye of Christ.

1. WHAT think you of Christ? is the Test
To try both your State and your Scheme:
You cannot be right in the Rest,
Unless you think rightly of him.
As Jesus appears in your View,
As he is beloved or not:

So God is disposed to you And Mercy or Wrath are your Lot.

Some take him a Creature to be,
 A Man, or an Angel at most;
 Sure these have not Feelings like me,
 Nor know themselves wretched and lost:

So Guilty, fo Helples, am I,
I durst not confide in his Blood,
Nor on his Protection rely,
Unless I were fure he is God.

3. Some stile him The Pearl of great Price,
And fay, "He's the Fountain of Joys;"
Yet feed upon Folly and Vice,

And cleave to the World and its Toys: Like Judas the Saviour they kifs,

And while they falute him betray;

Ah!

Ah! what will Profession like this Avail in his terrible Day?

4. If ask'd, what of Jesus I think?

Tho' still my best Thoughts are but poor;
I say, He's my Meat and my Drink,
My Life, and my Strength, and my Store:
My Shepherd, my Husband, my Friend,
My Saviour from Sin and from Thrall;
My Hope from Beginning to End,
My Portion, my Lord, and my All.

#### H Y M N CCCXII.

Exhortation to Prayer

- I. WHAT various Hindrances we meet
  In coming to a Mercy Seat!
  'Yet who that knows the Worth of Pray'r,
  But wishes to be often there.
- Pray'r makes the dark'ned Cloud withdraw, Pray'r climbs the Ladder Jacob faw; Gives exercife to Faith and Love, Brings ev'ry Bleffing from above.
- Restraining Pray'r we cease to fight;
   Pray'r makes the Christian's Armour bright;
   And Satan trembles, when he sees
   The weakest Saint upon his Knees.
- 4. While Moses stood with Arms spread wide, Success was found on Israel's Side (e); But when thro' Weariness they fail'd, That Moment Amalek prevail'd.
- 5. Have you no Words? Ah, think again, Words flows apace when you complain, And fill your Fellow Creatures Ear With the fad Tale of all your Care.

6. Were

6. Were half the Breath thus vainly fpent,
To Heav'n in Supplication fent!
Your cheerful Song would oft'ner be,
"Hear what the Lord has done for me."

#### H Y M N CCCXIII.

Gratitude to God.

- WHEN all thy Mercies, O my God, My rifing Soul furveys;
   Transported with the View I'm left In Wonder, Love, and Praise.
- 2. O how shall Words with equal Warmth The Gratitude declare, Which glows within my ravish'd Heart? But thou canst read it there.
- Thy Providence my Life fustain'd, And all my Wants redress'd, When in the Silent Womb I lay, And hung upon the Breast.
- 4. To all my weak Complaints and Cries,
  Thy Mercy lent an Ear,
  Ere yet my feeble Thoughts had learn'd
  To form themselves in Pray'r.
- 5. Unnumber'd Comforts on my Soul
  Thy tender Care bestow'd,
  Before my infant Heart conceiv'd
  From whence those Comforts slow'd.
- When in the flipp'ry Path of Youth With heedless Steps I ran, Thine Arm unseen convey'd me safe, And led me up to Man.
- 7. Thro' hidden Dangers, Toils, and Deaths, It gently clear'd my Way:

And

And thro' the pleafing Snares of Vice, More to be fear'd than they.

- When worn with Sickness, oft hast thou With Health renew'd my Face; And, when in Sins and Sorrows funk Reviv'd my Soul with Grace.
- ( Thy bounteous Hand with worldly Blifs
   Hath made my Cup run o'er,
   And in a kind and faithful Friend
   Has doubled all my Store.)
- 10. Ten Thousand Thousand precious Gifts My daily Thanks employ; Nor is the least a chearful Heart, That tastes those Gifts with Joy.
- 11. Thro' ev'ry Period of my Life, Thy Goodness I'll pursue; And after Death in distant Worlds, The glorious Theme renew.
- 12. When Nature fails, and Day and Night Divide thy Works no more, My ever grateful Heart, O Lord, Thy Mercy shall adore.
- 13. Thro' all Eternity to Thee
  A joyful Song I'll raife;
  For oh! Eternity alone
  Can utter all thy Praife.

### H Y M N CCCXIV.

Difficulties, in the Way of Duty, furmounted—Hinder me not. Gen. xxiv, 56. ||

[1. WHEN Abraham's Servant to procure A Wife for Isaac went,

He

I This Hymn may begin at the 6th Verfe.

He met Rebekah—told his Wish,—Her Parents gave Consent.

- 2. Yet, for ten Days, they urg'd the Man His Journey to delay; Hinder me not, he quick reply'd. Since God hath crown'd my Way.
- 'Twas thus I cry', when Christ the Lord, My Soul to him did wed; Hinder me not, nor Friends nor Foes, Since God my Way hath fped.
- 4. Stay fays the World and tafte awhile My every pleasant Sweet; Hinder me not, my Soul replies; Because the Way is great.
- Stay Satan my old Master cries, Or Force shall thee detain; Hinder me not, I will be gone, My God has broke thy Chain.]
- In all my Lord's appointed Ways,
   My Journey I'll purfue;
   Hinder me not, ye much-lov'd Saints
   For I must go with you.
- Thro' Floods and Flames, if Jesus lead, I'll follow where he goes; Hinder me not, shall be my Cry, Tho' Earth and Hell oppose.
- Thro' Duty, and thro' Trials too
   I'll go at his Command;
   Hinder me not, for I am bound,
   To my Immanuel's Land.
- 9. And when my Saviour calls me Home, Still this my Cry shall be Hinder me not, come welcome Death, I'll gladly go with Thee. HYMN

#### H Y M N CCCXV.

On the Death of a young Person.

- T. WHEN blooming Youth is fnatch'd away
  By Death's refiffles Hand,
  Our Hearts the mournful Tribute pay
  Which Pity must demand.
- While Pity prompts the rising Sigh,
   O may this Truth, imprest
   With awful Pow'r—I too—must die—
   Sink deep in ev'ry Breast.
- 3. Let this vain World engage no more;
  Behold the gaping Tomb!
  It bids us feize the prefent Hour,
  To-morrow Death may come.
- 4. The Voice of this alarming Scene,
  May ev'ry Heart obey;
  Nor be the heav'nly Warning vain,
  Which calls to watch and pray.
- 5. O let us fly, to Jefus fly, Whose pow'rful Arm can save; Then shall our Hopes ascend on high, And Triumph o'er the Grave.
- Great God, thy Sov'reign Grace impart, With cleanfing, healing Pow'r;
   This only can prepare the Heart For Death's furprifing Hour.

### H Y M N CCCXVI.

- 1. WHEN Christ shall rend from End to End
  The Regions of the Air,
  And split the Skies in twain likewise,
  Then he'll himself appear.
- 2. Then he'll appear a drawing near

With Armies broad and long; In Rank and File, ten thousand Mile, Then we shall see the Throng.

- Then he will tell the Arch-Angel,
   To blow the Trumpet loud,
   That all may hear, both far and near;
   Oh, then you'll fee the Crowd.
- 4. Then he will call, both great and finall, The Beggar, Prince, and Drudge; The High, the Low, the Poor also, To come before their Judge.
- 5. The Sheep shall stand at Christ's right Hand, But Goats at his left Side; All shall appear, from far and near, To have their Causes try'd.
- Then he will fay, depart away, Ye Goats go down to dwell With the Devil and his Angels, In a prepared Hell.
- But to the rest, "Come up ye Blest,
   (The Saviour he will fay)
  "Come dwell above, and rest in Love,
  "To one eternal Day.
- 8. "When you've been there ten thousand Year, "Bright shining like the Sun,

"You've no less Days to sing God's Praise "Than when you first begun.

- 9. "Those Robes you wear, so bright, and fair, "Which dazzle like the Sun,
  - "I've kept above, wrapt up in Love; Angels ne'er had them on.
- 10. "But know my Bride, had I not dy'd,
  "You must have naked gone;
  "They're

- 4 They're made for you, I know they'll do.
  6 For I have try'd them on.
- "I've been too kind to these?"A Right I have to damn or save,"Or do just what I please."
- I long to fing, and praife my King,
  Where Oceans flow with Love.

#### H Y M N CCCXVII.

Faith fainting.

- Just ready all Hope to refign,
  I pant for the Light of thy Face,
  And fear it will never be mine:
  Dishearten'd with waiting so long,
  I sink at thy Feet with my Load,
  All-plaintive I pour out my Song,
  And stretch forth my Hands unto God.
- 2. Shine, LORD, and my Terror shall cease;
  The Blood of Atonement apply;
  And lead me to Jesus, for Peace,
  The Rock that is higher than I
  Speak, Savior, for sweet is thyVoice;
  Thy Presence is fair to behold;
  Attend to my Sorrows and Cries,
  My Groanings that cannot be told.
- 3. If fometimes I strive as I mourn,
  My Hold of thy Promise to keep,
  The Billows more fiercely return,"
  And plunge me again in the Deep:
  While harrass'd and cast from thy Sight,

Thy

The Tempter suggests with a Roar,
"The Lord has forsaken thee quite;
"Thy God will be gracious no more.

A. Yet LORD, if thy Love hath defign'd No Covenant Bleffing for me, Ah, tell me, how is it I find Some Pleafure in waiting for thee! Almighty to refeue thou art;
Thy Grace is my only Refource;
If e'er thou art LORD of my Heart,
Thy Spirit must take it by Force.

#### H Y M N CCCXVIII,

### Return of Joy.

- I. WHEN Darkness long has vail'd my Mind,
  And smiling Day once more appears;
  Then, my Redeemer, then I find
  The Folly of my Doubts and Fears.
- 2. I chide my unbelieving Heart,
  And blush that I should ever be
  Thus prone to act so base a Part,
  Or harbor one hard Thought of thee!
- 3. O ! let me then at length be taught (What I am still so slow to learn.)
  That God is Love, and changes not,
  Nor knows the Shadow of a Turn.
- 4. Sweet Truth, and eafy to repeat!
  But when my Faith is sharply try'd
  I find myself a Learner yet,
  Unskilful, weak, and apt to slide.
- 5. But O my Lord, one look from thee Subdues the difobedient Will;
  Drives Doubt and Difcontent away,
  And thy rebellious Worm is still.

6. Thou

6. Thou art as ready to forgive,
As I am ready to repine;
Thou, therefore, all the Praise receive;
Be Shame, and Self-abhorrence, mine.

#### H Y M N CCCXIX.

The foolish Virgins.

I. WHEN defcending from the Sky
The Bridegroom shall appear;
And the solemn Midnight Cry,
Shall call Professors near;
How the Sound our Hearts will damp!
How will Shame o'erspread each Face!
If we only have a Lamp,
Without the Oil of Grace.

2. Foolish Virgins then will wake,
And feek for a Supply;
But in vain the Pains they take
To borrow or to buy:
Then with those they now dispise,
Earnestly they'll wish to share;
But the best among the Wise,
Will have no Oil to spare.

 Wife are they, and truly bleft, Who then shall ready be!
 But despair will seize the rest, And dreadful Misery:

"Once, they'll cry, we fcorn'd to doubt,
"Tho' in Lies our Trust we put;

- "Now our Lamp of Hope is out,
  "The Door of Mercy shut."
- 4. If they then prefume to plead,
  "Lord, open to us now;
  "We on Earth have heard and pray'd,
  "And

"And with thy Saints did bow;"
He will answer from his Throne,
"Tho' you with my People mix'd,
"Yet to me you ne'er were known,
"Depart, your Doom is fix'd."

5. O that none who worship here
May hear that Word, Depart!
Lord impress a godly Fear
On each Professor's Heart:
Help us, Lord, to fearch the Camp,
Let us not ourselves beguile;
Trusting to a dying Lamp
Without a Stock of Oil.

#### H Y M N CCCXX.

The Joy of a remarkable Conversion; or Melancholy removed.

- My Rapture feem'd a pleafing Dream,
  The Grace appear'd fo Great.
- The World beheld the glorious Change, And did thy Hand confess;
   My Tongue broke out in unknown Strains, And sung surprising Grace.
- 6. "Great is the Work," my Neighbours cry'd, And own'd the Pow'r Divine;
  "Great is the Work," my Heart reply'd,
  "And be the Glory thine."
- 4. The Lord can clear the darkeft Skies, Can give us Day for Night, Make Drops of facred Sorrow rife To Rivers of Delight.

2 5. Let

Let those that sow in Sadness wait
Till the fair Harvest come,
They shall confess their Sheaves are great,
And shout the Blessings home.

6. Tho' Seed lie bury'd long in Duft; It shan't deceive their Hope! The precious Grain can ne'er be lost, For Grace insures the Crop.

### HYMN CCCXXI.

Hannah: Or the Throne of Grace.

HEN Hannah press'd with Grief,
Pour'd forth her Soul in Pray'r;
She quickly found Relief,
And left her Burthen there:
Like her in ev'ry trying Case,
Let us approach the Throne of Grace.

2. When she began to pray
Her Heart was pain'd and Sad;
But ere she went away,
Was comforted and glad:
In Trouble, what a resting Place,
Have they who know the Throne of Grace.

3. Tho' Men and Devils rage,
And threaten to devour;
The Saints from Age to Age,
Are fafe from all their Pow'r:
Fresh Strength they gain to run their Race,
By waiting at the Throne of Grace.

4. Eli her Cafe miftook,
How was her Spirit mov'd
By his unkind Rebuke?
But God her Caufe approv'd.
We need not fear a Creature's Face,
While welcome at the Throne of Grace. 5.

5. She was not fill'd with Wine,
(As Eli rashly thought)
But with a Faith Divine,
And found the Help she sought:
Tho Men despise and call us Base,
Still let us ply the Throne of Grace.

6. Men have not Pow'r or Skill,
With troubled Souls to bear;
Tho' they express Good-will,
Poor Comforters they are:
But swelling Sorrows sink apace,
When we approach the Throne of Grace.

7. Numbers before have try'd,
And found the Promife true;
Nor One been yet deny'd,
Then why should I or you?
Let us by Faith their Footsteps trace,
And hasten to the Throne of Grace,

As Fogs obscure the Light,
 And taint the morning Air,
 But soon are put to Flight,
 If the bright Sun appear;
 Thus Jesus will our Sorrows chase,
 By shining from the Throne of Grace.

### H Y M N CCCXXII.

The Hopes of Heaven our Support under Trials on Earth.

 W HEN I can read my Title clear To Mansions in the Skies,
 I bid farewell to ev'ry Fear,
 And wipe my weeping Eyes.

 Should Earth against my Soul engage, And hellish Darts be hurl'd, Then I can smile at Satan's Rage, And face a frowning World.

T 3

3. Let Cares like a wild Deluge come, And Storms of Sorrow fall, May I but fafely reach my Home, My God, my Heav'n my all.

4. There shall I bathe my weary Soul In Seas of heav'nly Rest. And not a Wave of Trouble roll Accross my peaceful Breast

### H Y M N CCCXXIII.

BAPTISM.

1. WHEN JOHN (the a Man)
Baptizing began,
Believers in JORDAN, confelling their Sin.

2. The PHARISEES came,
In ABRAHAM'S Name,
For to be baptized, and lay in their Claim.

3. You Vipers, faid he, Who warn'd you to flee? Bring forth your Repentance, that Fruits we may see.

4. And think not indeed,
You're Aeraham's Seed,
And so for my Baptism a Right have to plead.

5. By this we may fee,
Our Baptifin to be
For none but Believers a Priviledge free.

6. From Galilee came,
Christ Jesus by Name,
For to be baptized, and was not asham'd.

7. John to him did fay,
Why com'ft thou to me,
When I have need to be baptized of thee?

8. Oh fuffer it fo,
 'Tis Right we should show,
All Righteous Obedience wherever we go.

9. The Rites were perform'd,
And Jesus return'd.
The Father his Bleffing fent down on his Son.

10. The Spirit of God,
Defcends like a Dove;
And lights on the Sav'our in Tokens of Love.

11. By this we may fee
The whole Trinity,
To honour our Baptifm do jointly agree.

12. We'll not be asham'd,
Where Jesus is nam'd;
He's precious unto us, the Sinners blaspheme.

13. We'll follow him down,
To th' Water we're bound,
Oh Sinners, fee what an Example we've found.

#### H Y M N CCCXXIV.

Joseph made known to his Brethren.

I. WHEN Joseph his Brethren beheld,
Afflicted, and trembling with Fear,
His Heart with Compassion was fill'd,
From Weeping he could not forbear:
A while his Behaviour was rough,
To bring their past Sin to their Mind;
But when they were humbled enough,
He hasted to shew himself kind.

2. How little they thought it was he,
Whom they had ill treated and fold!
How great their Confusion must be,
As soon as his Name he had told!

T 4 "I'm

"I'm Joseph your Brother ( he faid ) "And still to my Heart you are dear, "You fold me, and thought I was dead, "But God, for your Sakes, fent me here."

3. Tho' greatly distressed before,

When charg'd with purloining the cup, They now were confounded much more, Not one of them durft to look up,

"Can Joseph, whom we would have flain, "Forgive us the Evil we did?

"And will he our Housholds maintain? "O this is a Brother indeed!"

4. Thus dragg'd by my Confcience, I came And laden with Guilt, to the Lord; Surrounded with Terror and Shame, Unable to utter a Word.

At first he look'd stern and severe, What Anguish then pierced my Heart! Expecting each Moment to hear The Sentence, "Thou Curfed depart!"

5. But oh! What Surprize when he spoke, While Tenderness beam'd in his Face, My Heart then to Pieces was broke, O'erwhelm'd and confounded with Grace:

"Poor Sinner, I know thee full well, "By thee I was fold and was flain;

"I dy'd to redeem thee from Hell, And raise thee in Glory to reign.

6. I'm Jesus whom thou hast blasphem'd, " And crucify'd often afresh;

"But let me henceforth be esteem'd "Thy Brother, thy Bone, and thy Flesh:

" My Pardon I freely bestow,

"Thy Wants I will fully supply; " I'll guide thee and guard thee below, " And foon will remove thee on High. Go publish to Sinners around,
 " ( That they may be willing to come )
 " The Mercy which now you have found,
 " And tell them that yet there is Room."
 Oh, Sinners the Message obey!
 No more vain excuses pretend;
 But come, without further Delay,

## H Y M N CCCXXV.

To [efus our Brother and Friend.

Lord's Day Evening.

- I. WHEN, O dear Jefus, when shall I Behold thee all Serene?

  Blest in perpetual Sabbath-Day,
  Without a Veil between?
- Affift me while I wander here, Amidft a World of Cares; Incline my Heart to pray with Love, And then accept my Pray'rs.
- Release my Soul from ev'ry Chain, No more Hell's Captive led;
   And pardon a repenting Child, For whom the Saviour bled.
- 4. Spare me, O God, O fpare the Soul,
  That gives it felf to thee;
  Take all that I posses below,
  And give thyself to me.
- Thy Spirit, O my Father, give,
   To be my Guide and Friend,
   To light my Way to ceafelefs Joys,
   Where Sabbaths never End.

#### H Y M N CCCXXVI.

I. WHEN our great Sov'reign from on High,
Our Lord and Saviour, was aware,
That he his chosen Family,
O'er whom he watch'd with tender Care,
Would be compelled foon to leave;
He fill'd with love and Grief intense,
To them his Farewel Blessing gave,
Before his Suff'rings did commence.

2. Feeling beforehand all the Weight Of those dire Scenes of Pain and Woe, Which he well knew did him await, His Love towards his own to show, He Water in a Bason pour'd, And washed his Disciples' Feet, Their Souls already by his Word, Save one, were cleanfed ev'ry whit.

3. When he this Act of Love had done,
He unto his Disciples said;
"To you I've an Example shown:
"Ye call me Master, Lord, and Head,
"If I as such have wash'd your Feet,
"To one another do the same."
This solemn Act to celebrate,
We're now assembled in his Name.

4. Arife then, and with due Refpect,
With humble Shame and Willingness,
Do what our Saviour doth direct,
Endowed with Difciple's Grace!
Since Jefus to release from Sin
Unto his People Power gave,
We in his Name are now wash'd clean,
And with our Lord a Part may have.

5. Lord Jesus Christ, we pray, be near, Forgive

Forgive us all our Trefpaffes;
With Joy Divine our Spirit cheer,
Abfolve and grant us pard'ning Grace!
As our High-priest lift up thy Hand,
That Hand the Nail once pierced through,
Thy Mercy unto us extend,

Thy Mercy unto us extend, Rich Bleffings upon all beftow.

6. Inspire our Hearts with mutual Love
O may we truly humble be,
Thy faithful Servants ever prove,
Who yield in all Things Joy to Thee:
In due Obedience to thy Word,
We now have wash'd each other's Feet,

Thy bleft Example, gracious Lord, To follow, we find always meet.

7. Sure as thou art the Church's Head, Sure as we Duft and Afhes are, So fure we by thy Blood, once shed, Are now, through Grace, absolv'd and clear: Sure as thy Cross's Church remains To the blind World a Spectacle, So sure in her thy Spirit reigns, And thou dost in thy Temple dwell.

### H Y M N. CCCXXVII.

- WHEN rising from the Bed of Death,
  O'erprest with Guilt and Fear,
  I meet my Maker Face to to Face,
  Oh, how shall I appear?
- If yet while Pardon may be found, And Mercy may be fought, My Heart with inward Horror shrinks, And trembles at the Thought!
- 3. When thou, O Lord, shall stand disclos'd In Majesty Severe,

And

And fit in Judgment on my Soul Oh, how shall I appear!

- 4. But thou hast told the troubled Mind,
  That doth her Sins lament,
  The timely Tribute of her Tears
  Shall future Woes prevent.
- Then hear the Sorrows of my Heart, Ere yet it be too late;
   And hear my Saviour's dying Groans, To give those Sorrows Weight.
- For never shall my Soul despair
  Her Pardon to secure,
  Who knows thy only Son has dy'd
  To Seal that Pardon sure.

# H Y M N CCCXXVIII;

Hezekiah's Song; or, Sickness and Recovery, Ha.

- I. WHEN we are rais'd from deep Distress,
  Our God deserves a Song;
  We take the Pattern of our Praise
  From Hezekiah's Tongue.
- 2. The Gates of the devouring Grave
  Are open'd wide in vain,
  If he that holds the Keys of Death
  Commands them fast again.
- 3. Pains of the Flesh are wont t' Abuse Our Mind with slavish Fears; Our Days are past, and we shall lose The Remnant of our Years.
- 4. We chatter with a Swallow's Voice,
  Or like a Dove we mourn,
  With Bitterness instead of Joys,
  Afflicted and forlorn.
  5. Jeho-

 Jehovah fpeaks the healing Word, And no Difease withstands;
 Fevers and Plagues obey the Lord, And fly at his Commands.

6. If half the Strings of Life should break, He can our Frame restore: He casts our Sins behind his Back, And they are found no more.

### H Y M N CCCXXIX.

Strength from Heaven, Ifa. xl. 27, 28, 29, 30.

- Hence do our mournful Thoughts arife And where's our Courage fled?

  Has reftles Sin, and raging Hell,

  Struck all our Comforts dead?
- 2. Have we forgot the Almighty Name, That form'd the Earth and Sea? And can an all-creating Arm, Grow weary, or decay?
- Treafures of everlasting Might
   In our Jehovah dwell;
   He gives the Conquest to the Weak,
   And treads their Foes to Hell.
- 4. Mere mortal Power shall fade and die, And youthfull Vigour cease; But we that wait upon the Lord, Shall feel our Strength increase.
- The Saints shall mount on eagles Wings, And taste the promis'd Bliss, 'Till their unwearied Feet arrive Where perfect Pleasure is.

#### H Y M N CCCXXX.

r. WHILE Shepherds watch their Flocks by Night.

All feated on the Ground,
The Angel of the LORD came down,
And Glory shone around.

2. "Fear not," faid he (for mighty dread Had feiz'd their troubled Mind:)

"Glad Tidings of great Joy I bring "To you and all Mankind.

3. "To you in David's Town, this Day
"Is born of David's Line,

"A SAVIOUR, who is CHRIST the LORD, "And this shall be the Sign;

4. "The heav'nly Babe ye there shall find "To human view display'd,

"All meanly wrapt in fwathing Bands,
"And in a Manger laid."

5. Thus fpake the Seraph: and forthwith Appear'd a fluining Throng Of Angels praifing GOD, and thus Address'd their heav'nly Song;

6. "All Glory be to GOD on High;
"And on the Earth be Peace,

"Good will, henceforth from heav'n to Man
"Begin and never ceafe."

# H Y M N CCCXXXI.

The Humiliation and Exaltation of CHRIST, Ila. liii. 1-5, 10-12.

1. WHO has believ'd thy Word, Or thy Salvation known?

Reveal

Reveal thine Arm, Almighty Lord, And glorify thy Son.

The Jews efteem'd him here
 Too mean for their Belief:
 Sorrows his Chief Acquaintance were,
 And his Companion, Grief.

3. They turn'd their Eyes away,
And treated him with Scorn;
But 'twas their Griefs upon him lay,
Their Sorrows he has borne.

4. 'Twas for the stubborn Jews, And Gentiles then unknown, The God of Justice pleas'd to bruise His best beloved Son.

- "But I'll prolong his Days,
   "And make his Kingdom fland;
   My Pleafure (faith the God of Grace)
   "Shall profper in his Hand.
- [6. "His joyful Soul shall see "The Purchase of his Pain, "And by his Knowledge justify "The guilty Sons of Men.]

[7. "Ten Thousand Captive Slaves
"Releas'd from Death and Sin,
"Shall quit their Prisons and their Graves,
"And own his Pow'r Divine.]

[3. "Heav'n shall advance my Son
"To Joys that Earth deny'd;
"Who faw the Follies Men had done,
"And bore their Sins, and dy'd."

# H Y M N CCCXXXII.

The Strength of Christ's Love, and the Soul's Jealoufy of her own, Sol. Song viii. 5, 6, 7, 13, 14,

That travels from the Wilderness?

And press'd with Sorrows and with Sins,

On her beloved Lord she leans!

- 2. This is the Spouse of Christ, our God,
  Bought with the Treasures of his Blood;
  And her Request, and her Complaint,
  Is but the Voice of ev'ry Saint.]
- 3. "O let my Name engraven stand,
  "Both on thy Heart, and on thy Hand;
  "Seal me upon thine Arm, and wear

"That Pledge of Love for ever there.

4. "Stronger than Death thy Love is known,
"Which Floods of Wrath could never drown;
"And Hell and Earth in vain combine,

"To quench a Fire fo much Divine,

5. "But I am Jealous of my Heart,"Lest it should once from thee depart;"Then let thy Name be well impress'd,

" As a Fair fignet on my Breaft.

6. "Till thou hast brought me to thy Home,
"Where Fears and Doubts can never come,

" Thy Count'nance let me often see, And often thou shalt hear from me,

7. "Come, my Beloved, haste away,
"Cut short the Hours of thy Delay;

" Fly like a youthful Hart or Roe,
"Over the Hills where Spices Grow."

HYMN

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# H Y M N CCCXXXIII.

Character of a Saint: Or, A Citizen of Zion: Or, The Qualifications of a Christian.

- T. WHO shall inhabit in thy Hill, O God of Holines?
  Whom will the Lord admit to dwell So near his Throne of Grace?
- The Man that walks in pious Ways, And works with righteous Hands; That trufts his Maker's Promifes, And follows his Commands.
- He fpeaks the Meaning of his Heart, Nor flanders with his Tongue;
   Will fcarce believe an ill Report, Nor do his Neighbour Wrong.
- 4. The wealthy Sinner he contemns, Loves all that fear the LORD; And the to his own Hurt he swears, Still he performs his Word.
- His Hands disclain a golden Bribe,
   And never gripe the Poor;
   This Man shall dwell with God on Earth,
   And find his Heav'n secure.

#### H Y M N CCCXXXIV.

The Death and Burial of a Saint.

- 1. WHY do we mourn departing Friends?
  Or shake at Death's Alarms?
  'Tis but the Voice that Jesus sends
  To call them to his Arms.
- 2. Are we not tending upward too,
  As fast as Time can move?

Nor should we wish the Hours more Slow To keep us from our Love.

- 3. Why should we tremble to convey Their Bodies to the Tomb?
  There the dear Flesh of Jesus lay, And left a long Persume,
- 4. The Graves of all his Saints he blefs'd,
  And foft'ned ev'ry Bed:
  Where should the dying Members rest,
  But with their dying Head!
- Thence he arose, ascended High, And shew'd our Feet the Way:
   Up to the Lord our Flesh shall sty, At the great rising Day.
- Then let the last loud Trumpet found, And bid our Kindred rise;
   Awake, ye Nations, under Ground, Ye Saints, ascend the Skies.

### H Y M N CCCXXXV.

Departed Saints afleep, Mark v. 39. 1 Thess. iv. 13.

- I. "YHY flow these Torrents of Distress?"

  ( The gentle Saviour cries)

  Why are my sleeping Saints survey'd

  With unbelieving Eyes!
- 2. "Death's feeble Arm shall never boast,
  "A Friend of Christ is slain;
  "Nor o'er their meaner Part in Dust

"Nor o'er their meaner Part in Duft
A lasting Power retain.

3. "I come, on Wings of Love I come, "The Slumb'rers to awake;

"My Voice shall reach the deepest Tomb, "And all its Bonds shall break.

4. "Touch'd

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4. "Touch'd by my Hand, in Smiles they rise;
"They rise to sleep no more;

"But rob'd with Light and crown'd with Joy,
"To endless Day they foar."

5. Jesus, our Faith receives thy Word;
And, tho' fond Nature weep,
Grace learns to hail the pious Dead,
And emulate their Sleep.

Our willing Souls thy Summons wait
With them to reft and praife;
 So let thy much-lov'd Prefence cheer
These separating Days.

# H Y M N CCCXXXVI.

CHRIST'S Compassion to the Weak and Tempted.

r. WITH Joy we meditate the Grace
Of our High Priest above;
His Heart is made of Tenderness,
His Bowels melt with Love.

Touch'd with a Sympathy within,
 He knows our feeble Frame;
 He knows what fore Temptations mean,
 For he has felt the fame.

3 But fpotless, Innocent and Pure, The great Redeemer stood, While Satan's fiery Darts he bore, And did resist to Blood.

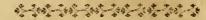
4. He in the Days of feeble Flesh
Pour'd out his Cries and Tears,
And in his Measure feels afresh
What ev'ry Member bears.

[5. He'll never quench the finoking Flax, But raife it to a Flame;

The

The bruifed Reed he never breaks, Nor fcorns the meanest Name.]

Then let our humble Faith address;
 His Mercy and his Pow'r,
 We shall obtain deliv'ring Grace
 In the distressing Hour.



# H Y M N. CCCXXXVII.

A Practical Improvement of Baptism. Col. iii. 1.

- I. YE Children of your God attend;
  Ye Heirs of Glory hear;
  For Accents, fo Divine as these,
  Might charm the dullest Ear.
- Baptiz'd into your Saviour's Death,
  Your Souls to Sin must die;
  With CHRISST your LORD, ve live anew,
  With CHRIST ascend on High.
- 3. There by his Father's Side he fits, Enthron'd divinely fair; Yet owns himfelf your Brother still, And your Forerunner there.
- 4. Rife from these earthly Trisles, rise On Wings of Faith and Love; Above' your choicest Treasure lies, And be your Hearts above.
- But Earth and Sin will drag us down,
   When we attempt to fly;
   Lord, fend thy ftrong attractive Pow'r
   To raife and fix us High.

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#### H Y M N CCCXXXVIII.

Yet there is Room, Luke xiv. 22.

- I. YE dying Sons of Men,
  Immerg'd in Sin and Woe,
  The Gospel's Voice attend,
  Which Jesus fends to you:
  Ye perishing and Guilty, come,
  In Jesus' Arms there yet is Room.
- No longer now delay,
   Nor vain Excufes frame:
   He bids you come To-Day,
   Tho' Poor, and Blind, and Lame:
   All Things are ready, Sinner come,
   For every trembling Soul there's Room.
- 3. Believe the heav'nly Word
  His Messengers proclaim;
  He is a gracious Lord,
  And faithful is his Name:
  Backsliding Souls, return and come,
  Cast off Despair, there yet is Room.
- 4. Compell'd by bleeding Love,
  Ye wand'ring Sheep draw near,
  Christ calls you from above,
  His charming Accents hear!
  Let whofoever will, now come;
  In Mercy's Breaft there still is Room.

### H Y M N CCCXXXIX.

The Goodness of God, Nahum 1. 7.

1. YE humble Souls, approach your God With Songs of facred Praife, For he is good, Imenfely good, And kind are all his Ways.

U 3

- All Nature owns his guardian Care, In him we live and move;
   But nobler Benefits detlare
   The Wonders of his Love.
- he gave his Son, his only Son,
   To ranfom Rebel Worms;
   Tis here he makes his Goodness known In its diviner Forms.
- 4. To this dear Refuge, LORD we come,
  'Tis here our Hope relies;
  A fafe Defence a peaceful Home,
  When Storms of Trouble rife.
- Thine Eye beholds, with kind Regard,
   The Souls who trust in thee;
   Their humble Hope thou wilt reward
   With Blifs divinely free.
- 6. Great God, to thy Almighty Love, What Honours shall we raise?
  Not all the raptur'd Songs above Can render equal Praise.

#### H Y M N CCCXL.

Comfort to fuch who seek a risen Jesus, Matt. 28.5.6.

- YE humble Souls that feek the LORD, Chafe all your Fears away; And bow with Pleafure down to fee The Place where Jesus lay,
- Thus low the Lord of Life was brought; Such Wonders Love can do; Thus cold in Death, that Bofom lay, Which throbb'd and bled for you,
- 3. A Moment give a Loofe to Grief, Let grateful Sorrows rife; And wash the bloody Stains away, With Torrents from your Eyes.

4. Then

 Then dry your Tears, and tune your Songs, The Saviour lives again;
 Not all the Gates and Bars of Death The Conq'ror could detain.

5. High o'er th' angelic Bands he rears
His once dishonour'd Head;And tho' unnumber'd Years he reigns,
Who dwelt among the Dead,

With Joy, like his, shall every Saint
His empty Tomb furvey;
 Then rife, with his afcending LORD,
 To Realms of endless Day.

#### H Y M N CCCXLI.

The fuccessful Resolve—I will go in unto the King, Ester iv. 16.

I. YE humble Sinners, in whose Breast,
A thousand Thoughts revolve,
Come, with your Guilt and Fear opprest,
And make this last Resolve.

"I'll go to Jesus, tho' my Sin
 "Hath like a Mountain rofe;
 I know his Courts, I'll enter in,
 "Whatever may oppose.

"Proftrate I'll lie before his Throne,
 And there my Guilt confess,
 I'll tell him I'm a Wretch undone
 Without his fovereign Grace.

4. "I'll to the gracious King approach, "Whose Scepter Pardon gives, "Perhaps he may command my Touch, "And then the Suppliant lives.

5. "Perhaps he will admit my Plea,
"Perhaps will hear my Pray'r;

" But

"But if I perish I will pray, "And perish only there,

6. "I can but perish if I go,
"I am resolv'd to try:
"For if I stay away, I know
"I must for ever die."

# H Y M N CCCXLII,

Fear not, it is your Father's good Pleasure to give you the Kingdom, Luke xii. 32.

1. YE little Flock, whom Jesus feeds,
Difmifs your anxious Cares;
Look to the Shepherd of your Souls,
And finile away your Fears.

- Tho' Wolves and Lions prowl around,
   His Staff is your Defence:
   'Midft Sands and Rocks your Shepherd's Voice
   Calls Streams and Paftures thence.
- Your Father will a Kingdom give, And give it with Delight;
   His feebleft Child his Love shall call To triumph in his Sight.
- 4. Ten Thousand Praises, Lord, we bring
  For fare Supports like these:
  And o'er the pious Dead we Sing
  Thy living Promises.
- For all we Hope, and they enjoy, We bless a Saviour's Name;
   Nor Shall that Stroke disturb the Song, Which breaks this mortal Frame.

#### H Y M N CCCXLIII

Comfort for pious Farents, who have been bereaved of their Children, Ifaiah Ivi. 4. 5.

1. Y E mourning Saints, whose streaming Tears Flow o'er your Children dead, Say

Say not in Transports of Despair, That all your Hopes are fled.

- While cleaving to that darling Dust, In fond Distress ye lie; Rise, and with Joy and Reverence view A heavenly Parent nigh.
- Tho', your young Branches torn away, Like wither'd Trunks ye ftand, With fairer Verdure fhall ye bloom, Touch'd by th' Almighty's Hand.
- 4. "I'll give the Mourner," faith the LORD,
  "In my own House a Place,
  "No Names of Daughters and of Sons

"Could yield fo high a Grace.

5. "Transient and vain is every Hope "A rising Race can give; "In endless Honour and Delight "My Children all shall live."

6. We welcome, LORD, those rising Tears,
Thro' which thy Face we see,
And bless those Wounds, which thro' our Hearts
Prepare a Way for thec.

# H Y M N CCCXLIV.

Praise for Conversion, Psalm Ixvi. 16.

- YE Souls that fear the LORD,
  Come, liften while I tell,
  How narrowly my Feet escap'd
  The Snares of Death and Hell.
- 2. The flatt'ring Joys of Sense Assail'd my foolish Heart,

While

While Satan, with malicious Skill, Guided the pois'nous Dart.

- 3. I fell beneath the Stroke,
  But fell to rife again;
  My Anguish rous'd me into Life,
  And Pleasure sprung from Pain.
- 4. Darkness, and Shame, and Grief Oppress'd my gloomy Mind; I look'd around me for Relief, But no Relief could find.
- At Length to God I cry'd;
   He heard my plaintive Sigh,
   He heard, and inftantly he fent
   Salvation from on High.
- My drooping Head he rais'd,
   My bleeding Wounds he heal'd,
   Pardon'd my Sins, and with a Smile
   The gracious Pardon feal'd.
- O! may I ne'er forget
   The Mercy of my GoD;
   Nor ever want a Tongue to fpread
   His loudest Praise abroad.

### H Y M N CCCXLV.

Bright and Morning Star, Rev. xxii. 16.

- 1. YE Worlds of Light, that roll so near
  The Saviour's Throne of shining Bliss,
  O tell how mean your Glories are,
  How faint, and rew, compar'd with his.
- We fing the bright and Morning-Star, (Jesus, the Spring of Light and Love;) See how its Rays, diffus'd from far, Conduct us to the Realms above.

- Its cheering Beams, fpread wide abroad, Point out the puzzled Christian's Way; Still as he goes, he finds the Road Enlighten'd with a constant Day.
- 4. [ Thus when the Eastern Magi brought Their Royal Gifts, a Star appears, Directs them to the Babe they fought, And guides their Steps, and calms their Fears.]
- 5. When shall we reach the heavenly Place, Where this bright Star will brightest shine; Leave, far behind, these Scenes of Night, And view a Lustre so Divine!

#### H Y M N CCCXLVI.

The Sower, Matt. xiii. 4--9.

- I. YE Sons of Earth prepare the Plough,
  Break up your fallow Ground!
  The Sower is gone forth to fow,
  And featter Bleffings round.
- The Seed that finds a ftony Soil.
   Shoots forth a hafty Blade;
   But ill repays the Sower's Toil,
   Soon wither'd, fcorch'd, and dead.
- 3. The thorny Ground is fure to baulk
  All Hopes of Harvest there:
  We find a tall and fickly Stalk,
  But not the fruitful Ear,
- 4. The beaten Path, and High-Way Side Receive the Trust in vain: The watchful Birds the Spoil divide, And pick up all the Grain.
- 5. But where the LORD of Grace and Pow'r

Has

Has blefs'd the happy Field; How plenteous is the Golden Store The Deep-wrought Furrows yield!

Father of Mercies, we have need
 Of thy preparing Grace;
 Let the fame Hand that gives the Seed
 Provide a Fruitful-Place.

#### H Y M N CCCXLVII.

Protection from Death, Guard of Angels, Victory and Deliverance.

- Y E Sons of Men, a feeble Race, Expos'd to ev'ry Snare, Come, make the Lord your Dwelling-Place, And try and trust his Care.
- No ill shall enter where you dwell;
   Or if the Plague come nigh,
   And sweep the Wicked down to Hell,
   'Twill raise his Saints on High.
- He'll give his Angels Charge to keep Your Feet in all their Ways
   To watch your Pillows while you fleep, And Guard your happy Days.
- 4. Their Hands shall bear you, lest you fall,
  And dash against the Stones:
  Are they not Servants at his Call;
  And sent t'attend his Sons?
- Adders and Lions ye shall tread;
   The Tempter's Wiles defeat;
   He that hath broke the Serpent's Head,
   Puts him beneath your Feet.
- 6. "Because on me they set their Love, "I'll save them," faith the LORD,

"I'll bear their joyful Soul above "Deftruction and the Sword.

7. "My Grace shall answer when they call; "In Trouble I'll be nigh;

"My Pow'r shall help them when they fall,

" And raise them when they die.

8. "Those that on Earth my Name have known, "I'll honour them in Heav'n;

"There my Salvation shall be shown, "And endless Life be giv'n."

#### H Y M N CCCXLVIII.

Death and the Resurrection.

1. YE Sons of Pride that hate the Just,
And trample on the Poor,
When Death has brought you down to Dust,
Your Pomp shall rife no more.

2. The last great Day shall change the Scene; When will that Hour appear? When shall the Just revive, and reign O'er all that scorn'd them here?

3. God will my naked Soul receive, When sep'rate from the Flesh; And break the Prison of the Grave, To raise my Bones afresh.

4. Heav'n is my everlasting Home,
Th' Inheritance is sure;
Let Men of Pride their Rage resume,
But I'll Repine no more.

#### H Y M N CCCXLIX.

The Midnight Cry, Matt. xxv. 6.

1. YE Virgin Souls, arife,
With all the Dead awake,

Unto

Unto Salvation wife,
Oil in your Veffels take:
Upstarting at the Midnight-Cry,
Behold your heav'nly Bridegroom nigh.

- 2. He comes, he comes, to call
  The Nations to his Bar,
  And take to Glory all
  Who meet for Glory are;
  Make ready for your free Reward,
  Go forth with Joy to meet your Lorg.
- 3. Go meet him in the Sky,
  Your everlasting Friend;
  Your Head to glorify,
  With all his Saints ascend.
  Ye pure in Heart, obtain the Grace
  To see, without a Veil, his Face.
- 4. Ye, that have here receiv'd
  The Unction from above,
  And in his Spirit liv'd,
  And thirfted for his Love;
  JESUS shall claim you for his Bride;
  Rejoice with all the Sanctify'd.
- 5. Rejoice in glorious Hope,
  Of that great Day unknown,
  When you shall be caught up
  To stand before his Throne;
  Call'd to partake the Marriage-Feast,
  And lean on our Immanuel's Breast.
- 6. The everlasting Doors
  Shall foon the Saint, receive,
  Above those Angel-Powers
  In glorious Joy to live:
  Far from a Would of Grief and Sin,
  With God eternally shut in.

7. Then let us wait to hear
The Trumpet's welcome Sound;
To fee our Lord appear,
May we be watching found;
With that blefs'd Wedding-Robe endu'd,——
The Blood and Righteoufnefs of God.

#### HYMN CCCL.

Providing Bags that wax not old, Luke xii. 33.

- YES, there are Joys that cannot die, With Gop laid up in Store; Treasure, beyond the changing Sky, Brighter then Golden Ore.
- The Seeds which Piety and Love Have featter'd here below,
   In the fair, fertile Fields above,
   To ample Harvests grow.
- The Mite, my willing Hands can give, At Jesus' Feet I lay; Grace shall the humble Gift receive, And Grace at large repay.

#### HY MN CCCLI.

The Attraction of the Cross, John xii. 32.

- 1. YONDER—amazing Sight!—I fee Th' incarnate Son of God, Expiring on the accurfed Tree, And welt'ring in his Blood.
- Behold a purple Torrent run Down from his Hands and Head: The crimfon Tide puts out the Sun; His Groans awake the Dead.
- 3. The Trembling Earth, the darken'd Sky Proclaim

Proclaim the Truth aloud!

And with th' amaz'd Centurion cry,
"This is the Son of Gop."

- 4. So great, fo vast a Sacrifice
  May well my Hope revive:
  If Gop's own Son thus bleeds and dies,
  The Sinner fure may live.
- 5. O that these Cords of Love Divine, Might draw me, Lord, to Thee! Thou hast my Heart, it shall be thine— Thine it shall ever be!



#### H Y M N CCCLII.

- ION rejoice, lift up your Voice;
   Your Saviour will appear;
   The Lamb, once flain, will come to reign With you, a thousand Years.
- Satan he'll bind, as you will find, And Jesus will be King; The Saints he'll raife to fing his Praife, And Death shall lose his Sting.
- 3. He's bleft indeed, that shall be freed From Sin, Hell, and the Grave; Over that Man Death never can The least Dominion have.

## FINIS.

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